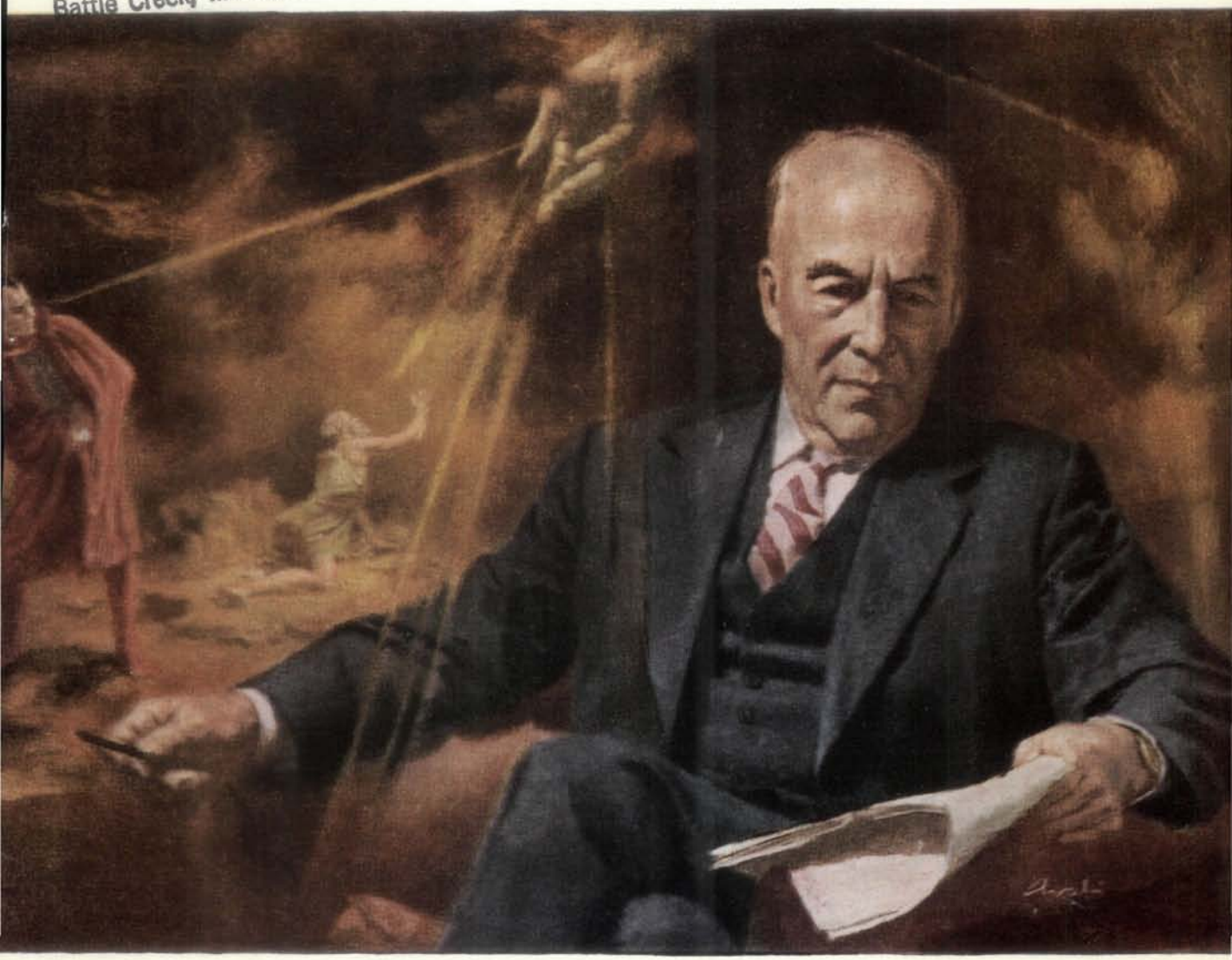
March 1959, 60 cents

THE Atlantic

Library
Kellogg Community College
Battle Creek, Michigan



ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

writing on

The Poet and the Press

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keep your date with adventure. For six weeks call the Pacific your home, a great President Liner your address.

You'll pass the time in dozens of engaging ways. Lunch by the pool. A stateroom buffet with new-found friends. The latest movie. Midnight dancing on deck.

Comfort? Your ship is luxury afloat. Typical First Class cabins have private baths, a window that opens on the blue Pacific, room service around-the-clock. Even air-conditioning you can adjust yourself.

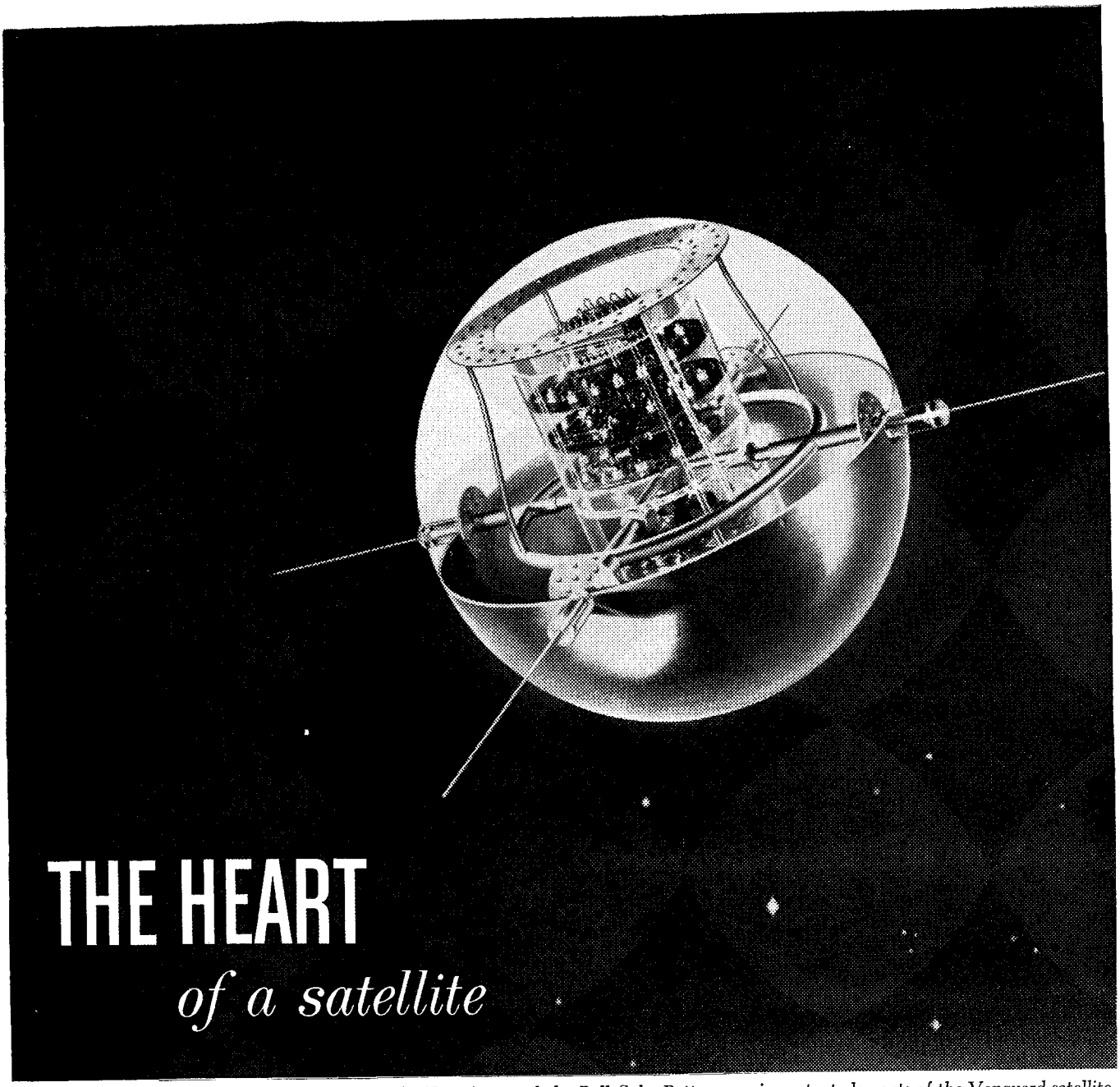
Round-trip First Class fares to Yokohama begin at $918. See your Travel Agent or write American President Lines, Dept. D, San Francisco 4, for Orient Cruise folder.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

To the Orient · Round the World

SAILINGS EVERY TWO WEEKS FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO HONOLULU · YOKOHAMA · MANILA · HONG KONG · KOBE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Two Bell Laboratories inventions, the Transistor and the Bell Solar Battery, are important elements of the Vanguard satellite.

An astonishing amount of equipment can be packed into an artificial earth satellite. There are devices to measure the temperatures of outer space, for example, and determine meteorite density, or cosmic ray activity.

Then there are also two small but powerful radios equipped with transistors—the tiny amplifiers invented at Bell Telephone Laboratories—and batteries to power them.

In the Vanguard satellite, shown in the picture above, all of this equipment is in the cylindrical core.

Miniaturization—still a new word—is the reason why small satellites can do big jobs. Hundreds of pounds of equipment have been reduced in size, or "miniaturized," to weigh only a few pounds, and take up little room.

The transistor is a good example of this. About the size of a lima bean, it can do the job of a vacuum tube fifty times larger. It needs so little power that very small batteries can be used. And it's rugged.

The qualities that make the use of transistors imperative in satellites are also used to advantage in more and more new telephone equipment. For example, transistors now help millions of telephone customers to dial their own long distance calls directly. And those who are hard of hearing can order transistor-equipped telephones with adjustable volume control.

Small as it is, the transistor has already won a big place for itself, and has an even bigger future . . . in the heart of many a satellite yet to orbit, and in the heart of tomorrow's better telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARCH ATLANTIC 1959 VOLUME 203 NUMBER 3

MARTHA GELLHORN	Home of the Brave: The Young Poles	33
ARCHIBALD MACLEISH	The Poet and the Press	40
ESTHER WAGNER	The Slip – A STORY	47
CLARENCE B. RANDALL	How to Get Along Overseas: A Word to Businessmen	51
JOHN MOFFITT	Morning Song – A POEM	54
PETER USTINOV	The Wingless Icarus – A STORY	55
MELVILLE J. HOMFELD	Schools for Everything	62
EDWARD WEISMILLER	Short History – A POEM	64
ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER	America's Influence: Our Ten Contributions to Civilization	65
DORIS PARKMAN	Cocktails for the Russians	70
	BOOKS AND MEN	
FRANCES PERKINS	The Rise of the New Deal	72
CHARLES W. MORTON	The Opposite Sex	79
HARRIET R. STOLOROW	The High Price of Daffodils – A POEM	81
	ATLANTIC REPORTS	
	Czechoslovakia – Washington – Science and Industry	4
	ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF	
EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer	82
	Books the Editors Like	86
CHARLES ROLO	Reader's Choice	88
	ACCENT ON LIVING	
CHARLES W. MORTON – FRANCIS W. DAHL – PEG BRACKEN – GURNEY WILLIAMS – C. S. JENNISON – SCOTT CORBETT		95
JOHN M. CONLY	Record Reviews	100
	PLEASURES AND PLACES	
JOSEPH WECHSBERG	Inn on the Rhine	106

COVER PAINTING OF ARCHIBALD MACLEISH BY JAMES AVATI

1 YEAR $7.50 2 YEARS $14.00 3 YEARS $20.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, March, 1959, Vol. 203, No. 3. Published monthly. Editorial, Circulation, and Advertising Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. Published at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. 60 cents a copy, $7.50 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N. H.
Copyright © 1959, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Send Form 3579 to 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

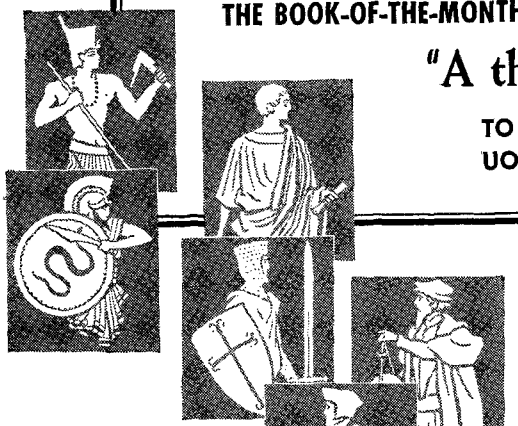
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT—IN A SHORT TRIAL MEMBERSHIP—

"A thrilling panorama of human history"*

TO DEMONSTRATE HOW MUCH YOU CAN SAVE CONTINUOUSLY ON BOOKS YOU ARE EAGER TO READ AND OWN

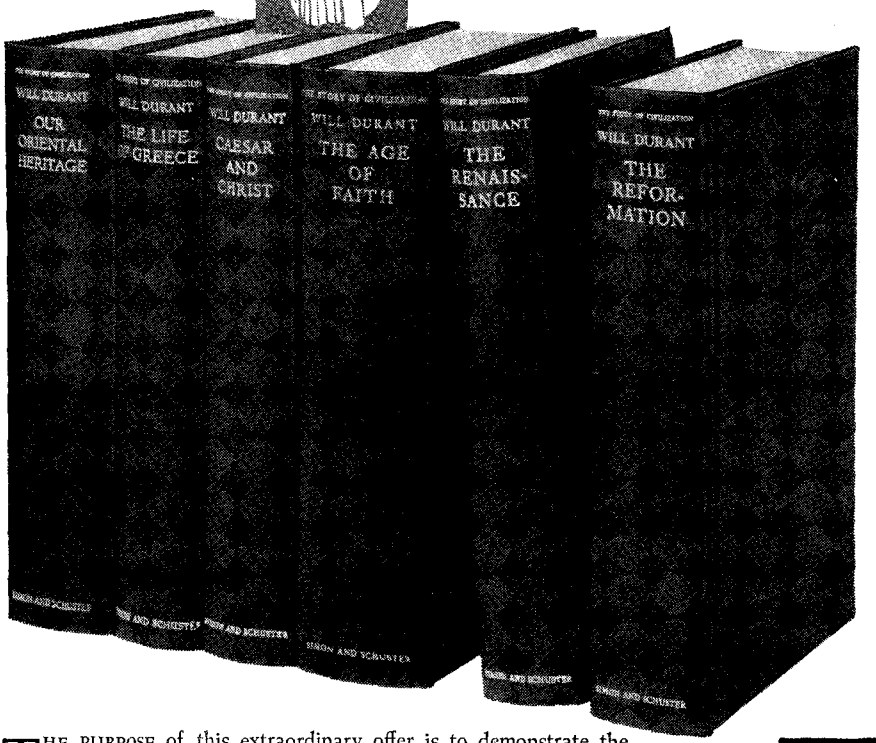
*Clifton Fadiman



"I want to know the steps by which men passed from barbarism to civilization"
—VOLTAIRE

THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION

BY Will Durant



SIX VOLUMES

[RETAIL PRICE $60]

FOR ONLY $6

...if you agree in this Trial Membership to buy six books from the Club during the next year from at least 200 to be made available

VOL. I: *Our Oriental Heritage*
The civilizations of ancient Egypt—and of India, China and Japan from the beginning to our own day.

VOL. II: *The Life of Greece*
A history of Greek government, industry, philosophy, art, from the earliest times through the brilliant climax of 5th-century Athens to the Roman conquest.

VOL. III: *Caesar and Christ*
The rise of Rome from a crossroads town to the center of the world, ending with the collision of pagan and Christian morality and the collapse of classic civilization.

VOL. IV: *The Age of Faith*
Medieval civilization from Constantine down to Dante.

VOL. V: *The Renaissance*
A history of Italy's Golden Age—beginning with the birth of Petrarch and ending with the death of Titian.

VOL. VI: *The Reformation*
Europe's world-shaking religious conflicts, beginning two centuries before Luther and ending with Calvin.

THE PURPOSE of this extraordinary offer is to demonstrate the Club's unique Book-Dividend system, through which members regularly receive valuable library volumes—either completely without charge or at a small fraction of their price—**simply by buying books they would buy anyway.**

✶ **The six-volume set** will be sent with the first book you purchase. The five other books can be chosen from at least 200 Selections and Alternates that will be made available during the next year.

✶ **You will pay—on the average—20% less for them than you would otherwise.**

✶ **If you continue after this six-book trial membership,** with every second Club choice you buy you will receive, without charge, a valuable Book-Dividend, averaging around $6 in retail value.

✶ **More important than the saving, this sensible system will keep you from missing the books you intend to read.**

✶ **Why immediate action is advisable:** A single edition of this Durant set has been printed as part of the Club's usual winter promotional effort—enough to meet the expected demand. If the supply is exhausted, there will be an unavoidable delay in fulfilling orders—at least four months, since it takes that long to print and bind an edition of such a large set. If your order is received after the present edition is all spoken for, you will be notified and may then either cancel your membership *or defer it until a new edition can be printed.*

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH DOCTOR ZHIVAGO BY BORIS PASTERNAK —or with any other book listed below

☐ **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO** by Boris Pasternak *Price (to members only) $4.50*

☐ **ONLY IN AMERICA** by Harry Golden *$4.00*

☐ **THE COMING OF THE NEW DEAL** by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. *Price (to members only) $4.75*

☐ **THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY** by John Kenneth Galbraith *$5.00*

☐ **AKU-AKU** by Thor Heyerdahl *Price (to members only) $4.95*

☐ **THE MOST OF S. J. PERELMAN** by S. J. Perelman *Price (to members only) $4.95*

☐ **ANATOMY OF A MURDER** by Robert Traver *Price (to members only) $3.95*

☐ **MISTRESS TO AN AGE: A Life of Madame de Staël** by J. Christopher Herold *Price (to members only) $4.50*

☐ **WOMEN AND THOMAS HARROW** by John P. Marquand *Price (to members only) $4.25*

☐ **THE KING MUST DIE** by Mary Renault *Price (to members only) $3.95*

☐ **INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY** by John Gunther *Price (to members only) $4.50*

DOUBLE SELECTION ☐ **ELIZABETH THE GREAT** by Elizabeth Jenkins **and THE GOLD OF TROY** by Robert Payne *Combined price (to members only) $4.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A43
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club* and send THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION in six volumes, billing me $6.00 (plus a small mailing charge), with the purchase of my first selection, checked at left. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend* with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing.)

PLEASE NOTE: A Double Selection—or a set of books offered at a special combined price—is counted as a *single* book in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

Mr. / *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....*Zone*.....

State.....

Books for Canadian members are usually priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto *duty free*, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atlantic Report on the World Today

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

THE people of Prague are peace-loving, hard-working, prosperous, and happy on the surface, but they give the impression of being apprehensive about underlying political and moral problems and anxious to avoid hearing about them. Their prosperity is apparent on all sides: in the city streets, lively with traffic and with warmly dressed pedestrians; in the stores, full of consumers' goods, often crude but always abundant; in cafés and restaurants, generously stocked with food and drink; in old-fashioned, lavishly furnished hotel rooms; and in brightly lit, well-heated, although sometimes overcrowded homes.

That the country is Communist ruled is well known to all, but the fact is not paraded. Very few party slogans and almost no portraits of Czech Communist leaders are displayed in public, as though the leaders were engaged in a gigantic conspiracy to escape the reality of Soviet rule. There is an evident desire on the part of the people to avoid the international complications of the Cold War, and Czechoslovakia, created in the West but now committed to the East, makes scant public demonstration of sympathy with either side, although there is no doubt of the direction its leaders would take if forced to make a choice.

In this People's Republic, one of the most popular songs is the British marching tune from the American motion picture, *The Bridge on the River Kwai.* American, West German, French, and Italian automobiles circulate with those of Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union. Western languages are frequently heard. And the foreigner, from either side, is made to feel quite welcome.

Front runner for the Kremlin

Along the fringe of the Iron Curtain — the outside fringe, that is — experts and exiles make a practice of rating the satellites by degrees of their relative independence of the Soviet Union. At the top of the list, definitely most independent at this time, stands Poland. Other satellites vary in standing according to current conditions. But alone, at the bottom of this rating, most servile of the satellites, is Czechoslovakia.

While Poland, Hungary, and even East Germany have erupted in violence against the Russians, Czechoslovakia has stayed quiet. While Rumania, Bulgaria, and even Albania have held back against collectivization, Czechoslovakia has gone ahead with this process even during the harvest seasons of the last two years.

Czechoslovakia has readily served as a front runner for the foreign policies of the Soviet Union: among the first and most vociferous of the satellites in echoing Russian criticism of the Communist renegade, Tito; first and most effective in development of the Communist offensive for economic penetration of the Middle East.

Recognition of these facts is not pleasant for those outside Czechoslovakia who would prefer to look on this country as a sturdy little offspring of the West and a stout little defender of democracy. It may well be, as some experts estimate, that 95 per cent of the Czech and Slovak people are opposed to Communism. But the record shows that their leaders are 100 per cent pro-Soviet. And the people are following their leaders.

More Communist than the Russians

To a great extent, the West can thank itself for this sorry state of affairs. Czechoslovakia was sacrificed to the Germans at Munich in 1938, conceded to the Russians at Yalta in 1944, and abandoned to the Communists at Prague in 1948. It has little reason to look to the West now for comfort and support.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE **Book-of-the-Month Club**

... can help you build a fine record library at an immense saving

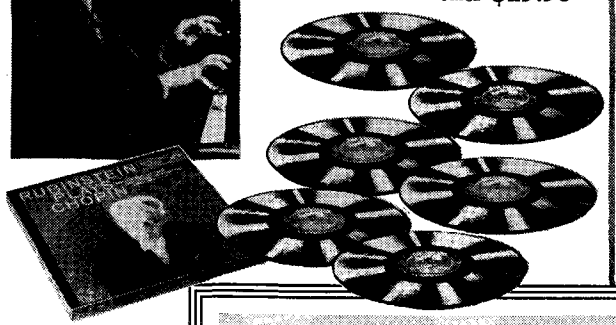
AS A BEGINNING, IN THIS TRIAL MEMBERSHIP, YOU CAN CHOOSE EITHER OF THESE MULTI-RECORD ALBUMS FOR ONLY $3.98

69 BELOVED WORKS OF CHOPIN

All the Nocturnes, Waltzes, Impromptus, Preludes (Opus 28), and Eight Polonaises . . . played by

Artur Rubinstein

IN AN ALBUM OF SIX 12" 33⅓ R.P.M. LONG-PLAYING RECORDS NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICE $29.98



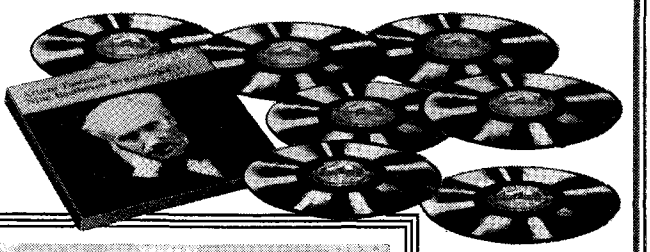
ARTURO TOSCANINI

CONDUCTING THE NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA IN

AN ALBUM OF SEVEN 12" 33⅓ R.P.M. LONG-PLAYING RECORDS OF

BEETHOVEN'S NINE SYMPHONIES

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICE $34.98

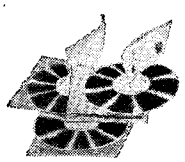


THE SOLE CONDITION OF MEMBERSHIP IS TO BUY SIX ADDITIONAL RECORDS FROM THE SOCIETY DURING THE NEXT YEAR FROM AT LEAST 100 TO BE MADE AVAILABLE

THE SENSIBLE PLAN: SYSTEMATIC COLLECTION

Most music lovers, in the back of their minds, certainly intend to build up for themselves a representative record library of the World's Great Music. Unfortunately, almost always they are haphazard in carrying out this aspiration. Because of *more systematic* collection by members of the Society, operating costs can be greatly reduced and great savings can be passed on to record collectors. The remarkable Introductory Offer above is a dramatic demonstration.

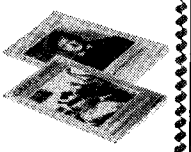
✱ After their sixth purchase, continuing members can build their record libraries at almost a **ONE-THIRD SAVING** over the manufacturer's nationally advertised price. For every two records purchased (from a group of at least 100 made available annually by the Society) *members will receive a third* RCA VICTOR *Red Seal Record free.*



✱ A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE.** The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole function is to recommend "must-have" works for members. Members of the panel are: **DEEMS TAYLOR,** composer and commentator, Chairman; **SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF,** General Music Director, NBC; **JACQUES BARZUN,** author and music critic; **JOHN M. CONLY,** editor of *High Fidelity & Audiocraft*; **AARON COPLAND,** composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN,** music editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*; **DOUGLAS MOORE,** composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WILLIAM SCHUMAN,** composer and president of Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH,** chief of Music Division, N. Y. Public Library; **G. WALLACE WOODWORTH,** Professor of Music, Harvard University.

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

Each month, three or more 12-inch 33⅓ R.P.M. RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records are announced and described to members. One is singled out as the *record-of-the-month* and, unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record is sent to the member. If the member does not want the work he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record purchased, members pay only $4.98, the nationally advertised price. (For every shipment a small charge for postage and handling is added.)



RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music **V4-3**
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please register me as a member of *The RCA Victor Society of Great Music* and send me immediately the RCA VICTOR album checked below, billing me $3.98 plus a small charge for postage and handling. I agree to buy six additional records within twelve months from those made available by the Society, for each of which I will be billed $4.98, the manufacturer's nationally advertised price (plus a small charge for postage and handling). Thereafter, I need buy only four such records in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying six records from the Society (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). After my sixth purchase, for every two records I buy from the Society I will receive a third RCA VICTOR Red Seal Record, free.

☐ **RUBINSTEIN PLAYS CHOPIN**
☐ **THE NINE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES**

MR. / MRS. / MISS ..... (Please print plainly)

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE .....

STATE .....

NOTE: If you wish to enroll through an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in here:

DEALER'S NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

PLEASE NOTE: Records can be shipped only to residents of the U. S. and its territories, and Canada. Records for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped *duty free* from Ontario.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Czechoslovakia

Apart from the political reasons, to which the Czechs remain very sensitive, there are the economic reasons; the Czechs were quite prosperous under the Germans, during the war, and they are flourishing now under the Russians. Five months before the Russians announced last year their new seven-year plan for economic development, the Czech regime was proposing a 90 to 95 per cent increase in its industrial production by 1965.

Czechoslovakia's Communist Party is the only one of Eastern Europe formed on a mass basis, from the left wing of the old Social Democratic Party. In the last parliamentary election in 1946, the Communists came first, obtaining 38 per cent of the vote. It was the Czech Communist Party, not the Russians, that took over the country in 1948. And ten years later, the party still claimed nearly one and a half million card-carrying members — close to its peak.

So Czechoslovakia, the modern state that was established at Geneva in 1918 — the only state of Eastern Europe to remain a true democracy in the two decades between the world wars — has now become, in some respects, more Communist than the Soviet Union.

Service for tourists

From the outside, the Czechs seem somewhat embarrassed by, and somewhat reluctant to expose, this condition to foreign visitors. In fact, the Czechoslovak government disassociates itself from the actual granting of visas to travelers. That function, normally handled in the consulates of other countries, has been turned over to the official travel service, Cedok. And Cedok, in turn, has entrusted the task to private travel agencies which have been designated as its representatives in various capitals.

These select agencies provide the customary local excursions, sight-seeing tours, and theater tickets for their customers. But they also offer, quite prominently, such services as a vacation trip to the Soviet Union or a cruise on the Polish liner *Batory*. And they make all the arrangements for a visit to Czechoslovakia.

They require a valid passport, four photographs, and four applications, containing printed replies to a few routine questions as to identity, occupation, and purpose of the visit. These documents are left with the travel agency. Presumably, at this point they are cleared somewhere with Czechoslovak officials. If there are no complications, the passport is returned ten days later, stamped with a visa, and a frontier pass is enclosed.

The agency charges a fee of $7 for the visa and sells the traveler — obligatorily in advance — tickets for his hotel room and meals in Czechoslovakia. Prices range from $4.30 a day for a third-class single room without bath to $12.55 a day for a de luxe single room with bath.

The visa is made valid only for the number of days that a hotel room has been paid for, and no visa is granted for less than three days — which could be a device either to obtain more foreign exchange or to prevent opposition couriers from coming in for a single day, depositing messages, and departing undetected.

Frontier formalities — passport, customs, and foreign exchange inspection — are performed perfunctorily at the airport. Many of the passengers are met by private cars, and little electric wagons scurry around delivering their baggage first. The rest of the bags are loaded into a dilapidated bus, and the more ordinary travelers then ride in the bus to the capital.

Antonin Novotny, Czech President

Prague under Communism, as under the Austro-Hungarian Empire or Czechoslovak democracy or German protectorate, remains a beautiful city unblemished by modern wars, with a population of about one million. The one hundred towers of its churches rise in mystic splendor over the gray, medieval mass of buildings, huddled in the bend of the Moldau River and sprawling over the Bohemian plain. Over all, from the high bank of the river, looms the ancient Slavic citadel, Hradcany Castle, now the official residence of the President of the republic, Antonin Novotny.

Novotny is not a strong man like Stalin or Khrushchev or a popular leader like Gomulka of Poland or the late Imre Nagy of Hungary. He is a bureaucrat who has made a career of the Communist Party since 1921 and who has lived long enough, while his colleagues were dying, to find himself occupying Hradcany Castle.

Western diplomats describe Novotny as a man of some dignity and ostensible independence, who insists that his pro-Soviet policy is correct and who has the support of the people. His line of reasoning is that Germany is the real enemy of Czechoslovakia, that the rearming of West Germany is the principal threat to Czechoslovakia, and that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

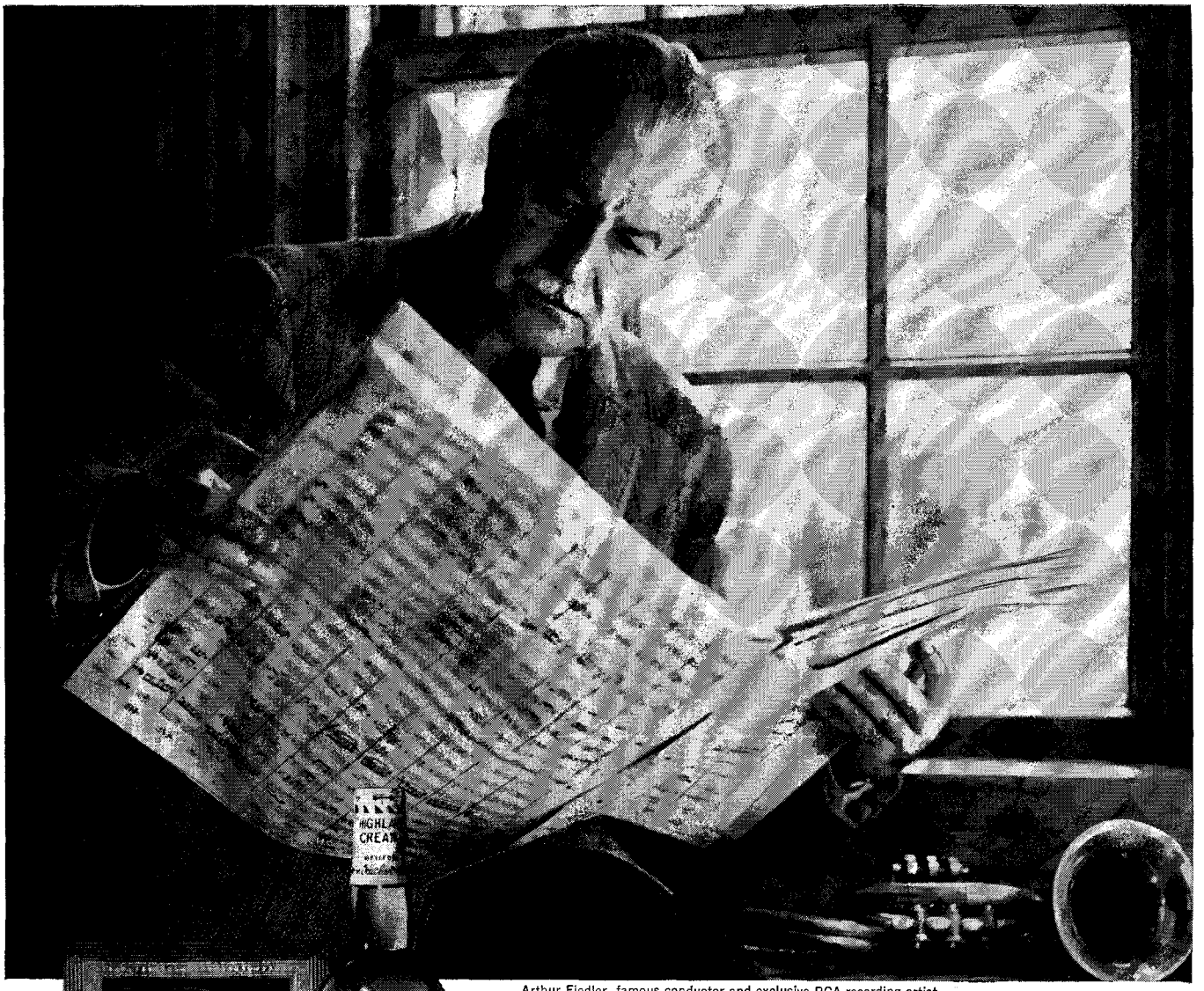
IN MUSIC...

EXPERIENCE IS THE GREAT TEACHER

IN SCOTCH...

TEACHER'S

IS THE GREAT EXPERIENCE



Arthur Fiedler, famous conductor and exclusive RCA recording artist.

Only experience could produce such a superb Scotch as Teacher's Highland Cream. Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. has made this fine Scotch since 1830. The firm is still personally controlled and managed by the fourth and fifth generations of the Teacher family.

TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY / 86 PROOF
SCHIEFFELIN© & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

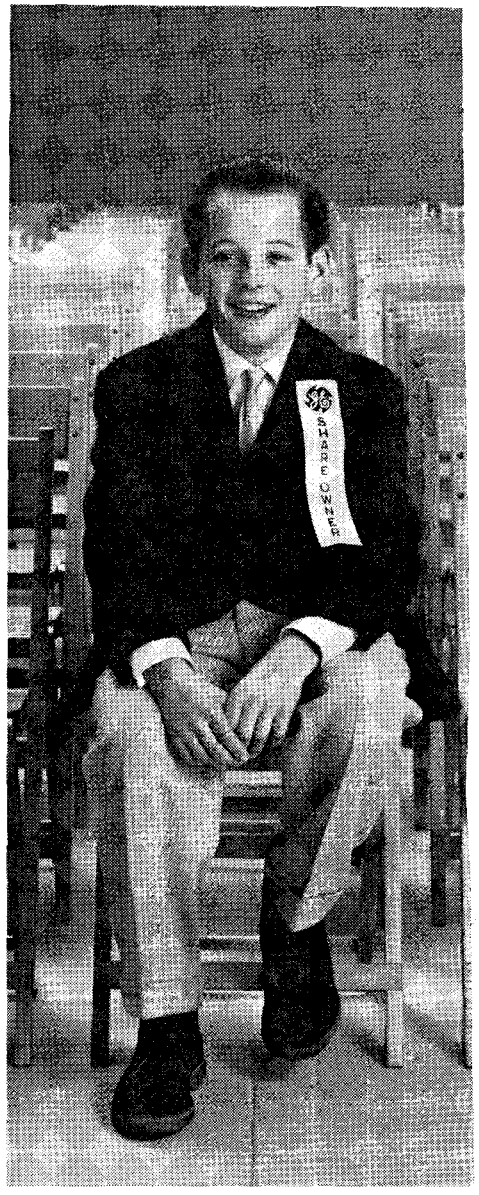
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What kind of people

General Electric share owners come from all walks of life;

Terrence Alers, shipping clerk at General Electric, is becoming an owner of the company he works for. He is one of the more than 100,000 General Electric men and women who are participating in the Company's Savings and Security Program. Under this plan, employees of General Electric can become share owners and accumulate savings for their future security.

Mrs. Helen Bloodgood, widow, is an owner of General Electric. Her husband had invested part of their savings in General Electric because he was attracted to its growth record over the years and its position in the dynamic electrical industry. Today, the dividends which Mrs. Bloodgood receives on her General Electric stock are providing her with regular income.



Larry Cichy, 11 years old, is an owner of General Electric. His shares were given to him by his parents as part of a savings fund which will help pay for his future education. The value of a stock, of course, reflects the growth of a company, its industry, and the economy, and Larry's parents are confident that the outlook for General Electric and the economy is bright.

THE number of men and women who are investing part of their savings in American business is growing steadily. This trend toward broader share ownership is good — not only for the individual share owner but for the nation as a whole. This trend has made American capitalism more and more a *people's capitalism*, where the profits of successful businesses benefit all people — not just a few. Millions of share owners of American business receive part of these profits in the form of dividends to reward them for their willingness to risk their savings. Another part of the profits of business is reinvested in research and development facilities as well as modernization and expansion. This benefits *everyone* by providing new and better products and services, new jobs, higher living standards, and a greater measure of strength and security for the nation.

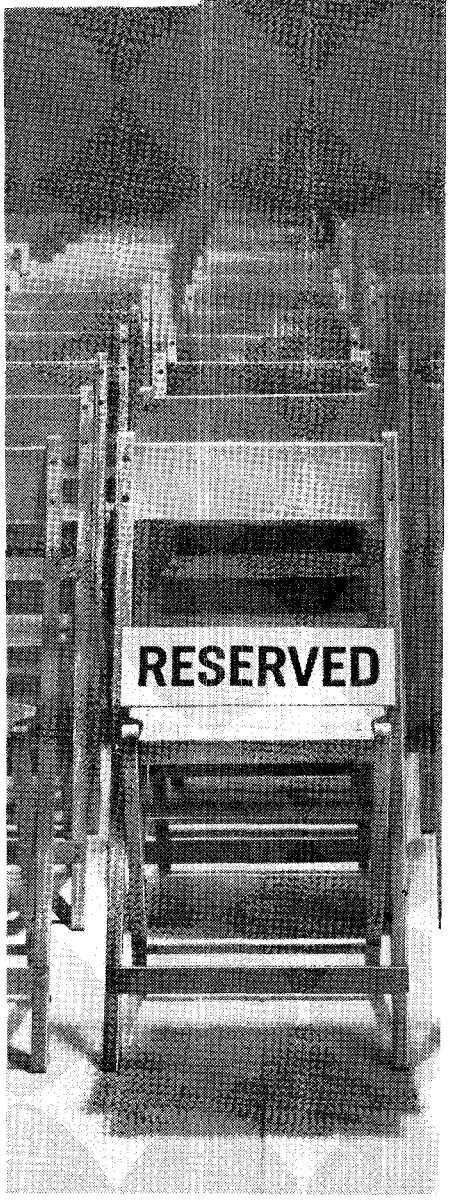
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Own General Electric?

they're voices of the people who own America's businesses

Mrs. Michael Griggs, housewife, is an owner of General Electric. As a way of saving, she and her husband buy stock through the Monthly Investment Plan offered by member firms of the New York Stock Exchange. The plan offers them their choice of the stocks of 1,100 corporations and puts investing on a budget basis — they may invest as little as $40 every three months.

William B. Simmons, coal dealer, is also an owner of General Electric. As a businessman, he can appreciate having some of the most experienced men in American business working for him on the Board of Directors of General Electric. The directors are noted for leadership in a variety of fields. They are elected by—and represent the interests of — the share owners.



General Electric's 400,000th share owner of record will become an owner this spring. (In addition, an estimated 100,000 people are beneficial owners who have shares registered in the names of brokers or nominees of banks or trust companies.) Chances are that the 400,000th owner — like most General Electric share owners—will be the kind of person you meet every day.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO TOUR EUROPE *without a tour group!*

...and still get the priceless advantages of a planned trip that makes use of every moment you're there!

Simply take an Air France Tri-Color Tour. Everything's arranged before you arrive in each city. But you don't have to adhere to a timetable along with a group eating in the same restaurants, sleeping in the same hotels, being on the same flights. The price? Not a penny more than ordinary tours. $752.60 for a complete 17-day tour of 6 countries that includes round-trip Economy air fare from New York, accommodations at First Class hotels, most meals, sightseeing trips, taxis, even tips! Longer tours are available, 23 days or 31 days. And if you *like* to travel with a group, escorted tours are available from $754. You can fly now — pay later on any tour. Just 10% down and you're on your way. See your Travel Agent, or mail the coupon below.

Air France, Dept. DE
683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me information on your tours of Europe. I would also like folders on the following subjects:

___Tours of Russia ___24 hours in Paris
___Extra cities at no extra fare ___Africa
___Asia

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

A-2

AIR FRANCE

WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE
WORLD'S MOST PERSONAL SERVICE

alliance with the Soviet Union is the best defense against this threat. Either from conviction or from servility, Novotny has been exceptionally diligent in directing the domestic affairs of Czechoslovakia along Communist lines.

The collective farms

Collectivization of agriculture has been one of Novotny's main objectives. For nearly ten years after the Communist coup, the farmers succeeded to a considerable extent in escaping collectivization by retaining more than half the agricultural land in what is called the "private sector." But in midsummer of 1957, before Novotny's accession to power, a vigorous campaign was undertaken to complete the collectivization by 1960. Novotny has carried on the campaign.

During 1957, collectivization increased from 48 to 65 per cent of all farmland. During 1958, that figure went up to 75 per cent. By the end of 1958, it was estimated officially, there were 12,099 collective farms with a farmer-member population of 835,299, and 4,205,177 hectares of land being worked for the state.

There has been no physical resistance to collectivization and none of the famine that accompanied this process in the Soviet Union. But the conversion from private to collective farms, with its resultant decrease in incentive, has led to a decline in production. Before World War II, Czechoslovak agriculture was able to satisfy almost all domestic needs. Now some imports of food have become necessary.

National industry

On the economic front, Novotny announced to a congress of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia last June 18 his country's new plan for an increase of up to 95 per cent in gross industrial production by 1965. This was similar to the seven-year plan that Khrushchev presented to the central committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in November.

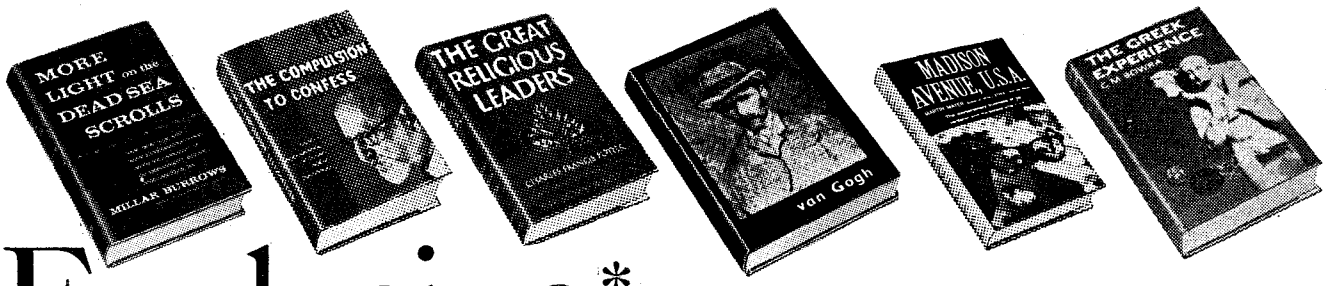
Czechoslovakia's new plan for economic development sets a number of specific targets. Steel production, for example, is supposed to increase from 5.2 million tons in 1957 to 9.7 million tons in 1965, and coal production from 24 million tons in 1957 to 36 million tons in 1965. Where once the principal industries were textiles, leather, and glass, priority has now been given to production of fuel, machine tools, and arms.

The country's economy has undoubtedly been expanding since the Communist coup of 1948. The increase has been achieved by use of marginal resources and manpower. The entire labor force is employed, but there is still a shortage of manpower, although the average household has 1.7 wage earners. All industrial enterprises, banking, insurance, transportation, and other services have been nationalized since World War II. Foreign and domestic trade has been nationalized since the Communists took power, and now, with the exception of a few artisans, there is almost no private enterprise.

Diplomatic relations with the Western powers are poor. Czech leaders accept invitations to Western embassies only on national holidays and on rare occasions such as the visit of some nonpolitical, cultural delegation. Western powers, for their part, tend to treat the Czechs as poor relations of the Russians and are slow, for example, to reply to Czech notes, even on minor matters.

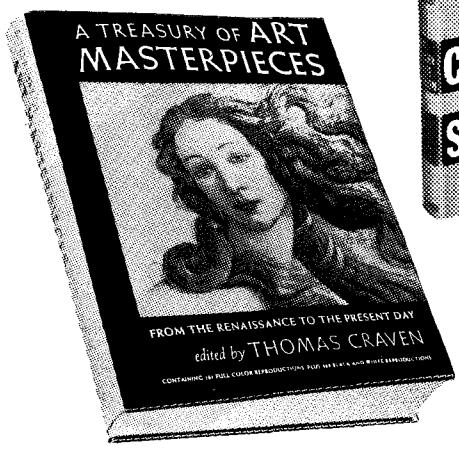
How this situation can be improved is not readily apparent. Some Western diplomats would like to deal with the Czechs as though they really were independent, in hopes of encouraging them to take a more independent course. These diplomats would try to convince the Czechs that the Western powers are not Fascist and that the rearming of Germany is not a gesture of aggression. Then they would expect the true nature of Czechoslovakia to be asserted. But they would not look with any great confidence to the immediate future. Somewhere beneath the surface a spirit of pride and patriotism, a spark of independence, must be smoldering. But nowhere does it appear today on the cold, gray surface of Communist Czechoslovakia.

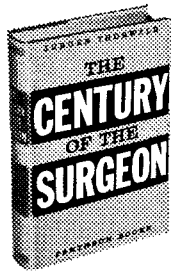
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

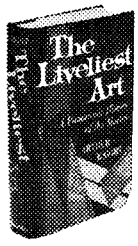


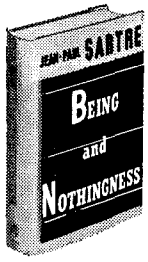
Exclusive* *with the* Marboro Book Club

You can have any 3 of the books shown for only $3.75 with membership



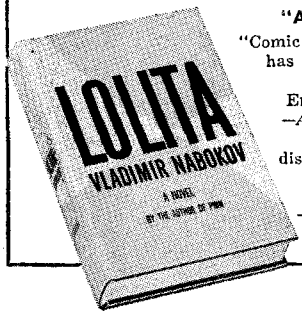






* *The most highly praised art book of our time*

By exclusive arrangement with the publishers, this world-famous volume of 650 reproductions (including 161 full color plates)—from Giotto to Picasso—has been named a Selection of the Marboro Book Club.



"A GREAT BOOK"

"Comic genius. Nabokov has few equals in the handling of the English language." —*Atlantic Monthly.*

"A fine book, a distinguished book—all right, then—great book." —*Dorothy Parker, Esquire.*

CHOOSE from A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES—THE GREEK EXPERIENCE—LOLITA—and nine other important books as your introduction to membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB.

The world-wide fame of A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES has grown through each of the twenty years since first it took the art world by storm in 1939. The magnificence and profusion of its 650 reproductions, the amazing fidelity of its color plates to the tones and hues of the original paintings that are the pride of the world's great palaces and museums, have made it the best-known and most highly praised art book of our time.

Even before World War II, when books priced so high were a rarity, art-lovers and collectors were paying $12.50 per copy. Through the years, and through printing after printing, hundreds upon hundreds of thousands have been sold at that high price to the world's most demanding public.

Today, the publishers have made A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES available again, in a superb and luxurious new edition that sells everywhere for $7.95. Anyone who has ever fallen under the spell of its superlative reproductions of the 650 masterpieces of art from the Renaissance to the present will tell you that it is worth far more than its $7.95 bookstore price. Yet it is yours for $1.25 if you wish to select it now as part of your Introductory-Offer privilege.

To demonstrate the values that discerning readers can expect from the MARBORO BOOK CLUB, we offer you any 3 books on this page (including A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES, if you wish) for less than half of what you would otherwise pay for A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES alone.

THE MARBORO BOOK CLUB pools your buying power with that of others who share *your* tastes, and saves you an average of 50% on the self-same books you would otherwise purchase at full price. With each four selections (or alternates) accepted at Special Members' Prices, you receive a superlative bonus volume of your choice at no additional charge.

Reach for a pencil right now and check off any three of the books shown. They're yours for only $3.75 with an introductory membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB. That's a saving of as much as $21.70 on regular bookstore prices. Mail the application form today, while this exclusive offer lasts.

Choose any 3 of these books for $3.75 with Introductory Membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB! Mail your application today.

☐ **A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES.** Ed. by Thomas Craven. A monument of luxurious art book publishing. The 650 great paintings of the Western world, from the masters of the Italian Renaissance to the present—161 in full color. List Price $7.95.
Members Pay Only $4.95

☐ **LOLITA.** By Vladimir Nabokov. One of the most hotly-discussed books since the sensational controversy over **Ulysses.** Its subject matter has made the world gasp. The brilliance of its writing has made the world's critics cheer. List Price $5.00.
Members Pay Only $3.50

☐ **BEING AND NOTHINGNESS.** By Jean-Paul Sartre. Sartre's Philosophy of Being, including his views on social relations, his doctrine of freedom, and existential psychoanalysis. 635 pages. List Price $10.00.
Members Pay Only $4.95

☐ **THE CENTURY OF THE SURGEON.** By Jürgen Thorwald. The march of surgery from the butchery of the pre-anaesthetic era to the delicate heart operations of today. "Spellbinding."—**N. Y. Times. Illus.** List Price $5.95.
Members Pay Only $3.75

☐ **THE GREAT RELIGIOUS LEADERS.** By Charles F. Potter. The world's religions and their founders—including Akhenaten, Moses, Zoroaster, Buddha, Jesus, Muhammad, and the "Teacher" in the Dead Sea Scrolls. 500 pp. List Price $7.50.
Members Pay Only $4.50

☐ **THE LIVELIEST ART.** By Arthur Knight. A panoramic history of the Motion Picture as an art form—from Melies and Griffith and Eisenstein to Rasho-mon, Rossellini, and Mike Todd. With photographs. List Price $7.50.
Members Pay Only $3.95

☐ **VAN GOGH.** By Frank Elgar. The long-awaited factual chronicle of his life and art. A great French critic frees the real Van Gogh from the romantic fable that has obscured him for half a century. 369 reproductions. 67 Full Color Plates. List Price $5.75.
Members Pay Only $3.95

☐ **FROM APE TO ANGEL.** Totems, taboos, and folkways of primitive and not-so-primitive man. By H. R. Hays. The monumental book about the discoveries of social anthropology—from Darwin and Freud to Mead. 450 pp., illus. List Price $7.50.
Members Pay Only $4.50

☐ **THE COMPULSION TO CONFESS.** By Theodor Reik. Freud's famous pupil on the psychoanalysis of crime and punishment . . . the unconscious motives of murderers and detectives, the unconscious drives that urge man to transgress and to seek punishment, and the psychoanalytic interpretation of "Original Sin." List Price $7.50.
Members Pay Only $3.95

☐ **THE GREEK EXPERIENCE.** By Sir Maurice Bowra. An almost incredibly brilliant summing-up of the whole achievement of Greek civilization, with 64 full pages of rare photographs. The London Spectator calls it "A masterpiece"—and it is. List Price $6.00.
Members Pay Only $3.95

☐ **MORE LIGHT ON THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS.** By Millar Burrows. New scrolls and new interpretations, with translations of important recent discoveries. List Price $6.50.
Members Pay Only $3.95

☐ **MADISON AVENUE, U.S.A.** By Martin Mayer. One of the great best-sellers of the year—and no wonder! Never before has any book revealed so fully and frankly the inner workings of the advertising business. List Price $4.95.
Members Pay Only $3.50

MARBORO BOOK CLUB
131 Varick Street, New York 13, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a new member of the Marboro Book Club. Please send me the THREE books checked at the left at only $3.75 plus shipping for all three. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional books (or alternates) at the reduced Members' Price during the next twelve months; and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four additional books I accept.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

(*Memberships available only in continental U. S. and Canada. Prices slightly higher in Canada.*) MA-354

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this SPECIAL OFFER, you may return the books within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atlantic Report WASHINGTON

Conservatives have been talking about the labor bias they expect in the new Congress. But it remains to be seen just how much power labor actually will have. The first test will center on the revived Kennedy-Ives labor reform bill, which passed the Senate last year but died in the House. The Democrats have taken care, in assigning new committee memberships, to make the House Labor Committee safe for labor almost as much as the Senate Labor Committee has been for some years. This was done by adding four liberal Democrats. Thus the key point of delay (though there probably will be lengthy House Labor Committee hearings) now becomes the House Rules Committee.

Speaker Sam Rayburn headed off a Democratic "Young Turk" effort to trim the power of Rules by giving his word to get any bill approved by a legislative committee past Rules onto the House floor for a vote. But the Republicans filled their two vacancies on the Labor Committee with men from the ultra-right wing of the party, assuring a conservative majority by the old coalition of Southern Democrats and GOP Tories. Even so, a bill probably will pass the House as well as the Senate before Congress adjourns.

How much labor reform?

But what sort of bill? The answer has been complicated by a quiet switch in tactics by George Meany and his AFL-CIO. Last year Meany agreed to the welfare fund reforms and other cleanup provisions in the wake of the McClellan Committee hearings, provided the bill also included some amendments of the Taft-Hartley Act. Chief among these amendments was one which would have permitted both strikers and those who replaced them on the job to vote in representation elections instead of only the latter. Another permitted building trades employers to conclude bargaining agreements with unions that have not won representation elections. The first of these changes is widely accepted as badly needed; the second, however, amounts to sanctification of "sweetheart" agreements between employers and union bosses.

Despite the increase in Congress of labor's friends, the AFL-CIO hierarchy is worried by the public reaction to the continuing McClellan Committee revelations, and it would like to see the hearings wound up as quickly as possible. That is unlikely.

Therefore Meany figured that the best thing was to get a reform bill through Congress in a hurry, so that he could say that union racketeering and thievery had been curbed. To do this he agreed to strip the Kennedy-Ives bill of the Taft-Hartley changes. This move, of course, would also head off management efforts to get its own Taft-Hartley changes, notably a tightening of the prohibition of secondary boycotts and an outlawing of picketing for purposes of forcing management to accept unionization.

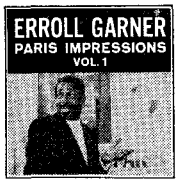
Kennedy's 1959 bill, as introduced, contained about the same Taft-Hartley alterations as last year, alterations which the senator hopefully labeled "relatively noncontroversial." He made it clear that he hoped to sell the bill as an anti-racketeering rather than as a labor-management measure. His strategy was to get his bill in ahead of the Administration bill, which contains more substantial Taft-Hartley changes sought by management, in the hope that the end result would be a compromise. Congress would pass only the anti-racketeering parts of the Kennedy bill, with labor sacrificing the lesser Taft-Hartley changes.

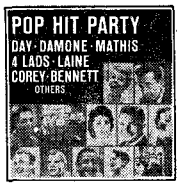
One fact now seems clear: labor's gains in the November election have been and will continue to be countered by the continuing revelations of the McClellan Committee to a degree that makes unlikely any outright pro-labor legislation.

Mikoyan's visit

The American experts, and their counterparts in other free world capitals, have long been convinced that the only alternative to nuclear war is coexistence and that coexistence makes sense only if there is a gradual shift in Communist dogma on the vital question of the inevitability of war. Because Anastas Mikoyan had been here before —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





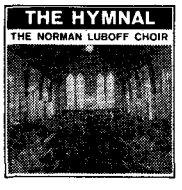
ANY SIX

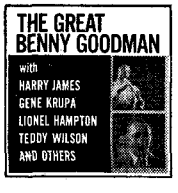
of these superb 12" High-Fidelity

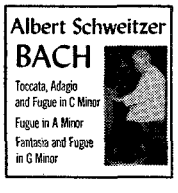
COLUMBIA and EPIC RECORDS

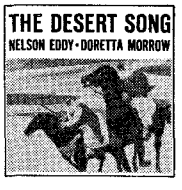
FOR ONLY **$3.98**

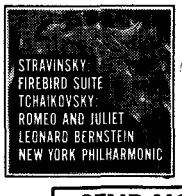
RETAIL VALUE UP TO $29.88





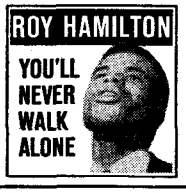






- ★ You receive ANY 6 of these 12" records for only $3.98
- ★ Your only obligation as a member is to purchase five selections from the more than 200 high-fidelity Columbia and Epic records to be offered in the coming 12 months
- ★ In addition, after purchasing only five records you receive a 12" Columbia or Epic Bonus record of your choice free for every two selections you buy
- ★ You enroll in any one of the four Club Divisions: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz
- ★ Each month the Club's staff of musical experts selects outstanding recordings from every field of music . . . music that deserves a place in any well-planned library. These selections are fully described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month
- ★ You may accept or reject the selection for your Division, take any of the other records offered, or take NO record in any particular month
- ★ You may discontinue membership at any time after purchasing five records from the Club
- ★ The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price of $3.98 (Classical Selections, $4.98), plus small mailing charge
- ★ Mail coupon—without money—to receive your six records

if you join the Columbia (Lp) Record Club now — and agree to purchase only 5 selections during the coming 12 months



SEND NO MONEY — Mail coupon to receive 6 records for $3.98

COLUMBIA (Lp) RECORD CLUB, Dept. 203-3
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

I accept your offer and have indicated at the right the six records I wish to receive for $3.98, plus small mailing charge. Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)

☐ **Classical** ☐ **Listening and Dancing** ☐ **Jazz**
☐ **Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies**

I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 200 to be offered during the coming 12 months, at regular list price plus small mailing charge. For every two *additional* selections I accept, I am to receive a 12" Columbia or Epic Bonus record of my choice FREE

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....ZONE.....State.....

CANADA: Prices slightly higher, address 11-13 Soho St., Toronto 2B

If you wish to have this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, please fill in the following:

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address.....213

© Columbia Records Sales Corp., 1959
®"Columbia," (Lp), "Epic," (Q) Marcas Reg.

CIRCLE THE NUMBERS OF THE 6 RECORDS YOU WANT —

1. Polly Bergen
Party's Over, But Not For Me, My Melancholy Baby—9 more

5. 'S Marvelous
Ray Conniff and Orch. *As Time Goes By, Where or When*, etc.

7. Frankie Laine
Jezebel, High Noon, Jealousy, 9 more

10. Schweitzer—Bach
Includes 3 major Bach organ compositions

11. Johnny Mathis' Greatest Hits
No Love, Chances Are, Twelfth of Never, I Look at You, 8 more

12. Grofe: Grand Canyon
This vivid musical painting has become an American classic

13. Doris Day's Greatest Hits
Doris sings 12 hits — *Love Me or Leave Me, It's Magic, Que Sera*

14. South Pacific
Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza star in this original Broadway Cast recording

15. Sing Along With Mitch Miller
You Are My Sunshine, Sweet Violets, Don't Fence Me In — 16 favorites in all

16. Schubert: Unfinished Symphony; Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream
Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.

17. Desert Song
Romberg's operetta is still a joy to hear

18. Beethoven: Emperor Concerto
Casadesus, piano; New York Philharmonic, Mitropoulos, cond.

19. Eddy Duchin Story
Duchin plays *The Man I Love, April Showers, Am I Blue?*, 12 more

20. Dvorak: New World Symphony
Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.

21. $64,000 Jazz
13 Jazz Greats performing *Honeysuckle Rose, Perdido*, etc.

22. Mozart: Requiem
New York Philharmonic, Walter, cond.

26. Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite; Ravel: Bolero, etc.
Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.

27. Benny Goodman
Let's Dance, Sing Sing Sing, Avalon, Moonglow — 11 swing classics

28. Romantic Music of Rachmaninoff
Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play this haunting music

29. Roy Hamilton
The "Big Voice" sings *Unchained Melody, Ebb Tide, I Believe*, 9 more

30. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake Ballet Suite
Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.

34. Ellington at Newport
Newport Jazz Festival Suite, Jeep's Blues, etc.

38. The Hymnal
Norman Luboff Choir sings 12 beloved hymns — *Let Him In, Sweet Hour of Prayer*, etc.

39. Firebird Suite; Romeo and Juliet
Two colorful scores — performed by Bernstein and N.Y. Philharmonic

44. Pop Hit Party
A dozen hit tunes performed by 12 pop artists — Day, Mathis, Laine, Bennett, etc.

46. Erroll Garner—Paris Impressions
Moulin Rouge, I Love Paris, Left Bank Swing—8 numbers in all

48. My Fair Lady
Original cast recording with Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews

49. Waltzes of Strauss and Tchaikovsky
Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.

51. Front Row Center
September Song, House of Flowers, Bewitched, April in Paris, 9 more

60. Music of Victor Herbert — Faith
Dream Girl, A Kiss in the Dark, Gypsy Love Song, 9 more

61. Rossini: William Tell Overture, etc.
Six stirring overtures and marches

62. Frank Sinatra
A dozen songs — *Blue Skies, The Nearness of You, Mean to Me*, etc.

K-41

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"COFFEE-BREAK," 18,000 FEET OVER THE PACIFIC. Extra courtesies—happi coats to wear enroute, authentic kuchitori hors d'oeuvres, refreshing o-shibori hot towels—served by a charming kimono-clad hostess, make JAL's Deluxe service the unquestioned choice of businessmen and vacationers alike. Ask your travel agent about JAL's daily radar-equipped flights.

fly **JAPAN AIR LINES** *U.S. to the Orient via Hawaii*

JAL

New York · Washington, D. C. · Cleveland
Chicago · Seattle · San Francisco · Los Angeles · Honolulu

An invitation to all men and women with

WRITING ABILITY

Who Want to Attain Professional Skill

Our FREE Literary Aptitude Test May Qualify You For Individualized Training by Successful Writers and Editors

The Magazine Institute, a private school owned and operated by successful writers and editors, offers a chance to learn writing as famous writers learned — by *writing* steadily, under the patient direction of a professional.

All work is done in your own home, on your own time. You receive regular assignments designed to get you started and keep you writing. You also submit original work of any type or any length. Before long you are doing complete stories or articles, concentrating on the type of writing that suits *you* best.

TEST YOUR WRITING TALENT FREE

Magazine Institute training is open to anyone who possesses natural ability. A qualifying literary Aptitude Test is offered without charge. Many people who never wrote a line for publication have passed this test and made a success of the training. Send for *your* test today and find out how your *natural* writing ability measures up. There is no obligation of course. Fill out and mail the coupon below.

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC.
Fifty Rockefeller Plaza, Dept. 13-R
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.
Please send your free Literary Aptitude Test and other information about your training to

Name.....

Street Address.....

City or Town.....*Zone*....*State*.....
(All inquiries confidential. No salesman will call)

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE

ROCKEFELLER CENTER
50 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, N. Y. 20
(Licensed by the State of N. Y.)

in 1936, when the United States was still struggling to free itself from the Great Depression — because Mikoyan has more firsthand knowledge of non-Communist nations than any other top Soviet official, because he is a man of great intelligence, and because he probably is the only man who can speak the unvarnished truth to Khrushchev, great store has been put on the effect of his visit to the United States.

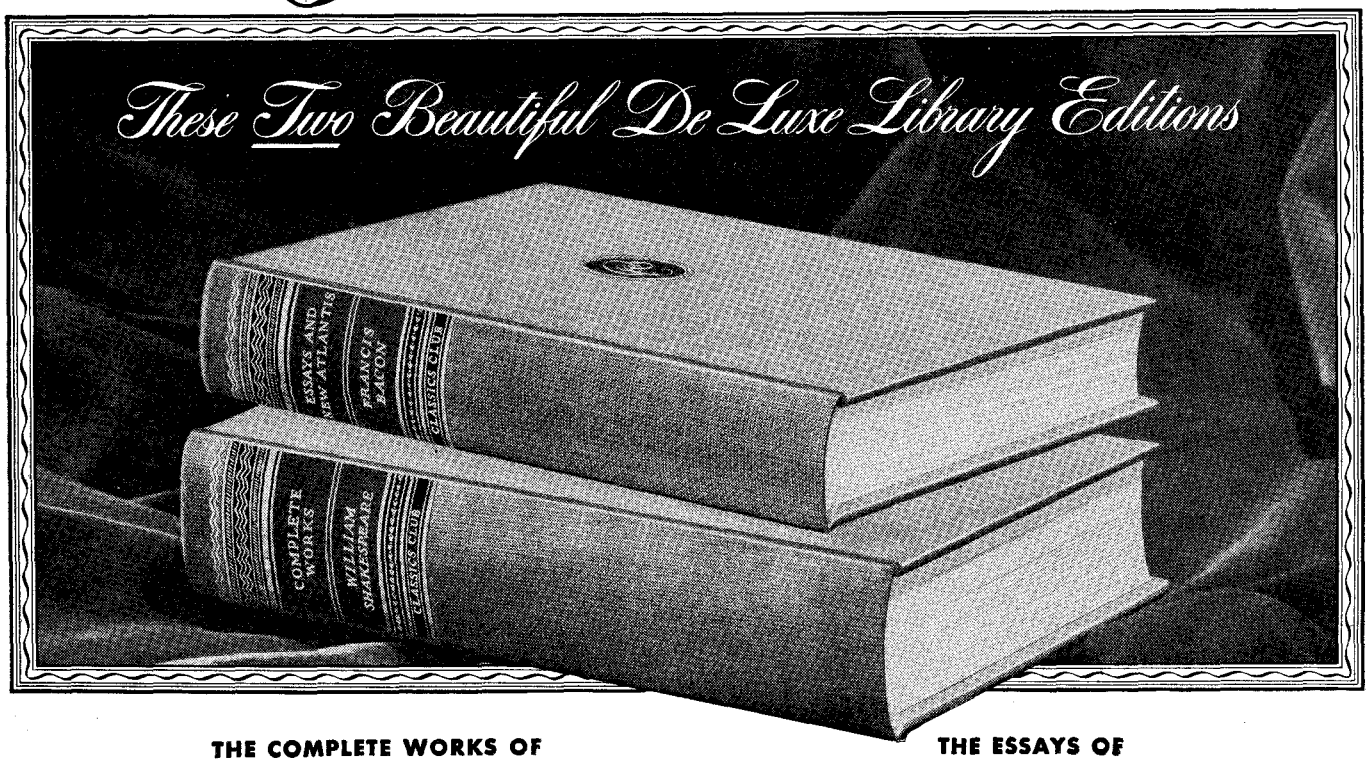
It should be noted that Mikoyan's itinerary was not made up by the American government, as is usually the case for high-ranking foreign visitors. He went where he wanted to go and saw much of what he wanted to see, calling on important Americans who had been received in Russia to serve as his hosts. These hosts, and the men they gathered together to talk with him from New York to Los Angeles, for the most part were what the Soviets consider to be people at the "center"; that is, people at the apex of real power in America because of their economic power.

Naturally, Mikoyan spent time with Secretary Dulles, whom Khrushchev correctly credited, in his long Kremlin talk with Senator Hubert Humphrey, with being the architect of American policy. Those with economic power in America, in the Communist view, are represented by Dulles, whose policy is based on their aims and attitudes.

The initial tendency in Washington to worry about the welcome Mikoyan received across the nation was intensified when Senator Styles Bridges and Harry Truman castigated the businessmen for "fawning" over the Soviet leader. The Cold War atmosphere probably made this inevitable, but the encouraging point was the keen, though sometimes politically naïve, interest in the visitor. The fact that Bridges was joined by very few others in public condemnation is a tribute to the distance the United States has come since the dark days of McCarthyism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOTH Free TO NEW MEMBERS ...WALTER J. BLACK'S CLASSICS CLUB INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE



THE COMPLETE WORKS OF THE ESSAYS OF

Shakespeare *and* Bacon

All 37 Plays • Comedies, Tragedies, Histories and Poems

EVERY word Shakespeare ever wrote — every delightful comedy, stirring tragedy, and thrilling historical play; every lovely poem and sonnet — yours *complete* in this beautiful 1312-page volume. Chuckle at the ever-modern comedy of Falstaff; be fascinated by glamorous Cleopatra; shudder at the intrigues of Macbeth; thrill with Romeo in the ecstasies of love. Be amazed at Iago's treachery; step with delight into the whimsical world of Puck and Bottom.

Shakespeare is the one writer who understood human nature as no other ever has, before or since. So deep did he see into our hearts that he is more alive today than he was over three hundred years ago!

On Love, Truth, Friendship, Riches and 54 Other Fascinating Subjects

HERE is another Titan of the Elizabethan era — Sir Francis Bacon, whose surpassing intellect laid the groundwork of science and philosophy for generations. Anyone in search of personal guidance and a practical, day-by-day philosophy of life can do no better than to read these immortal essays . . . about love, politics, books, business, friendship and the many other subjects which Bacon discusses so clearly, incisively, wisely. So much wit and wisdom is packed into these writings that quotations from them have become part of our literature.

Both these handsome De Luxe volumes — Shakespeare and Bacon — are yours *free,* as membership gifts from the Classics Club.

Why The Classics Club Offers You These 2 Books Free

WILL YOU add these two volumes to your library — as membership gifts from the Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have *become* "classics"? First because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for $5 and $10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its lustre — books you and your children will cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price — and your FREE copies of The Complete Works of SHAKESPEARE and BACON'S ESSAYS — cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York.

THE CLASSICS CLUB QY
Roslyn, L.I., New York

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE the beautiful two-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of The Complete Works of SHAKESPEARE and BACON'S ESSAYS, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you $2.89, plus a few cents mailing charges. (*Books shipped in U.S.A. only.*)

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(*Please Print Plainly*)

Address.....

City.....(if any)....State.....
Zone No.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Report on Washington

Both Washington and Moscow were anxious in the Washington talks to get off the Berlin hook: Washington because West Berlin is physically subject to Communist harassment, as the Berlin blockade already had shown; Moscow because Khrushchev's challenge had put the Kremlin in an untenable position (given the Western determination to stand firm) if it were to maintain its posture as a peace-loving nation.

The shift in American policy

In retrospect it seems probable that Mikoyan came here for two reasons: to find out whether American policy was as rigid as it appeared on Berlin, on Germany, and on European security; and to find out whether the American economy was as lacking in dynamism as the Administration leadership. On both counts he found the answer was no. A muted no in the first instance, a loud and clear no in the second.

Mikoyan's parting attack on Truman was, in effect, criticism of those American leaders who have been backing the Dulles-Adenauer policy opposing any form of East-West disengagement in Europe as advocated by George Kennan and others here and in Western Europe. Truman for some time has acted as Dean Acheson's spokesman in opposing such moves, and his article which drew Mikoyan's fire, Washington observers believe, reflected Acheson's concern that American policy was shifting.

And American policy has been shifting, as Mikoyan found out despite all the official protestations that the Administration was not negotiating with him. The fact is that to get the United States off the Berlin hook, and in the concurrent belief that Moscow also wants to avoid a direct clash over that city, Washington not only has proposed new talks on German reunification and European security but is beginning to consider confederation as a means toward unification. The State Department also has been searching for new methods to assuage the Kremlin's fears of a nuclear-armed West Germany. It is on this basis that both sides were moving this spring toward a new East-West conference.

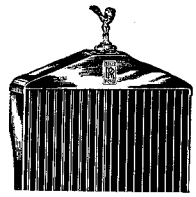
Private vs. public spending

President Eisenhower's proposal for a precariously balanced $77 billion budget, a cut of nearly $4 billion from the current fiscal year, with no substantial change in defense spending, instantly provided a take-off point for some fundamental arguments over the role of government in American life. In fact, the argument began in December, when the President took the unprecedented step of releasing the overall budget figure before the new Congress had assembled.

This is a subject that has not been sufficiently explored in the United States. And until it is freed of a lot of folklore, it will be impossible to reach a national consensus on how to approach a host of problems, ranging from defense and foreign aid to federal aid for the schools, the railroads, and the cores of the great urban centers.

In answering a question during his National Press Club appearance in January, Eisenhower expressed what John Kenneth Galbraith aptly calls the "conventional wisdom" about the role of government. The President said that "our federal money will never be spent so intelligently and in so useful a fashion for the economy as will the expenditures that would be made by the private taxpayer, if he hadn't had so much of it funneled off into the federal government."

The case on the other side has been best put by Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, one of the most underrated but most brilliant men in Washington. Clark argues, among other points, that "fallacy number one" of this sort of folklore (and he spoke before the President had) is "that private spending is inherently good and public spending is inherently bad — and therefore public spending should always be minimized and private spending increased to the maximum the gross national product will permit." As Clark says, the word "government" is equated with "other nouns having an evil connotation — such as 'waste,' 'extravagance,' 'socialism,' 'bureauc-



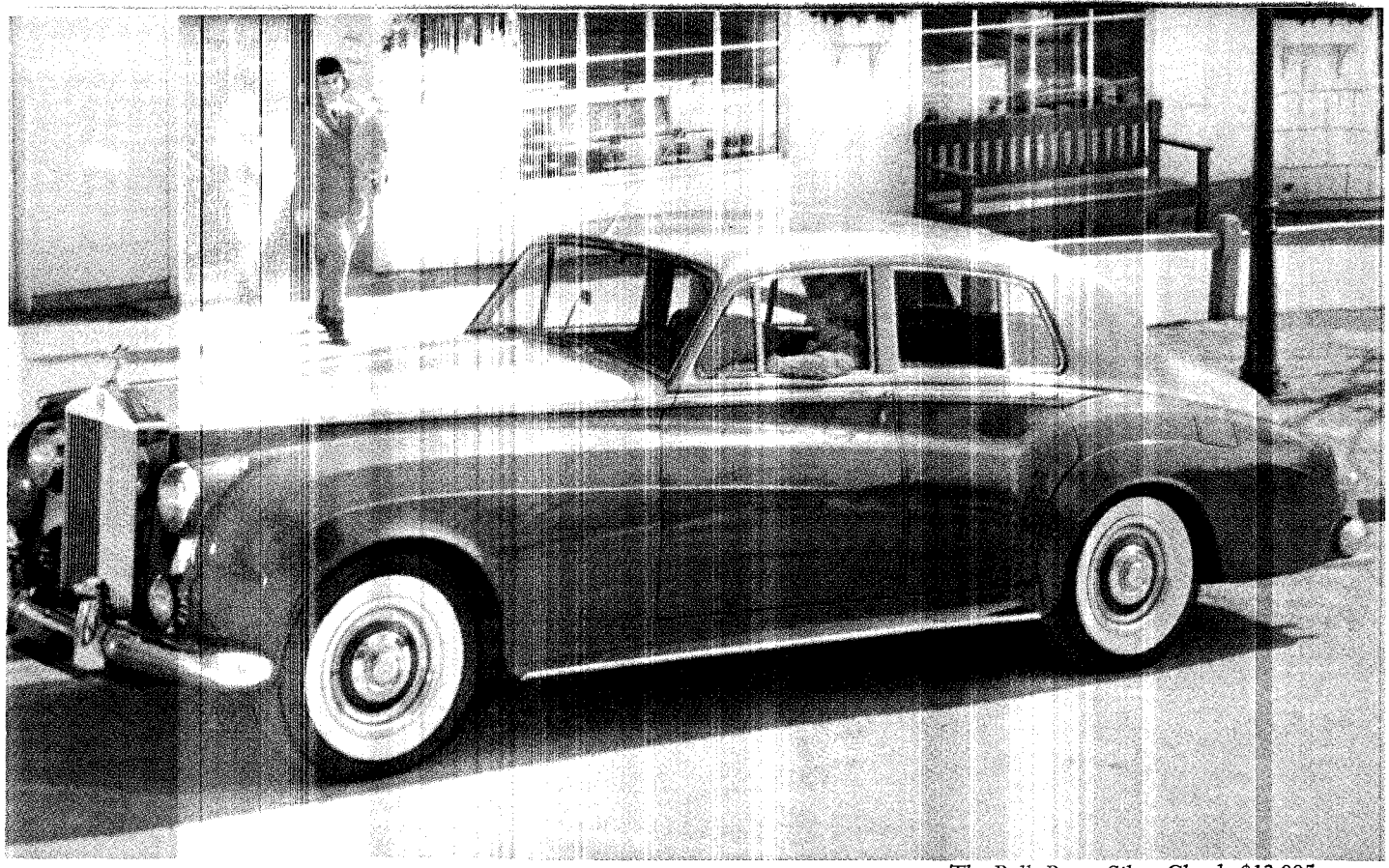
Where to see ROLLS-ROYCE

You can see the Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars advertised on the opposite page at any of the following dealers. Elsewhere, write your nearest distributor.

ABILENE, TEXAS, Import Motor Car Co., 4001 South First Street
ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Motorsport Corp., 7833 Lomas Boulevard, N.E.
BEVERLY HILLS, CAL., Coventry Motors, 9334 Wilshire Boulevard
BINGHAMTON, N.Y., Schumann-Van Atta Buick Inc., 32 State Street
BOSTON, Foreign Motors, Inc., 1686 Commonwealth Ave.
BURLINGAME, CAL., British Cars of Burlingame, 65 California Drive
CHICAGO, Peter G. Malone, Inc., 200 North N. W. Highway, Park Ridge; 65 East South Water Street
CINCINNATI, Raymond Imported Motors, 3813 Montgomery Road
CLEVELAND, Salter Automotive Imports, Inc. 9009 Carnegie Ave.
COLUMBUS, Jan Ross Motor Co., Inc., 380 E. Broad Street
DALLAS, Hulsey-Proctor Foreign Cars, 1710 No. Akard
DENVER, The Kumpf Motor Car Co., West 12th Ave. and Acoma
DETROIT, Falvey Motor Sales Co., 22600 Woodward Ave.
*FORT WORTH, Overseas Motors Corp., 2824-30 White Settlement Road
GLENDALE, CAL., Satori, Inc. 143 South Glendale Ave.
HARTFORD, Russ Sceli, Inc., 80 Maple Ave.
HOUSTON, Houston Continental Motors Ltd., Inc., 4901 S. Main Street
HUTCHINSON, KAN., Holiday Motor Co., 1221 East 4th Street
INDIANAPOLIS, Schaler and Waters, Greater City Garage, 26 W. 27th Street
KANSAS CITY, MO., Allied Motors, Inc., Baltimore at 16th Street
KUTZTOWN, PA., Nick Ciliberti Pontiac, 601 East Main Street
*LOS ANGELES, Peter Satori of California, Inc. 325 W. Colorado Street, Pasadena
LOUISVILLE, Koster-Swope Imports, 501 East Broadway
MEMPHIS, Pryor Oldsmobile Co., 2525 Summer Avenue
MIAMI, Waco Motors, 1301 W. Flagler Street
MINNEAPOLIS, Le Elliott Motor Imports, Inc., 705 W. 77½ Street South
MONTEREY, CAL., Foreign Motors of Monterey 7777 Del Monte Avenue, P.O. Box 1727
NEW ORLEANS, Stephens Foreign Cars, 840 Carondelet
*NEW YORK, J. S. Inskip, Inc., 304 E. 64th Street
OAKLAND, CAL., British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 3068 Broadway
OKLAHOMA CITY, Thoroughbred Car Company, 820 N. Broadway
PALM BEACH, Taylor Imported Motors, 1314 S. Dixie Highway, W. Palm Beach
PEORIA, ILL., Character Car, Inc., 7000 Galena Road
PHILADELPHIA, Warrington Motors Imports, Inc. 705 Lancaster Avenue, Bryn Mawr
PHOENIX, Stewart Motor Co., 800 N. Central
PITTSBURGH, Haller's Motorfair, 427 Washington Road
PORTLAND, OREGON, Pacific Imported Cars Inc., 1638 W. Burnside Street
PROVIDENCE, J. S. Inskip, Inc., 776 Elmwood Ave.
RICHMOND, VA., Mooers Motor Car Company, 1114 North Boulevard
SACRAMENTO, CAL., Oxford Motors Ltd., 15th & "I" Streets
ST. LOUIS, Gruet Motor Car Co., 4733 McPherson Street
ST. PAUL, MINN., Schneider Motors Co., Pleasant at Kellogg Street
*SAN FRANCISCO, British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 1800 Van Ness Avenue (Showroom: 1701 Van Ness Ave.)
SANTA BARBARA, CAL., Preston Moore, Inc., 418 State Street
TAMPA, Import Motor Cars, 1413 S. Howard St.
WALNUT CREEK, CAL., British Motor Car Distrs. Ltd., 2679 North Main Street
WASHINGTON, D. C., Flood Pontiac Co., 4221 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.
WILKES-BARRE, PA., Wolfe-Rittinger Inc., 166 South Main Street

*DISTRIBUTOR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud—$13,995

"At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise in this new Rolls-Royce comes from the electric clock"

What makes Rolls-Royce the best car in the world? "There is really no magic about it—it is merely patient attention to detail," says an eminent Rolls-Royce engineer.

1. "At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise comes from the electric clock," reports the Technical Editor of THE MOTOR. Three mufflers tune out sound frequencies—acoustically.

2. Every Rolls-Royce engine is run for seven hours at full throttle before installation, and each car is test-driven for hundreds of miles over varying road surfaces.

3. The Rolls-Royce is designed as an *owner-driven* car. It is eighteen inches shorter than the largest domestic cars.

4. The car has power steering, power brakes and automatic gear-shift. It is very easy to drive and to park. No chauffeur required.

5. The finished car spends a week in the final test-shop, being fine-tuned. Here it is subjected to 98 separate ordeals. For example, the engineers use a *stethoscope* to listen for axle-whine.

6. The Rolls-Royce is guaranteed for *three years*. With a new network of dealers and parts-depots from Coast to Coast, service is no problem.

7. The Rolls-Royce radiator has never changed, except that when Sir Henry Royce died in 1933 the monogram RR was changed from red to black.

8. The coachwork is given five coats of primer paint, and hand rubbed between each coat, before *nine* coats of finishing paint go on.

9. By moving a switch on the steering column, you can adjust the shock-absorbers to suit road conditions.

10. A picnic table, veneered in French walnut, slides out from under the dash. Two more swing out behind the front seats.

11. You can get such optional extras as an Espresso coffee-making machine, a dictating machine, a bed, hot and cold water for washing, an electric razor or a telephone.

12. There are three separate systems of power brakes, two hydraulic and one mechanical. Damage to one will not affect the others. The Rolls-Royce is a very *safe* car—and also a very *lively* car. It cruises serenely at eighty-five. Top speed is in excess of 100 m.p.h.

13. The Bentley is made by Rolls-Royce. Except for the radiators, they are identical motor cars, manufactured by the same engineers in the same works. People who feel diffident about driving a Rolls-Royce can buy a Bentley.

PRICE. The Rolls-Royce illustrated in this advertisement—f.o.b. principal ports of entry—costs **$13,995.**

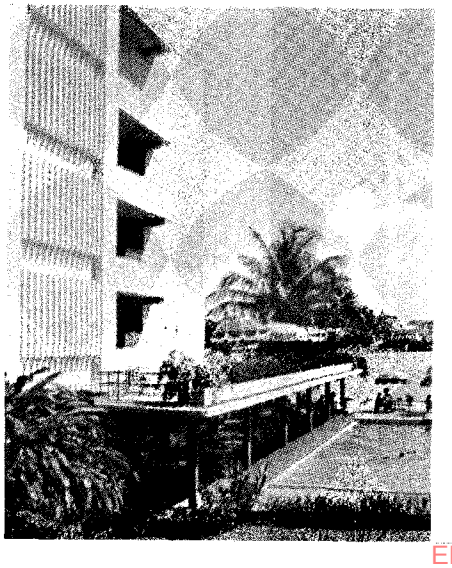
If you would like the rewarding experience of driving a Rolls-Royce or Bentley, write or telephone to one of the dealers listed on opposite page.

Rolls-Royce Inc., 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. CIrcle 5-1144.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hotel La Rada in San Juan. Note absence of walls. Photograph by Tom Hollyman

View from your window at La Rada.



Your hotel without walls — one of the joys of Puerto Rico

THE GIRL in our photograph is standing on the second landing of one of Puerto Rico's new resort hotels.

Everywhere you go in Puerto Rico you get this same delightful sense of openness. You shop in sun-dappled patios. You sip rum drinks in cocktail bars where trade winds whiffle through your hair. And in some hotels, even the walls of your bedroom slide open so you can hear the lullaby of the surf.

The climate comes right in because there's nothing unpleasant to keep out. No cold snaps ever. No rainy season. Sunshine 360 days a year.

Your travel agent will gladly help you choose your dream hotel.

Or drop a card to Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. of Tourism, Box 524, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

racy.' " He argues that "this is a pernicious tendency. Taxation and public spending are the means by which we divide resources between the public and private sectors of the economy. Those activities which are in the public sector are there not because they are naughty and ought to be destroyed, but because they are essential and cannot be adequately performed by private enterprise."

The need for study

This sort of analysis is badly needed in Washington. The President's proposal for a commission to set a series of long-term goals for America has merit. But the Democratic Congress could do a major public service if it would really examine the American economy, including the areas in which the private economy has all sorts of government aid while its leaders loudly denounce the very idea.

A case in point is that of farm subsidies. Urban voters are increasingly unhappy and are becoming more vocal over the rising cost of living and the concurrent massive outpouring from the federal Treasury to the farmers. Over $8 billion is now invested in price-supported surpluses, over $3 billion of it in wheat, with another bumper crop ahead to add to the woes. Yet the various farm interests are at each other's throats. The feuding of the Democrats with Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson is more bitter than ever as a result of the November election, and the prospects for any farm legislation which the President will not veto seem slim indeed. A good many farm spokesmen are beginning to worry that the fundamental principle of federal aid to the farmer is being endangered. And well it may be, in the view of the urban members of Congress, unless some order is brought out of the increasing chaos.

McCone and the AEC

The Administration in general gives the impression of an elderly group of tired men trying their best to hold fast for the less than two years remaining of the second Eisenhower term. There are, of course, exceptions among the regulars. Of the few newcomers on the Administration side, a notable exception is the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

John A. McCone is a fifty-seven-year-old California industrialist who held high Pentagon offices under the Truman Administration, though he is a Republican. A quiet, thoughtful man, McCone in many ways is the opposite of his predecessor, Lewis L. Strauss, now Secretary of Commerce. McCone quickly realized that the Strauss feud with the Democrats on the Congressional Joint Atomic Energy Committee was absurd and a danger to the nation because it wasted so much time and energy.

McCone hopes to work out a compromise on the private versus public power aspects of nuclear power by adding government money to private utility funds for a new reactor in the Philadelphia area. More important in terms of national defense, he has a far less suspicious nature toward critics of the AEC and the nuclear weapons program than had Strauss. And, having served as Air Force undersecretary in 1950–1951, he is well aware of both the aims and the limitations of that service, which has been the chief consumer of nuclear hardware thus far.

Since McCone was named to the job last summer he has been after the Pentagon to bring more order and sense into its nuclear weapons requirements, thus helping to force some much-needed Pentagon thinking on the whole question of roles and missions of the services.

The mood of the Capital

The 86th Congress, with a more than usual complement of new members in both houses — men of considerable promise — began, as expected, so totally under the domination of its Democratic leaders that it is too early to see who will be the rising stars. Furthermore, so much attention is being paid to every move of the numerous Democratic presidential hopefuls in the Senate (and of Vice President Nixon) that the new members do not get much space in the press.

GOOD AS GOLD

By common consent, one of the loveliest lines in all poetic literature is Euripides' evocative

"The apple tree, the singing, and the gold . . ."

Somehow it seems to suggest all that is most desirable in life: the beauty of nature, the splendor of art, and the means of living as one pleases.

Even 2400 years ago, old Euripides recognized the fact that the apple tree in your own back yard and the art museum in your native city might not be quite enough. After all, you might want to look at an apple tree a thousand miles away, or buy a fine painting to hang on your own wall. And for those things — as for many others — you would need gold or its equivalent. To put it another way, the best things in life may be free, but being in a position to enjoy them to the fullest is likely to cost money.

Unfortunately, giving money away is not our business. But helping people invest their money to make money *is*. If you have any questions about investing, just write to us and we'll give you the best answers we can. But send no gold for such help. Save that for the apple tree and the singing.

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH
INCORPORATED
Members New York Stock Exchange and all other Principal Exchanges
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 112 Cities

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NUCLEAR reactors are becoming ever more specialized. This month the world's first reactor designed specifically for medical use is scheduled to go into operation at the AEC's Brookhaven Laboratory on Long Island. Doctors and researchers, drawn from all over the United States, will have a unique tool built from the ground up to meet the special needs of nuclear medicine, and with special hospital and laboratory facilities that multiply its usefulness.

Medical research at Brookhaven is concentrated in three principal areas: treatment of disease, mainly cancer, with the reactor's neutron beam; the use of radioisotopes both for basic research into body metabolism and for study of degenerative diseases and diseases of the central nervous system; and the study of radiation effects.

In the past decade nuclear medicine has made tremendous advances at Brookhaven, but medical researchers have shared the use of the laboratory's general purpose reactor with half a dozen other research groups. The new reactor provides a beam with a neutron intensity about fifty times greater, permitting vastly reduced exposure time, more flexibility of treatment, and wider medical application of neutrons.

Two irradiation rooms — one for patients, one for experimental animals — are set next to the reactor core. Twenty-ton shutters, hydraulically operated, are built into the neutron apertures in the reactor shield, allowing great flexibility in directing and moderating the neutron beam in the treatment rooms, which are themselves heavily shielded. The room for patients is painted a pleasant pastel green and looks as much as possible like any hospital treatment room — quite a contrast, staff members point out, to the concrete pit into which patients were lowered for irradiation treatment with the old reactor.

Nuclear research and disease

Tracer studies are providing new insight into little-understood diseases. Observation that manganese intoxication produced symptoms like those of Parkinson's disease, for example, has led to exhaustive studies to discover whether this palsy has some connection with how the patient's body handles, or mishandles, manganese. Using manganese isotopes to follow the path of this element through the body, researchers feel they have found some evidence of a link. This is only one of a number of such studies of disease mechanisms; others are aimed at leukemia, arthritis, visceral cancer, diabetes, disorders of the thyroid, hypertension.

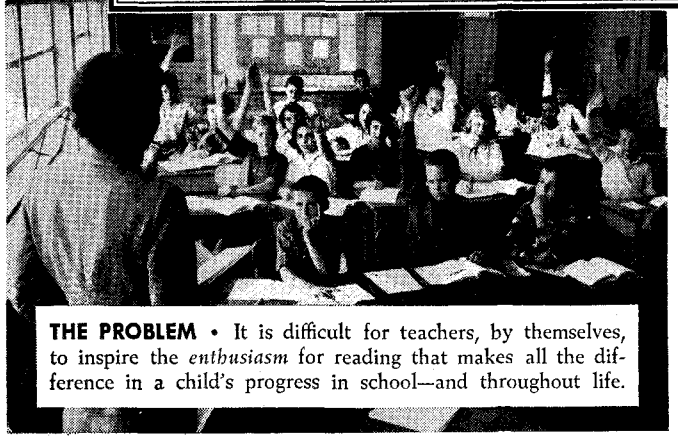
The study of radiation injury becomes more important as the number of atomic installations increases. Much work with animals will have direct benefits in saving human lives. In a study of twenty dogs that received four hundred units of X radiation, half of the irradiated animals were treated while half were not. Experimental therapy — antibiotics, fresh whole blood transfusions, parenteral fluid infusions, forced oral feeding, meticulous nursing care — enabled eight of ten animals to survive. Nine of the ten animals in the comparison group died.

The forty-eight-bed Research Hospital is an unorthodox, one-story building. Its four identical nursing units are circular, with twelve private rooms around the rim and various service areas in the center. The nurse's central station in each unit enables her to keep an eye on a dozen patients right from her desk and saves her steps as well. Since the patients come from all over the United States, remote from family and friends, and stay three months on the average, the hospital is unusually well equipped with recreational facilities. Patients, referred to the center by their own doctors, are selected by the staff because it is thought that treatment at Brookhaven will benefit both the patient and his physician.

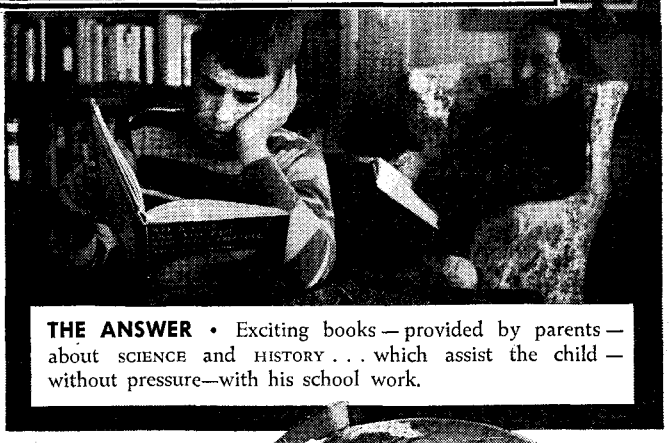
The development of nuclear medicine requires highly expensive and complex equipment and a heavy concentration of scientific manpower that are beyond the scope of most private institutions. Like the patients, therefore, the staff members come from all over the country to take advantage

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children do far better in school when they read at home



THE PROBLEM • It is difficult for teachers, by themselves, to inspire the *enthusiasm* for reading that makes all the difference in a child's progress in school—and throughout life.



THE ANSWER • Exciting books — provided by parents — about SCIENCE and HISTORY . . . which assist the child — without pressure—with his school work.

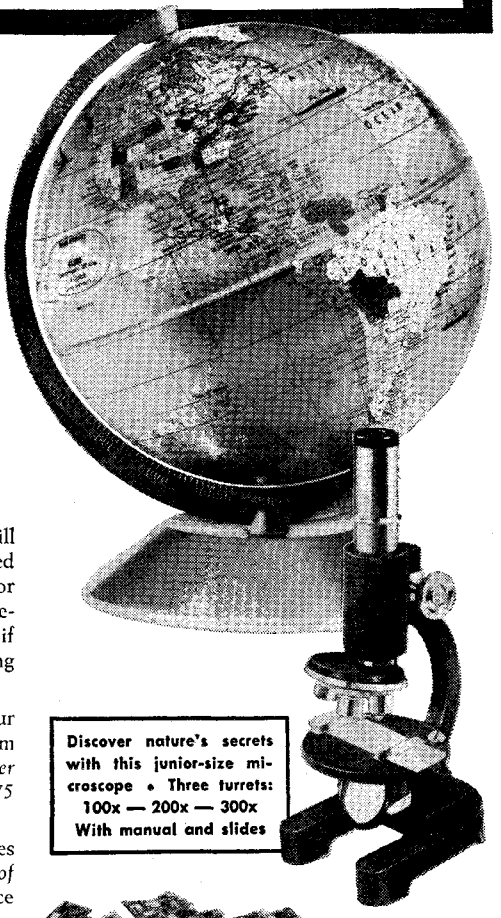
TRY THIS SENSIBLE READING PLAN

BOTH GIVEN TO YOUR CHILD

THE RAND McNALLY "WORLD-MASTER" GLOBE and THE "TRIPLE TURRET" JUNIOR MICROSCOPE KIT with a four-month Trial Subscription to

Young Readers of America

A BOOK CLUB FOR BOYS AND GIRLS (FROM 8 TO 14)
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF Book-of-the-Month Club



Discover nature's secrets with this junior-size microscope • Three turrets: 100x — 200x — 300x With manual and slides

THE IDEA: To encourage—*without pressure*—a natural love of reading is the sound educational principle behind the YOUNG READERS OF AMERICA plan. It provides—at regular intervals, which is extremely important — authoritative books that are, above all, fun to read. As many educators point out, children who learn to love books in this way usually make the best and most interested students.

Choose *either* of these groups . . . or subscribe to *both* at a 10% discount

(1) THE ALLABOUT BOOKS are comprehensive books about SCIENCE. Each of these volumes—from dinosaurs and astronomy to atoms and sputniks—is written by an eminently qualified science writer and is accurately and profusely illustrated.

(2) THE LANDMARK BOOKS are about American and world HISTORY and are written by outstanding authors whose reputations were made in the field of serious adult writing—authors like John Gunther, Pearl Buck, Thomas B. Costain, John Mason Brown and many others.

★ **A FOUR-MONTH TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION** is suggested, in order to see how your own young reader responds to the idea. He will receive, *free*, the enrollment gifts pictured at the right and with them the ALLABOUT or LANDMARK BOOK you select from the two below. At the end of the trial subscription, if you do not feel that the plan is succeeding with your child, you are free to cancel.

★ **THE SYSTEM IS SIMPLE**—each month your child will receive a book addressed to him personally. The price to subscribers, *lower than the regular retail price*, is only $1.75 each, plus a small charge for mailing.

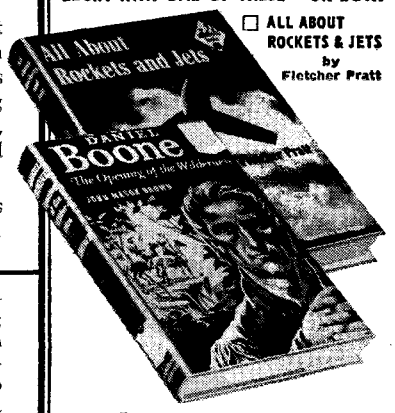
★ **IF YOU DECIDE** to subscribe to *both* series (see coupon) *you will receive a discount of 10%*, making the special combined price $3.15, plus the postage and handling charge.

ALSO GIVEN . . . FIFTY BOOKPLATES

NOTE ABOUT BIRTHDAYS: If you wish the subscription to begin as a birthday surprise during the next 30 days, simply check the proper box in the coupon. The enrollment gifts and the first purchase will be sent in packages plainly labeled "Do not open until your birthday." Enclosed will be a card naming you as the donor.

*Trademark of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.

BEGIN WITH ONE OF THESE—OR BOTH



☐ **ALL ABOUT ROCKETS & JETS** by Fletcher Pratt

☐ **DANIEL BOONE** by John Mason Brown

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 345 Hudson St., New York 14, N. Y. 7-3
YOUNG READERS OF AMERICA* Branch

Please enroll the child named below in a four-month trial subscription to *Young Readers of America* and send him free the RAND McNALLY "WORLD-MASTER" GLOBE and the "TRIPLE TURRET" JUNIOR MICROSCOPE KIT with the purchase of the first book(s) indicated. You are to send the child:

☐ one **ALLABOUT BOOK** each month and bill me at $1.75 (plus a small charge for postage and handling) for each book.
☐ one **LANDMARK BOOK** each month and bill me at $1.75 (plus a small charge for postage and handling) for each book.
☐ one **ALLABOUT** and one **LANDMARK BOOK** each month and bill me at $3.15 (plus a small charge for postage and handling).
(Check one)

I may cancel the subscription at any time after buying four books for the child. As the child's first purchase send the book (or books) checked at the left. (For combination subscription check both books.)

Information requested on this order should be filled in by parent or donor—PLEASE PRINT

SEND BOOKS TO ..... Name of Child

Street .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

ORDERED BY Mr. / Mrs. / Miss ..... Name of Parent or Donor

Street .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

☐ **IF YOU WANT THIS AS A BIRTHDAY GIFT DURING THE NEXT 30 DAYS, CHECK HERE AND ALLOW AT LEAST TWO WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.**

YR-27

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLYMPIA DIVISION
Inter-Continental Trading Corporation
90 West Street, New York 6, New York

of the opportunities Brookhaven offers, returning eventually to their own communities or institutions. Brookhaven's research will benefit the whole nation, as nuclear medicine is forged into a powerful weapon for man's war against disease.

Air pollution

Most of us think of air pollution in terms of smoldering dumps or factory fumes. But concentrated research into the problem has shown that one of the biggest culprits is right in the family garage. The dangers of carbon monoxide are well known. A New York City survey a few years ago showed that concentrations in the open air could be great enough to inflict headaches and nausea on traffic policemen at rush hour.

Two other auto exhaust pollutants, less well known, play a much larger role in the formation of smog. One is hydrocarbons: those found in the 7 per cent of gasoline that passes through an auto engine unburned and others actually manufactured in the car cylinders by a "cracking" process much like that in an oil refinery.

Oxides of nitrogen, produced from the fixation of atmospheric oxygen and nitrogen under high temperatures in the engine cylinders, are an equally dangerous pollutant. In a concentration of twenty-five parts per million, these oxides attack the lungs in the same way as certain war gases, and when mixed with hydrocarbons in the atmosphere and exposed to intense sunlight, as in Los Angeles, they oxidize organic materials in the atmosphere and produce the elements in smog that cause eye smart, damage plants, and crack the rubber in tires.

Auto manufacturers' research

Well aware of the exhaust problem, auto manufacturers have been spending a million dollars or more a year in intensive research. A recent meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers revealed some encouraging progress toward a solution.

Ford engineers reported that they have developed a catalytic converter system that replaces the muffler in the exhaust line. The unit contains twenty-five to thirty pounds of ⅛-inch pellets coated with vanadium pentoxide, the most promising of some one hundred catalysts Ford has tested. When the exhaust passes through the pellets in the presence of air fed in by an auxiliary pump, from 60 to 73 per cent of the hydrocarbons are chemically transformed into harmless substances. But there are still plenty of bugs. The catalyst overheats and sometimes smells bad. The converter costs about $150 installed. And the catalyst lasts for only 10,000 to 12,000 miles.

Another converter is under development by General Motors, using a special catalyst — the exact nature not revealed — developed by Houdry and produced by Oxy-Catalyst Inc. Two test cars were driven a total of 34,000 miles under all sorts of conditions. On a standard production model a single converter unit removed about 75 per cent of the hydrocarbons and a substantial amount of the carbon monoxide. The other car was equipped with a dual unit — one converter for each bank of cylinders — and a special carburetor supplying an enriched fuel mixture. This combination eliminated about 90 per cent of both hydrocarbons and oxides of nitrogen, but increased fuel consumption by about a third.

The units are not ready for production. The converters replace mufflers but do nothing to muffle sound. Large and heavy, the units are hard to fit under low-hung cars. They heat up excessively — not only uncomfortable for passengers but dangerous for fuel and brake-fluid lines. The dual converters cracked up after 10,000 miles.

Thompson-Ramo-Wooldridge is working on another approach, an afterburner that ignites the hydrocarbons before they can escape in the exhaust. The main problem is to keep combustion going during the wide range of engine speeds found in ordinary driving.

Adoption of either catalytic converters or afterburners would require fitting cars with yet another complicated and expensive device. In con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which American industry now betters the living of 2 out of every 3 families?

...HERE ARE SOME SURPRISING FACTS ABOUT THE TRADING STAMP INDUSTRY

SO FAR, whenever our nation's economy has needed expansion, a new industry has sprung up to help the country go ahead. The automobile industry, employing millions, was followed closely by the development of radio and radio broadcasting to make more millions of jobs. Then came the airplane industry, air conditioning, plastics, television, frozen foods, to change our lives some more.

The trading stamp industry, while not new, belongs to this expansion group and has been one of the fastest growing of all. Today it betters the living of more than 2 out of every 3 families—the 35 million American families who save trading stamps.

Obviously, an industry affecting such a large proportion of our population must bring far-reaching benefits for the nation's economy. And it does. In 1957 the trading stamp industry bought 250 million dollars' worth of products from America's manufacturers. In one way or another, it provided employment for 90,000 people in many different industries.

Its economic side benefits, too, are many. In 1957 the trading stamp industry was a 20 million dollar customer of transportation companies, bought 7 million dollars' worth of advertising and paid 55 million dollars in state and federal taxes.

The people in this industry, its merchandise and redemption stores, its warehouses and transportation and all the activity that goes on within it are integrated economically *everywhere* in state after state.

Thus it seems plain that the trading stamp industry along with the 35 million families it serves has become, like other expansion industries, a living, vital segment of our economy.

* * *

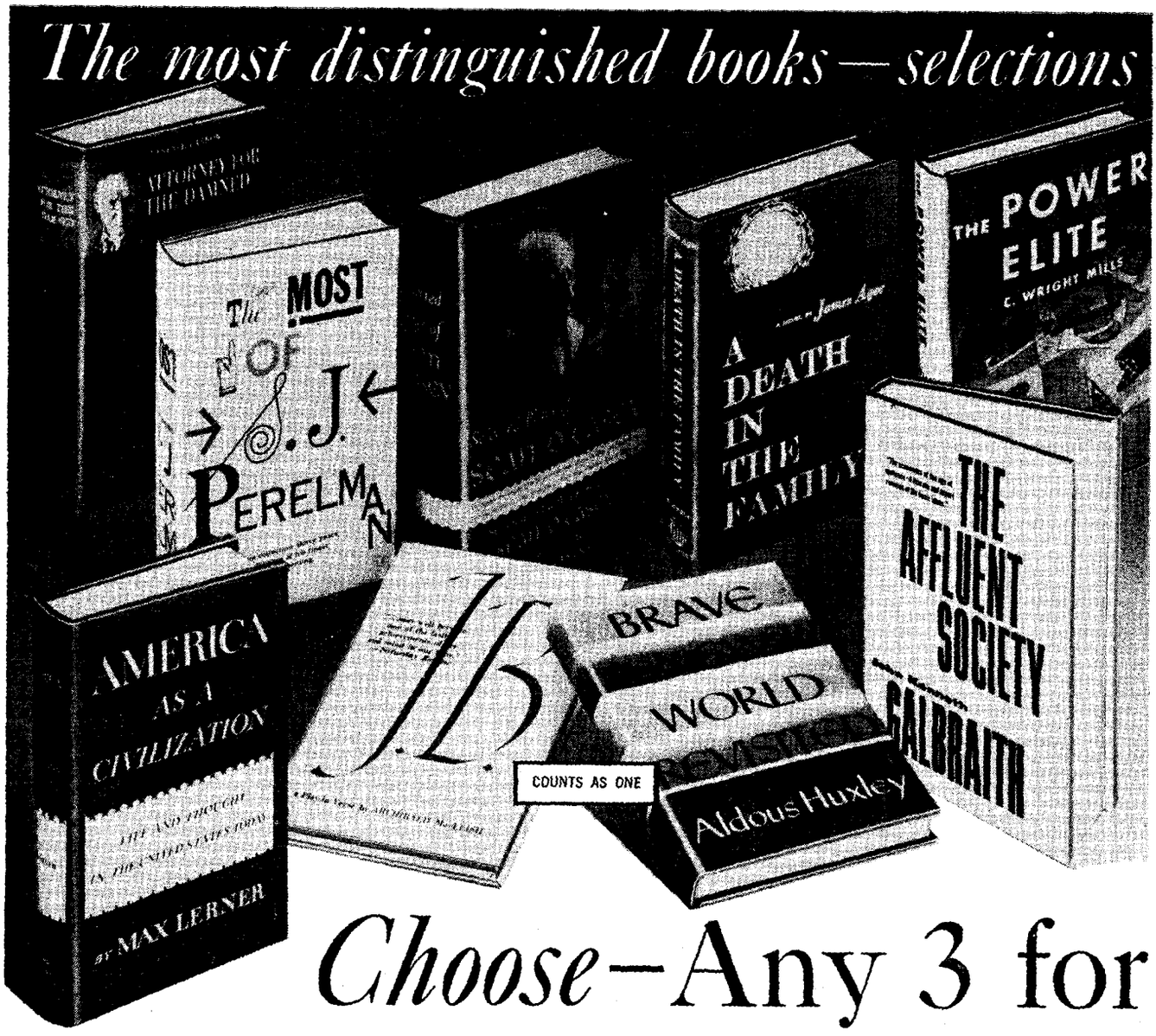
NOTE: If you would like to receive additional information about the trading stamp industry, or answers to specific questions about stamps, simply write to The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, Dept. 5D, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

S&H GREEN STAMPS

This message is one of a series presented for your information by THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY. *As originator of the* S&H GREEN STAMP, S&H *is carrying on a 63-year tradition of offering thrifty Americans an additional way to save on purchases.* S&H GREEN STAMPS *are today saved by over 23 million families.*

SINCE 1896... AMERICA'S ONLY NATIONWIDE STAMP PLAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Choose—Any 3 for

HERE are some of the outstanding selections offered to members of The Book Find Club during recent months. These are books which have excited the interest of intelligent people everywhere. They are representative of the books which have earned The Book Find Club the reputation for "The Best in Fiction and Non-fiction."

We would like to introduce you to the benefits of membership with your choice of any 3 of the provocative books shown here for only $3.95 (retail value of up to $31.25) as a trial membership in the club. From the more than 100 titles to be offered during the next twelve months you will have the opportunity to choose volumes in every area of interest . . . and you need purchase only five additional books . . . all at the special low membership prices.

We urge you to examine these benefits of membership:

SAVINGS of up to 50% on the books you buy as a Book Find Club Member. Each purchase gives you a Bonus Book Credit towards an outstanding volume sent to you Free with each fourth selection . . . adding up to even greater savings.

CONVENIENCE of having the books you want to read when you want to read them, soon after they are reviewed and when they are centers of discussion.

SELECTIONS chosen from the very best that is published, and described to you in the interesting and informative Book Find Club News, sent without charge each month. The News also describes the many other books available to members, and contains a convenient card which you may return to the club should you choose to substitute another title for the monthly selection or to receive nothing at all.

CANCELLATION of membership at any time after the purchase of your fifth book. *You will, of course receive your first Free Bonus Book after the purchase of your fourth book.*

THE ODYSSEY: A Modern Sequel. *By Nikos Kazantzakis.* A monumental work by one of the great poets of our time. A continuation of the journey of Odysseus from the point in the narrative where Homer left off. This is a work of rich narrative content and philosophical overtones, a lofty and moving evocation of the spirit of timeless Greek legend. **Pub. at $10.00**

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY. *By John Kenneth Galbraith.* A timely, thoughtful book that challenges the conventional thinking of our economic policies. "Written with all the charm, wit and bite which makes Galbraith a rarity of his generation." —*The New Republic.* **Pub. at $5.00**

ANTHOLOGY OF JAPANESE LITERATURE. *Compiled and edited by Donald Keene.* A comprehensive, 900 page volume covering the whole sweep of Japanese literature, from earliest times to the present day. **Pub. in two volumes at $11.25**

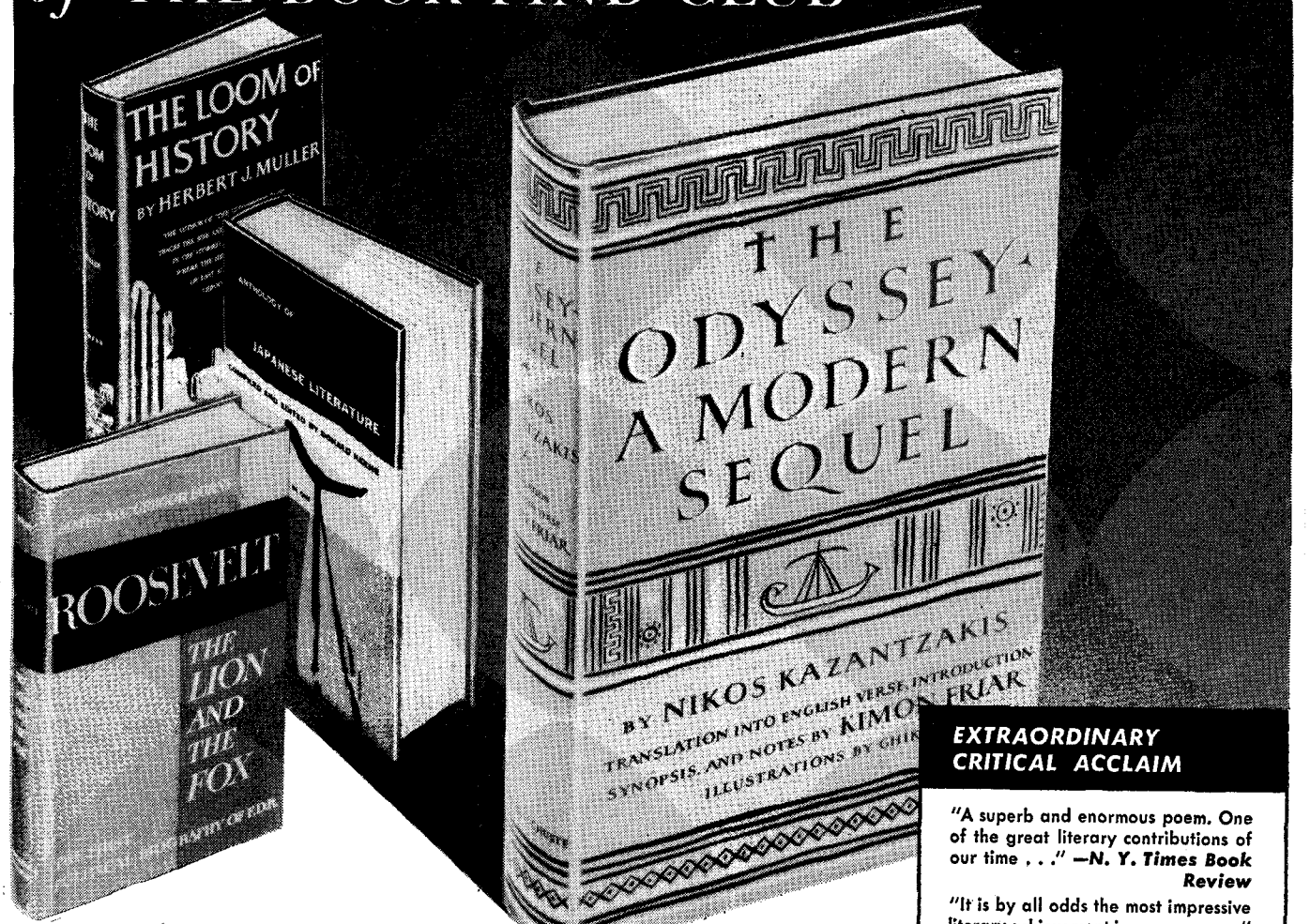
THE LOOM OF HISTORY. *By Herbert J. Muller.* Traces the rise and fall of civilizations in the storied cities of Asia Minor, where the ideas and armies of East and West have met through the centuries. By the author of *The Uses of the Past.* **Pub. at $7.50**

SELECTED PLAYS OF SEAN O'CASEY. 832 pages. The 9 plays considered by the author as most representative of his writing, including *Juno and the Paycock* and *The Plough and the Stars.* **Pub. at $5.00**

ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED. *By Clarence Darrow.* Darrow's most famous courtroom addresses, including the Scopes "monkey trial" and the "Compulsion" defense. "Nothing quite gives the full flavor of the man as do these addresses."—*Justice William O. Douglas.* **Pub. at $6.50**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of THE BOOK FIND CLUB



EXTRAORDINARY CRITICAL ACCLAIM

"A superb and enormous poem. One of the great literary contributions of our time . . ." —***N. Y. Times Book Review***

"It is by all odds the most impressive literary achievement in many a year." —***Time Magazine***

"I am overwhelmed by the unexpected beauty and grandeur of Kazantzakis' continuation of *The Odyssey*. Blind Homer sings again." —***Will Durant***

"Like Shakespeare and *Don Quixote*, Proust and *Faust*, Joyce and *Moby Dick* and the works of the writer of the first *Odyssey*, this is a book that takes root in the mind of man and grows and grows there. . . . It is a wonderful story of strange adventures on land, on sea, and in the brain and bloodstream." —***N. Y. Herald Tribune***

only $3.95

RETAIL VALUE UP TO $31.25

with membership in **THE BOOK FIND CLUB**

AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION. *By Max Lerner.* A contemporary appraisal of life and thought in the United States today. Worthy to take its place beside Beard's *Rise of American Civilization* and Parrington's *Main Currents of American Thought.* **Pub. at $10.00**

THE MOST OF S. J. PERELMAN. *By S. J. Perelman.* Thirty years and over 650 pages of Perelman's finest and funniest writing, including two complete novels — *Westward Ha!* and *Acres and Pains!* — and 96 other pieces, all of which were chosen by the author himself. **Pub. at $5.95**

J. B. *By Archibald MacLeish.* The Pulitzer prize poet's new verse drama based on the biblical myth of Job. A work "that may well become one of the lasting achievements of art and mind in our time." —*Saturday Review.*

and

BRAVE NEW WORLD REVISITED. *By Aldous Huxley.* A shocking new book by one of the world's foremost authors in which he measures his prophecies of Brave New World against today's realities. **Combined Publisher's Price $6.50**

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY. *By James Agee.* A posthumous novel of rare beauty, winner of the Pulitzer Prize. "The work of a writer whose power with English words can make you gasp." —*Alfred Kazin.* **Pub. at $3.95**

ROOSEVELT: The Lion and the Fox. *By James MacGregor Burns.* A life-size portrait, boldly honest and staunchly objective, of the man and the politician. **Pub. at $5.75**

THE POWER ELITE. *By C. Wright Mills.* A thoughtful carefully documented scrutiny of America's new "top-drawer" ruling class. **Pub. at $6.00**

Mail this coupon today!

THE BOOK FIND CLUB, 215 Fourth Ave., New York 3 B9-31

Please enroll me as a member and send me, for only $3.95 plus postage and handling, the 3 Books I have indicated at the right. I am to receive Free the monthly *Book Find News.* I agree to buy at least 5 additional books during my first year of membership, and I am to receive a Free *Bonus Book* for each four books I purchase. I may cancel my membership without obligation at any time after accepting five selections.

Note: *Save the cost of postage and handling of your introductory offer by enclosing check or money order.*

Name_____
(Please Print)

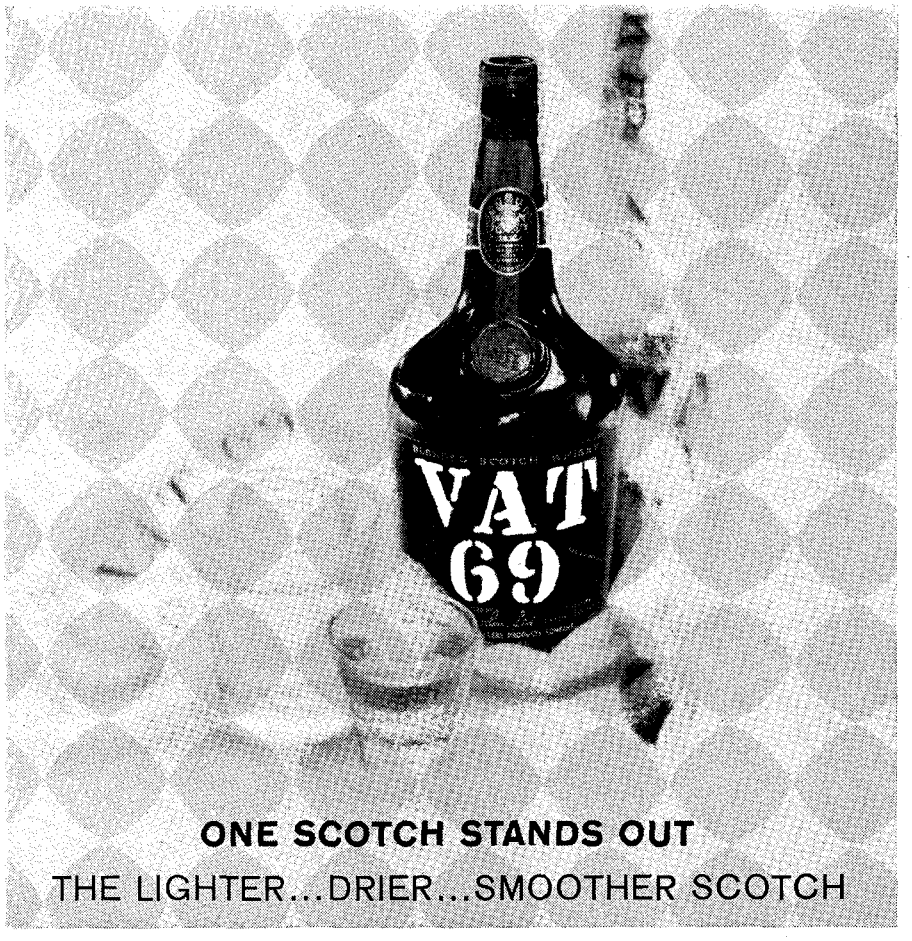
Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

(Same price in Canada: Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

- ☐ The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel
- ☐ The Affluent Society
- ☐ J. B. and Brave New World Revisited (counts as one)
- ☐ Anthology of Japanese Literature
- ☐ The Most of S. J. Perelman
- ☐ The Power Elite
- ☐ America as a Civilization
- ☐ Attorney for the Damned
- ☐ The Loom of History
- ☐ A Death in the Family
- ☐ Selected Plays of Sean O'Casey
- ☐ The Lion and the Fox

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT

THE LIGHTER...DRIER...SMOOTHER SCOTCH

IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK. SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.

Three eminent authors tell you why they admire and recommend this book

STEPHEN SPENDER:

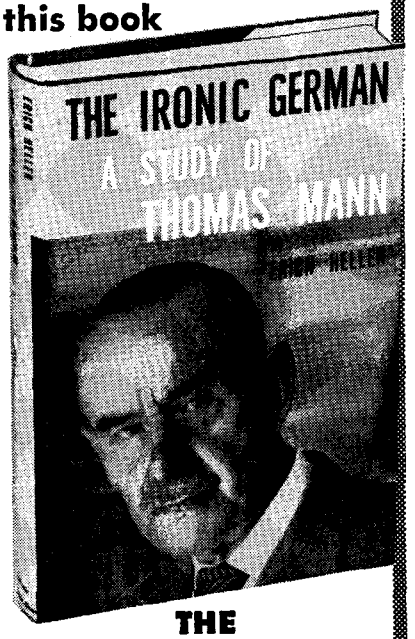
"This is the best book written about Thomas Mann . . . essential reading for all who are concerned with the situation of literature within the life and the machinery of our time."

T. S. ELIOT:

"I feel sure that those who have read Mann's novels will understand Mann much better after reading THE IRONIC GERMAN; and as for myself, I not only learned a good deal about Mann, but (as with everything that Professor Heller writes) have profited by contact with the mind of Professor Heller."

PHILIP TOYNBEE:

"The best critical study of Thomas Mann that I have ever read . . . illuminates the work of this enigmatic master."



THE IRONIC GERMAN
A STUDY OF THOMAS MANN
By ERICH HELLER

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book • $6.00

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • Boston

trast, a Chrysler study suggests a remedy that requires no new gadgets and actually saves the car owner money. Chrysler compared the exhaust gases of cars in its engineering service fleet with those found in a field survey of some three hundred Los Angeles automobiles of roughly comparable age and type. The service fleet exhaust was found to be markedly lower both in carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons, and the only difference in the cars seemed to be that the fleet cars received a tune-up every 5000 miles.

Chrysler investigated further. A car was modified with a number of different combinations of used parts to simulate various kinds of poor maintenance. It was found that a marked increase in carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons resulted from such apparently minor defects as poor carburetor adjustment at idle, pitted points, fouled plugs, weak batteries, or excessive resistance in the electrical circuit resulting from corrosion or loose ends. Preventive maintenance, the study shows, should cut down the emission of hydrocarbons by about two thirds.

What should make this approach particularly attractive to the average car owner is the fact that he gets a bonus for eliminating pollution — simple preventive maintenance improves fuel economy by 15 or 20 per cent.

Ultrasonic welding

No heat, just sound, welds metals in a new device developed by Westinghouse scientists. The two pieces of metal are overlapped and passed between two metal wheels vibrated by a transducer that turns electrical energy into ultrasonic waves. By a kneading action 20,000 times a second, the oxide coatings on the metal surfaces are broken up and the metal crystals bound together by intermolecular forces.

Still experimental, the welder is said by Westinghouse engineers to show great promise. No electric current or outside source of heat is ap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plied to the metal; no cleaning or surface preparation is required; dissimilar metals are welded together without deformations.

The ultrasonic welder has continuously welded together two pieces of aluminum .01 inch thick at a rate of 15 inches per minute. Aluminum is one of the most difficult metals to weld by conventional methods. Steel, copper, silver, and a number of alloys have also been welded ultrasonically.

Fodder for cows

Cows — or their owners — now have their choice of two completely opposite theories of what makes a good bovine meal, both unlike the usual barn diet. Under one new system the cow will be able to get fresh green grass all winter; under another, all her food will be compressed into small pellets.

A new application of hydroponics to farm use is said to make it possible to grow fresh green grass all winter long and supply a twenty-cow herd from an area no larger than your living-room rug. The Buckeye Corporation says use of its grass incubator trims costs by cutting fencing and cultivation requirements. In the incubator, cereal grains planted in water and chemicals under controlled temperature, humidity, and light produce six- to eight-inch grass in six days.

This hothouse product contains all the nutrients found in pasture grass, according to the manufacturer, who points out that milk production picks up when spring grazing starts. Supplementary rations are added for dairy cows.

It takes anywhere from three to thirty acres to graze one cow in the pasture. The twenty-cow incubator plant producing forty-five tons of grass a year consists of twelve culture trays in a shed 10 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 8 feet high. Warmth is supplied by a heat pump. Each tray is divided into five compartments. The grass is lifted out of these compartments in a solid mat and fed in chunks to the cows. The tray is then reseeded for a new six-day crop.

A radically different theory of feeding has been tested during the

Corfe Castle—seat of the wicked King John.

"We motored through Britain—and it cost each of us less than 6¢ a mile"

THIS young couple rented a sporty little British sedan. The ideal car for country lanes. It cost them a total of 11¢ a mile, including gas, oil—everything.

Here is a quick review of some of the other happy discoveries they made during their tour:

1. You can stay at most country inns for less than $3.50 a night—hearty British breakfast included. You can eat a good lunch in most places for little more than $1.

2. You can get a Scotch-and-soda for approximately 35¢. A foaming half-pint of ale for about 14¢.

3. You can buy cashmere sweaters for under $20. Leather pocketbooks for $12.50. And you can bring back $500 worth of goods, *duty-free.*

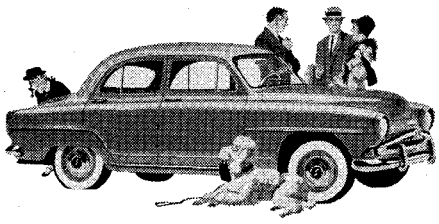
4. You can get a good seat in a London theater for under $2.

NOTE: Many of the most marvelous things in Britain are *free.* Changing the Guard; Trooping the Colour; the Lord Mayor's Show.

FREE! *Write for 56-page booklet "Seeing Britain by Road"—Box 165, British Travel Assn. In New York—680 Fifth Avenue; in Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; in Chicago—39 South La Salle St.; in Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. For expert help in planning a country-wide tour, see your nearest travel agent.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A car ad with only 1 adjective



SIMCA cars deliver lots of miles per gallon. SIMCA cars are priced from $1698, East and Gulf Coast ports of entry*. The 4-door Super DeLuxe sedan comes with seats that recline, heater, defroster, and daily mileage indicator. SIMCA cars offer a degree of stability and ease of handling which can be found only in cars with front-mounted engines. And SIMCA has a solid, one-piece UniGard body.

In short, each SIMCA is quite simply colossafabulgreat.

NOTE: If your discerning eye has located more than one adjective in this ad, visit your SIMCA dealer immediately. You are just the kind of buyer he is looking for. Astute, intelligent, and interested in our ads.

**Inland freight and local taxes extra*

SIMCA

Imported from Paris by Chrysler

SIMCA SALES OFFICE
CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION
DETROIT 31, MICHIGAN
ALSO IN CANADA

past year at Stanford Research Institute, where experiments have shown that ordinary winter fodder compressed into small pellets produces a better weight gain per pound of feed than the same fodder in loose form. Because the pellets are more adaptable to self-feeding devices, labor and handling expenses are also reduced by 10 to 12 per cent.

Two types of ration were pelletized: a high-roughage diet and a high-concentrate diet. Each was compared over a period of time with the same diet content in loose-mix form. Regardless of the content or the form of the feed, the grade of meat obtained from all the steers is about the same.

Explanations of the pellets' greater feed efficiency vary. The fine grinding of the particles and the fact that they are heated during preparation may increase digestibility. At the same time the steer may use up less energy in eating because he does not have to ruminate. Whatever the answer, the results look good enough for a $150,000 pelletizing plant to be built on a California ranch.

Throwaway razor

Latest throwaway unit is a plastic razor. The blade is built in and goes right into the wastebasket with the razor after use. Smaller than a pack of cigarettes, the 25-cent razor package contains enough brushless shaving cream for one shave, will be sold in vending machines at air and railroad terminals. The manufacturer, Rochester Razor, Inc., suggests the razor's use in hospitals, since it would be unnecessary to sterilize it.

Everlasting soles

A new kind of shoe sole is said to be so tough it will outwear the uppers. Made of a synthetic rubber called Paracril OZO, developed by U.S. Rubber, the soles are reported to have survived twenty weeks of rugged industrial use that wears out ordinary soles in three to four weeks. Projected uses: work shoes, children's shoes, military boots that would never need resoling.

STL

Space Technology Laboratories' role in the fields of Ballistic Missiles and Space Vehicles provides a medium through which scientists and engineers are able to direct their interests and abilities towards the solution of complex space age problems.

STL invites inquiries regarding staff openings.

Space Technology Laboratories, Inc.
P.O. Box 95001,
Los Angeles 45, Calif.

MIDDLEBURY

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

June 24 — August 8

1959

Director: Reginald L. Cook

Carlos Baker, Princeton University
Donald Davidson, Vanderbilt University
Elizabeth Drew, Smith College
George Gibian, Smith College
Maurice Kelley, Princeton University
William Meredith, Connecticut College
Erie Volkert, Middlebury College
Stephen Whicher, Cornell University

Special Lecturer: Robert Frost

★

Graduate Program leading to the Master's Degree

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL *of* ENGLISH

Middlebury College Middlebury 2, Vt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The efficacy of prayer

SIR:

I read with great interest "The Efficacy of Prayer" by C. S. Lewis in the January *Atlantic*. Of particular interest to me were his remarks concerning a proposed scientific test of the power of prayer. He objects to such a test, if I interpret him correctly, on the grounds that no real prayer could go on under such conditions because the minds of those praying would possibly be distracted or weakened by a conflicting set of motives.

I should like to suggest a simple method for overcoming this particular difficulty. The team involved should not be informed of the nature of the experiment. In other words, only the men at the top would know that the efficacy of prayer is being tested. The people who do the actual praying would simply be told to pray very hard for the patients in one particular hospital, or whatever. Only those controlling the test would know of the existence of the second test group of patients — the unprayed for. Under these or somewhat similar circumstances, it would seem that there are no grounds to support Mr. Lewis' statement that "Empirical proof and disproof are, then, unobtainable."

STEVE ALLEN
New York City

SIR:

Every year, if it is to be renewal rather than continuation, should begin with an ennobling reading experience. Such is C. S. Lewis' "The Efficacy of Prayer." When faith wavers or, worse, when religion becomes facile, one has only to turn to Lewis' profound but lucid exegesis for support.

ELIZABETH C. PHILLIPS
Memphis, Tenn.

SIR:

C. S. Lewis must know that medical literature documents isolated instances of the spontaneous resolution of malignancy. This resolution is the result of a natural production of immunological mechanisms of protection.

Rationalization in the area of medicine to justify one's ultimate beliefs, I think, is fraught with gravely averse implications.

LEWIS ROBBIN, M.D.
Bernardsville, N.J.

SIR:

The level of intelligence of the articles in the *Atlantic* (and the presumably commensurate intelligence of its readers) makes it an inappropriate forum for the nonsense disseminated by C. S. Lewis.

Prayer does have an effect, but this results from the psychological influence on the Christian of the act of praying rather than the intervention of his postulated anthropomorphic deity. Any fruitful examination of the efficacy of prayer must employ the techniques of the behavioral sciences, not archaic irrationalism.

CORBET H. TURNER, M.D.
Durham, N.C.

SIR:

"The Efficacy of Prayer" has caused more excited discussion in my hearing than any other *Atlantic* article in a long while. In case there were any editorial doubts about publishing something so close to devotional literature, this subscriber applauds vigorously the decision that was made.

ELVA MCALLASTER
Greenville, Ill.

Our impoverished diplomats

SIR:

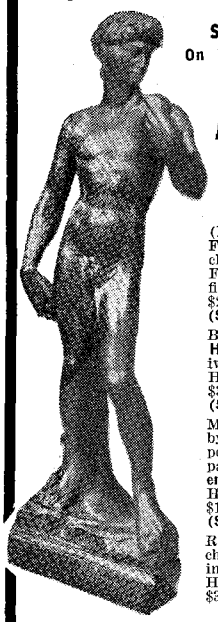
Under the title of "Our Impoverished Diplomats" (January *Atlantic*) a distinguished writer and economist, David L. Cohn, sets forth the diplomats' presumed plight in terms which may well dispose them to beg to be saved from their friends. Mr. Cohn is convinced that our diplomatic establishment is in need of money, but the standing complaint of Foreign Service officers does not relate to compensation or conditions of employment.

A President who would be horrified at the suggestion that he place at the head of the Army or Navy some pleasant gentleman who has contributed a generous amount to campaign funds perceives no incongruity in overlooking a thousand professionally educated and trained Foreign Service officers when selecting an ambassador for the dozen principal outposts in the world. It would be difficult to name an ambassador sent to Paris, with the lone exception of William C. Bullitt, who could express himself intelligibly in the French language.

We tell our ambitious young men: "We offer you a career in all the working branches of the Foreign Service; you can fill all the lower and unattractive or fever-stricken places, but understand from the start that you need not expect eventual appointment to be ambassador

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WAREHOUSE SALE



SAVE UP TO 63%
On Museum & Contemporary

SCULPTURE MASTERPIECES IN REPLICA

Never Before At These Low Prices

(Illustrated)
F-807 **"DAVID,"** by Michelangelo 1504. Original in Florence, Italy. Green bronze finish. Height 14"
$20 value Only 8.49
(Shipping & packing $1.75)

B-500 **"BEETHOVEN HEAD,"** 1770-1827 Antiqued ivory finish, black base. Height 10½".
$30 value Only $9.95
(Shipping & packing $2.00)

M-806 **"THE THINKER,"** by Auguste Rodin. Metropolitan Museum of Art. A pair makes unusual **bookends.** Green bronze finish. Height 9½".
$15 value Only 6.95
(Shipping & packing $1.75)

R-414 **"MOSES,"** by Michelangelo, 1516. Original in Rome. Marble finish. Height 15"
$35 value Only 14.95
(Shipped express collect)

R-804 **"THE KISS,"** by Auguste Rodin (1840-1917). Original in Paris. Bronze finish. Height 10".
$35 value Only 13.49
(Shipping & packing $2.00)

C-313S **"QUEEN NEFERTITE"** Egyptian, 1400-1300 BC. As this head shows in exquisite detail, Queen Nefertite was the most beautiful woman of her time. Original of sandstone in Cairo, Egypt. Height 20". Marble finish.
$35 value Only 18.95
(Shipped express collect)

P-302 **"STATUETTE CAT."** Egyptian, 600-300 BC. Antiqued bronze finish. Height 9½".
$20 value Only 9.95
(Shipping & packing $1.75)

119 **"VENUS DE MILO"** 3rd-4th Cent. BC. Original in The Louvre, Paris. Marble finish. Height 18".
$25 value Only 9.95
(Shipped express collect)

F-809 **"ROMAN ATHLETE."** 2nd Century B.C.-1st A.D. Green bronze finish. Height 15½".
$20 value Only 6.95
(Shipping & packing $1.75)

P-411 **"GREEK HEAD"** Original U. of Pa. Goddess of Health. Antiqued marble. Height 11".
$15 value Only 7.98
(Shipping and packing $1.75)

120 **"APHRODITE"** (Venus de Medici). 3rd Century B.C. Basalt finish. Height 17".
$35 value Only 9.95
(Shipped express collect)

B-304 **"EGYPTIAN PRINCESS"** (1400-1500 B.C.) Original in sandstone. Berlin Museum. Height 12". Sandstone finish.
$30 value Only 16.95
(Shipped express collect)

M-404. ***"RELIEF OF YOUNG GREEK HORSEMAN"*** 4th Century B.C. Original Metropolitan Museum of Art. Marble finish. Height 17½". Ready to hang.
$20 value Only 9.95
(Shipped express collect)

L-203, L-204. **"CHINESE FIGURES"** Mathematician and Stenographer. (Ming Dynasty 1368-1644) Originals in bronze, The Louvre. Finely detailed replicas that can be used as **bookends** and other interesting decoration. Antique bronze finish. Height 8" (sold in pairs only).
$30 value The Pair, only 12.95
(Shipped Express Collect)

10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

WYNN's WAREHOUSE Dept. A-3
239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, N. Y.

I enclose ☐ Check ☐ Money Order for $..... for replicas indicated. (Add mailing cost indicated for replicas.) If not satisfied, I will return replicas in good condition within 10 days and my money will be refunded immediately.

B-304	B-500	C-313S	F-807	F-809
L-203, 204	M-404	M-806	P-302	P-411
R-414	R-804	119	120	

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY..... ZONE.... STATE.....

in London, Paris, Rome, or Madrid. All such posts are reserved for some useful Republican or Democrat."

ROBERT P. SKINNER
Belfast, Me.

SIR:

Mr. Cohn has convincingly demonstrated the inadequacy of representation allowances to meet certain demands which are constantly arising.

These demands, however, are by no means the principal burdens of this nature to which a Foreign Service officer is subjected. His job requires that he accept the many invitations extended to him in his official capacity, and he thereby incurs obligations which he must repay. Moreover, his return is expected to be in a style commensurate with the wealth and power of the country which he represents, although few if any of his guests are aware that, more often than not, in entertaining them he is drawing upon his own resources.

WALTER W. HOFFMANN
Foreign Service, retired
Exeter, N.H.

Corrections

SIR:

One does not expect in the *Atlantic* the use of "paddy" to mean "field." Of course, if the rice is in Louisiana or Texas, we are content with "rice field," but put it in the Orient or any exotic place and at once we must say "rice paddy." This would be a tolerable delicacy if only "paddy" meant "field," which it does not. It means "rice."

Hélène Cantarella, translator of Guido Piovene's "An Ideal Journey Through Italy" (December *Atlantic* Supplement on Italy), has Vigevano lying among the "rice-ricies," so to speak.

CHESTER P. HOLWAY
Hammond, Ind.

SIR:

In his most interesting article, "The Niceties of Plagiarism" (January *Atlantic*), H. F. Ellis states that "Brigadier Gérard bagged half an Englishman's mustache with a bullet." This is not quite accurate. In the story "How the Brigadier Triumphed in England" Gérard says: "I glanced around for a mark. The colonel was looking towards my antagonist, expecting to see him drop. His face was sideways to me, his long

ENGINEERS and SCIENTISTS

Challenging positions now open with Subsidiary of Ford Motor Company at Newport Beach, Calif.

Work with the best mindpower in the industry at Aeronutronic's new 200-acre Research Center in Southern California. Expanding military and commercial research and development programs offer career opportunities in THEORETICAL PHYSICS: atomic, molecular, infrared, atmospheric, plasma, nuclear weapons phenomena. ELECTRONICS: radar, information links, automatic controls, mathematics. WEAPON SYSTEMS: aerodynamics, hydrodynamics, electro-optics, guidance and control. COMPUTERS & DATA PROCESSORS: input-output equipment, storage units, display devices. SPACE SCIENCES: astrodynamics, space environment. Send resumes and inquiries to Mr. K. A. Dunn, Aeronutronic Systems, Inc., Box ND-451, Newport Beach, California, or telephone CHapman 5-6651.

AERONUTRONIC
a Subsidiary of
FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Newport Beach • Glendale
Santa Ana • Maywood, California

LOW COST TOURS OF IRELAND!

BY LUXURIOUS MOTOR COACH
All-Inclusive Hotels, Meals, Even Tips!
6, 7, 8, 9 and 12 DAYS FOR ABOUT $10 PER DAY
TYPICAL 6-DAY TOURS $62.05
NORTH—Donegal, Portrush, Belfast, etc.
SOUTH—Killarney, Blarney, Glendalough, etc.
WEST—Galway, Connemara, Achill, Bundoran, etc.
Also 12-DAY TOURS OF ALL IRELAND

SPECIAL TOURS FROM SHANNON AIRPORT!
Featuring Limerick, Cork, Blarney, Killarney, Galway, Cashel, etc. 1, 2, 4 and 6 DAYS
No extra air fare for stopover at Shannon

SPECIAL TRANSPORTATION SERVICES DURING AN TOSTAL PERIOD
BEFORE YOU LEAVE, obtain all Irish rail and bus transportation, and reservations at Great Southern Hotels from
YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or IRISH RAILWAYS
(write for tour folder and map)
9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
CHICAGO—LOS ANGELES—TORONTO

CORAS IOMPAIR EIREANN
Ireland's Transport Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cigar projecting from his lips with an inch of ash at the end of it. Quick as a flash I raised my pistol and fired.

" 'Permit me to trim your ash, sir,' said I. . . .

"I am convinced that the fault lay with the pistol and not with my aim. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I saw that I had snapped off the cigar within half an inch of his lips. He stood staring at me with the ragged stub of the cigar sticking out from his singed mustache."

EDWIN N. HOULTON
West Hartlepool, England

Hidden masterpieces

SIR:

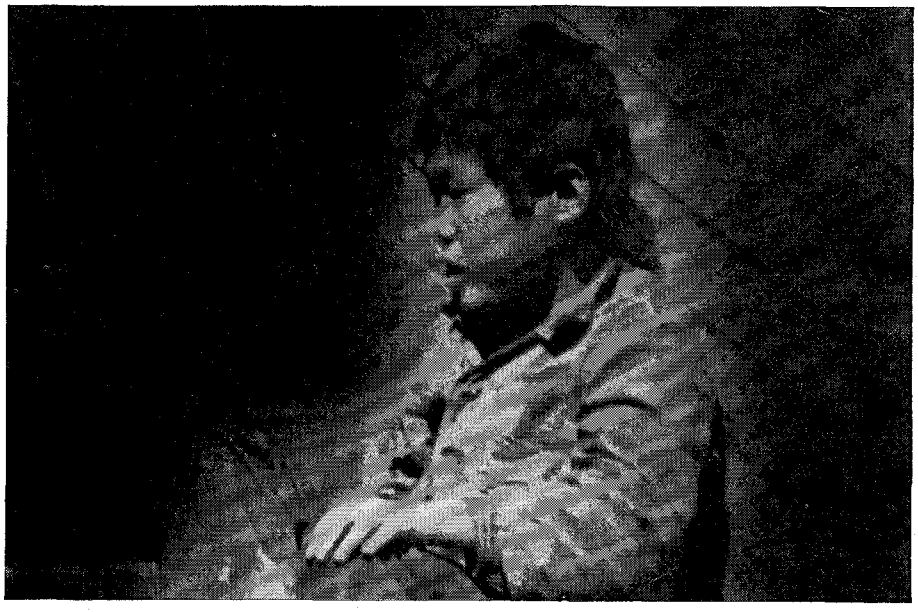
Everett Warner's criticism, in his article "Hidden Masterpieces" (October, 1958, *Atlantic*), of the way Gainsborough's *Blue Boy* is hung in the Huntington Art Gallery calls for some comment. The painting is certainly hung higher than is normal in museum practice today, and a reflection from the skylight does touch the top of the boy's head if the spectator comes within five feet of the wall on which the painting is placed. There is, however, a cogent reason for leaving the picture at its present height.

British eighteenth-century full-length portraits were normally hung very high. At the Royal Academy exhibitions the bottoms of the frames were eight to nine feet above the floor. There are clear visual and literary indications that the artists calculated their effects with a realization that the spectator would look up at the portrait rather than see it on eye level. In one celebrated instance, to which Mr. Warner alludes, Gainsborough did ask the hanging committee of the Academy to place one of his portraits at a lower level than usual. He asked that the painting should be five and a half feet from the floor. Interestingly enough, the bottom of the frame of the *Blue Boy* is at present sixty-four inches from the floor.

The available evidence indicates that the *Blue Boy* and other British eighteenth-century portraits in the Huntington Art Gallery now hang at approximately the level at which the artists wished and calculated they should be seen. This is a factor curators should continue to respect.

ROBERT WARK, *Curator*
Huntington Library and Art Gallery
San Marino, Calif.

SAVE THE CHILDREN
FEDERATION



A CRY IN THE NIGHT

Lieutenant Jackson shivered. The harsh Korean winter wind penetrated the thickness of his army overcoat. He held up his hand to protect his face from the biting cold and made a dash for the protection of a wall at the side of the road. As he felt his way along the wall in the darkness, he stumbled over a soft bundle. The bundle moved and a little voice cried out in the night, "Hey, watch out, Mister!"

The bundle that spoke turned out to be a little Korean boy, about 7, who explained that his name was Ho Song and he was huddled against the wall because it was the warmest place he knew in Seoul.

Lieutenant Jackson picked up the youngster and carried him to the camp kitchen. The cook gave him a cup of hot soup and thick slices of bread which the little fellow devoured like a starved animal.

That night, the cook and the Lieutenant put a cot behind the kitchen stove where for the first time in his life, Ho Song slept within warm walls.

In the days that followed, the Lieutenant became fast friends with Ho Song and his little Korean playmates.

Inevitably, however, it came time for Lieutenant Jackson to leave Seoul and return to the U.S.A. But his departure did not mean the end of his friendship with Korean children.

A friend across the sea

Home in the U.S.A., Lieutenant Jackson and his fiancée arranged to sponsor a Korean child through Save the Children Federation. They found that a little child across the sea would receive supplementary food, warm clothing, new shoes, household articles and some cash through an SCF Sponsorship. And correspondence with the child through SCF meant hope and encouragement.

The Lieutenant who was on the scene in Korea and knows the needs of so many, many little children says, "Every American who possibly can should give a helping hand. Our sponsorship through SCF has given a Korean child an added chance in this world, and we have made a lifelong friend not only for ourselves but for the democratic way of life."

Won't you join the Lieutenant and the thousands of other SCF Sponsors who bring hope and help to children in destitute areas of the free world?

Registered with the U. S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid
"SERVING CHILDREN FOR 27 YEARS"

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Boston Post Rd., Norwalk, Connecticut

I want to sponsor a child for one year in: Korea . . . Greece . . . France . . . West Germany . . . Finland . . . Italy . . . Austria . . . or where need is greatest. . . . Enclosed is $120 for 1 year . . . $30 for 1st quarter . . . $10 for 1st month . . . I cannot be a sponsor but enclosed is my gift of $. . . . . .

Please send me my child's name, story and picture.

NAME. . . . . .

ADDRESS. . . . . .

CITY. . . . . ZONE. . . . . STATE. . . . . .

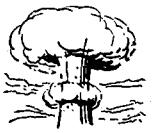
Contributions are Deductible from Income Tax A-3-59

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a New Idea for a New Era

PEACE INSURANCE

"War will end," said a harried Pentagon clerk during World War II, "when we run out of paper." Since then the problem has changed. In these troubled days, war will *begin* when we run out of *words* Indeed, our precious ability to keep talking in the face of mankind's final folly is surely our very finest "peace insurance." A world at peace is still a distant image from the troubled nature of things today, yet our imperfect peace is infinitely desirable to the perfect mushroom cloud. It is a fact that humanity has already won recognition for its peaceful aims through the force of its humble voice — by stemming, again and again, the frequent tides to war. This is the world's most substantial insurance for peace. Yet... in this age of increasing bigness, it is often difficult to cut through the big silences of an increasingly passive humanity. To help those private citizens who want to be heard, but who hold their vocal fire out of a possible sense of futility, perhaps business leadership can lend an encouraging hand. In this belief, Nationwide Insurance actively encourages discussions of public issues among its nearly three million policyholders. Our extensive programs of policyholder participation in the business affairs of Nationwide also enable these representative Americans to talk candidly and searchingly about the larger issues of their lives—like war and peace. Nationwide enthusiastically pursues such a program in the plain democratic conviction that *once the problems are known, the ideas to solve them are sure to follow.*



Nationwide sponsors "The Hidden Revolution" with Edward R. Murrow on the CBS radio network. This six-part series of dramatic documentaries is concerned with vital issues of our times. The subject of war and peace will be heard Wednesday evening, March 18. For free discussion guide to series write Dept. A, Community Relations, Nationwide Insurance, Columbus 16, Ohio.

IN SERVICE WITH PEOPLE

NATIONWIDE INSURANCE

NATIONWIDE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., NATIONWIDE LIFE INSURANCE CO., NATIONWIDE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. HOME OFFICE, COLUMBUS, OHIO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC

HOME OF THE BRAVE

The Young Poles

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

MARTHA GELLHORN, *short-story writer (O. Henry prizewinner, 1958), novelist, and war correspondent, has recently returned from a visit to Poland, which she describes in this article.*

THE man was tall, very thin, with a fine emaciated face and two round indented scars in his cheek, bullet wounds or worse. Since everyone in Poland looks ten years older than his age, he may have been thirty-five, perhaps younger. He wore something shabby in the way of sweater, windbreaker, grayish trousers. Poor and ugly clothing is routine; what matters is that the clothes seem sleazy and no protection against the cold. Where there are few material signs of position, people declare themselves by their faces and the tone of their minds. This was a man of breeding and education, and of special courage, and he was one of Cardinal Wyszynski's Catholics.

He said, "Our young people are so against doctrine that it even works against us. They say that they agree with us in some things, we have an ethical sense, we believe in the individual and his freedom and his soul, but then we have dogma too, and they hate dogma. . . . No one, not the young nor us nor anyone, except some very old people who have understood nothing, wants capitalism again; that is over. We want the future, though we are not sure of its form. But that future must make room for and allow the dignity of the individual."

No label that I knew fitted this man. I told him that he did not sound like any other Catholic I had talked to, outside Poland.

"We are Catholic humanists. We are only concerned with the freedom of the individual in this or any future society. We often feel closer to liberal Communists than to some totalitarian-minded Catholics — those who believe in a small ruling group, a strong government, and in telling the people, who are considered as a mass, what to do."

I had come to see this unusual Catholic to check what I thought I had learned about young people in his country. In something over two weeks in Poland, I had listened at length to forty-eight people, all met by chance and luck; no one selected for me, no one supervised, and I had been guided to this tiny fraction of a fraction by my own special curiosity. I was interested in the young who live by their minds, because I wanted to see what a lifetime of war and Communism had done to their minds. I shall report here only on the intellectual young; the brain workers, not the manual workers.

Nothing and no one in Poland are as expected; and our yardsticks do not apply, for none of us

Copyright © 1959, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has had to live as Poles have, through twenty merciless years. We belong in different worlds. Seen from Poland, the West seems very far away, an almost insanely luxurious dream. And Poland feels like a dream too, a heroic nightmare. One's sense of reality is dislocated. One needs a new vocabulary to think with.

Even flat terms that we imagine we can define, like "Catholic" and "Communist," have not the tight meanings we give to them. There are Communist-sponsored Catholics, the totalitarian-minded believers that the thin man spoke of, and active Catholic humanists, supporters of the Cardinal. Then there are the younger Catholics who go to church because formerly it was one way to protest against the regime, and the church is linked to patriotism, and "in hard times, religion is the only way to be free in your soul," and churches are beautiful, and you are there with friends; but they do not obey any of the rules of the church. As for Communists, there is a type described, always laughingly, as a "real, fanatic Communist" — these are hard to find, and I did not manage to see one; there is someone else described as "very Communist"; and someone milder called "quite Communist"; and there is a "member of the Party," which does not necessarily mean that he is a true Communist at all. A man might have joined the Party during the war, because the Communist underground resistance was the most efficient against the Nazis; this is a frequent reason and accepted as laudable. Or a man might become a member of the Party after the war, because he had to, to do the work he wanted or to hold his position; not laudable perhaps, but understood. And then there is a massive condition, known as being "communisant." A graduate student, our equivalent of a man studying for his Ph.D. who consistently fails to write his thesis, explained that "all our young people are communisants. It is not the *idea* we are against; we see it as more modern than capitalism."

"Then you are Party members?" I asked.

Four of us were packed into a small hired car at the time, driving through the flat smoky Silesian countryside. "No!" they cried out in shocked voices, "no, no!" The party was "administrative," and they had nothing to do with that sort of thing.

I TOLD the Catholic with the wounded face about our Silesian outing. In the morning I had hired a soiled hotel car and collected my chums haphazardly in the street. This was in Krakow. My young new friends were free to go anywhere at once; they are always on the move, searching for an odd job, a chance meal, a permission from a government bureau, a book, fun, anything. A student has a stipend of four dollars a month; this is calculated on the real value of the *zloty*, the black market value, not the pepped-up official exchange. If lucky, he gets food parcels from home, and he does whatever jobs he can find or sells anything he may have, to survive. But a successful grown-up man having two jobs — one would not be enough — might earn thirty dollars a month and support a family, and this is considered very good money not by what it can provide, but simply good money to get. Poverty among intellectuals (all I know about) is universal; there are only degrees of worse and worse.

We were going to an industrial village in Silesia to see a Polish primitive painter whose work I had heard of. Riding in a private car is a treat, and since I was there, with my old-fashioned tendency to eat now and again, I would buy food if we could find it, so it was a real party.

One boy, aged twenty, was studying singing; another, aged twenty-two, was an accomplished scene designer and painter, a senior student; the third was the art-historian non-Ph.D. aged all of twenty-seven, a Pied Piper figure who leads the young to make fun for themselves. They and their friends run a little cabaret in a derelict cellar. Their stage is four battered kitchen tables in a row, scenery is painted on the wall of the cellar, costumes are tacked together out of borrowed odds and ends. If people have money, they pay to see the cabaret; if not, they see the show anyhow. The cellar had been closed for months; the band of young amateurs was suspect because of making political jokes. (At one time they did a strip tease of a statue of Stalin, not tactful but much appreciated.) They had promised to make no more political jokes. Every night now, helpless with laughter, they rehearsed — in their filthy, freezing cellar — a take-off on the Romantics. Romanticism, with its emphasis on lovesickness, *mal de siècle*, and personal drama, strikes them as high comedy. The cabaret uses their talents and keeps their private hope alive.

In the car, Julek, the Pied Piper, began to remove his various coats. He always wears everything he owns, beat-up turtle-neck sweater, suit, overcoat, because he has no room of his own, sleeps wherever he can find a bed, and carries his property on his person. Suddenly loud warbling cries issued from the singer, while the painter shook with laughter. The painter said, "This is an interesting boy. He shows me now what is the Russian school of *bel canto*." Roaring with laughter at Russians is a mad Polish specialty; and the young I saw, who were all absorbed in the arts, laugh like billy-o. Unless they are telling you, with disgust, of the long period when their working lives

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were dominated by the theory of Socialist Realism, that Pollyanna version of art which makes everything sentimental and over-life-size, a whooping-up propaganda. Officially, until 1956, they had to be taught that Socialist Realism was real art. On the whole they despised and rejected this teaching by pure instinct.

Julek and I looked at the awful landscape, a synthesis of industrial ugliness, and Julek observed, "If you cannot pay people to work, you must use terror. There is no other way. We were all made equal in poverty and that was necessary. Our country was destroyed by the war and hopelessly poor. If only the West could help us to get on our feet, then people could be paid to work; but no, Russia would not allow that. It is so awkward, isn't it, our culture goes West and our economics goes East."

"Is it only poverty that makes Rysio [the painter] and Pavel [the singer] seem so discouraged for themselves?" I would have settled for that; you feel poverty as if it were a suffocating smell in the air.

"All the young are in despair, a priori. There is no future for them, and they know it. My life, for instance, is terribly important to me; but I see that it has no importance in the great thing of history. They will shut up our cellar one day, perhaps soon. Official opinion thinks we are reactionary because we make jokes. That is idiotic, but that is official opinion. It will be hard for us because it is easier when you have a little group to laugh together. But we will be stopped, and I understand it. I don't *accept* it; I understand it."

Rysio, in a fury that was close to tears, said, "I am a painter. I do not care whether a private man or a government runs a shop. What difference does it make? I only want to live in peace and paint. But who will ever buy my paintings? Who has money for that? Oh, I would give my paintings, my drawings, all; I have nothing, but everything I have, if only I could go to Italy and look at the beautiful Renaissance pictures."

"If you had the money and were free, would you go for good?" I asked.

"No. No. I could not ever do that."

I had asked all the young I saw whether they would leave Poland permanently, if able to, if a living could be earned elsewhere, and each one said: No.

And after this, to my surprise, it turned out that they were communisants.

"It's not the theory, then, that they object to," I asked the Catholic humanist, "but the practice?"

"Ah, the practice. It's so much better now, since 1956, you can have no idea."

His smile lighted up his drawn, scarred face. Leon, a newly met journalist friend who had brought me here, and I said good-by and went out into the slimy streets of Krakow. "That's a good, sane man," Leon said. I could place Leon, a little, because a few days before he had told me that he was "partyless. I don't think I could belong to any party, even if I agreed with it."

"The country seems full of good, sane people," I said. "And Krakow seems a good, sane city."

For five hundred years Krakow has been a university town and a center of art, but it was founded in the tenth century, and the ancient castle of the Polish Kings and the cathedral where they are buried rise on a hill above the city and the curving river. Herr Franck, a little man with pink-and-white skin and a pursed rosebud mouth, the monstrous Nazi King of Poland, lived and ruled in that castle and thus insulted the Poles' passionate love of their history. Narrow streets wind from the castle to the market square, with its arcaded town hall and flower stands and pigeons. The reconstructed statue of Poland's greatest poet stands in this square. The Nazis, determined to destroy the culture of the Poles as well as their bodies, dynamited this monument. All during the Nazi occupation, little bunches of flowers appeared on the dynamited rubble. But for twenty years now the people of Krakow have had no money to paint or refurbish their city, and it is dirty, worn-out, like a very old, very tired beauty.

Leon is young by my standards but not by Polish standards, as he is thirty. A man of seventy might have learned how to keep Leon's tolerant distance from life, by becoming a spectator. However, if you are a soldier at fifteen, in an underground army, and fight a final losing battle for your country, and are afterwards buffeted around Europe alone for eight years, perhaps you become seventy quickly.

"You know," Leon said, "the truth is that most young people are only interested in politics as it affects their freedom."

"But politics affects everything," I said. "Like an incurable disease. It spreads everywhere; it never leaves you alone."

"We know we have the best we can get, and we are glad of it and only hope to keep it. This much freedom. And perhaps it will get better; maybe if the Russians grow richer. There would be less terror everywhere. . . . People don't hate the Russians, you know, it isn't that. The Russians exploited us after the war, and they were always forcing us to love them. That was awful, but they've let up. With time, with time, it *has* to get better. Let's go and drink some vodka."

They all drink a lot of vodka and who wouldn't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and why not? The young ones exaggerate how much they drink; they haven't the money to drink steadily. In plays and stories they use vodka, drunkenness, as a symbol of bitterness and brutality. Drinking to forget, and becoming beastly as a result. This is touching; they are such unbeastly young.

We had a merry time in Krakow. We waltzed and tangoed at what is considered locally a depraved night club for low-class people. It was a big, plain, well-lit room with nursery-pink walls, and looked to me like a respectable dance hall for lower-middle-class families. The band was a delight. The Poles adore jazz, and it is the worst jazz I have ever heard. Cheap vodka is the diet in this dance hall; most of the women were tarts — hefty, scout-leaderish tarts. All the men, as everywhere else, kissed hands. At the end of each dance, with an elegance which would have been fine at Versailles, hands are kissed; when meeting or leaving a lady, hands are kissed. In the muddy street, under the drizzling sky, you see a woman dressed in baggy clothes and a beret and run-down shoes, and her face weary, pale, unpainted, having her hand kissed by a man who looks as if he had just come from a day's heavy road-building. The way to address waiters is to call softly, "Please, Monsieur." ("Mister" is not the right translation.) Chambermaids are "Madame." And even "very" Communists, I am told, cannot bring themselves to say "Comrade," and they kiss hands too. The manners of the young are glorious, as are their voices; all voices, in fact. By their voices alone, you would say this is a nation of cultivated people. But how did the young learn? These manners, in this desolate *mise-en-scène*, have nobility and magic.

We went to the theater; everyone goes to the theater; seats are cheap. Krakow is a town of half a million people and has ten legitimate theaters, an operetta company, and a Philharmonic. The first play I saw there was written by a very young writer; it was modern (the characters dressed in blue jeans, floppy skirts), yet allegorical too. And imagination, in the theater, proves an excellent substitute for money. Here, on a tilted, clevery lit stage, furnished only with three symbolic bench swings, we were in the miserable crowded Warsaw room of two young men. Vodka played a prominent part in the plot, which was the story of the denial of love, the heartless treatment of a young girl. The playwright was attacking what he feels to be an attitude of his contemporaries; cynicism and self-hate, born of hopelessness, working itself out as vengeance on the innocent.

The other play was in the Workers' Theater at Nowa Huta, a modern steel town built in five years on the outskirts of Krakow. One hundred thousand people live in these giant cement sardine tins, and only the theater is graceful, and it is crowded every night. I saw, there, Camus's allegory against dictatorship, called *Siege of the State*. The costumes were dazzling in color and shape, made of cheesecloth or cheap rayon stuff; the single décor was strong architecture; the crowd scenes were as beautiful as ballet. You could hear yourself breathe in that audience. This play, among us, would be considered highbrow and difficult. The workers of Nowa Huta like it best of the repertory, which includes, oddly enough, *The Rainmaker* and *Of Mice and Men*. A young woman less than thirty years old directs this theater. I asked if anyone had seen the play in Paris; how did they get their ideas for costuming, staging? No one had seen it anywhere. This fresh, compelling production came straight out of their own heads. And there never was a clearer denunciation of tyranny.

My young pals agreed that the government was quite glad to let allegory past the censor; you can't have a political quarrel, with a powerful Eastern neighbor, over allegory. And it is entirely true that anyone can *say*, if not print, film, or act, what he likes. The freedom of speech is terrifying to an outsider, who fears that at some later date, when perhaps things have tightened up, this freedom will be paid for retroactively.

One night, after the show, we went to a students' theater, again a derelict basement which the young had fashioned into a tiny playhouse with their own hands. This play was also an allegory, having to do with prison — "Polish undergraduate Ionesco," Julek said. The stage was set with ominous spindly black bars, cages, ladders. The theater was a rabbit warren of handmade cement stairs with a small room, not more than twelve by eight feet, at the top. The director, an alarmingly thin boy, sleeps here on a short sofa and also uses his bedroom as the theater office. We sat where we could in this room, the troupe and some other young ones, with a bottle of vodka and time nonexistent.

I don't know how the talk came to Auschwitz, that greatest of all memorials to dictatorship. A young musician said to me, "But they don't know about Auschwitz in the West, do they? They don't believe it?"

"Yes, they do, they do." Only, of course, I thought, they don't know, they cannot visualize it, they cannot feel it. You have to go yourself; you have to see the mountain of women's hair, the mountain of dead children's shoes, the mountain of pulled-out teeth; you have to pick up a handful of mushy soil near the crematoriums and touch

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rotting lumps of white bone in it. A man who had been a prisoner in this place for four years — from the age of twenty-one to twenty-five — guided me over the huge camp. We passed through the execution yard where his father, and tens of thousands of others, had been shot. He led me down narrow stairs to the torture cells beneath and told me in a flat voice what had happened here. There were bunches of field flowers on the doors of some cells, mementos left to the dead. That day I had seen groups of gypsies, nuns, Polish peasants, a few Frenchmen, a few Dutchmen moving silently and with stunned faces around the crude brick buildings. Suddenly, in that dark, empty cellar my guide shivered but said nothing.

On four hundred and thirty-seven acres of swampland (an area smaller than La Guardia Airport), behind this barbed wire, the Nazis murdered four million men, women, and children by hunger, disease, medical experiments, poison gas, shooting, hanging, and injections of phenol to the heart.

No one who has seen Auschwitz will ever forget it. It is a sin that the twenty-eight nations (including our own) whose citizens were killed here do not preserve this prison and raise a noble monument to the dead. Auschwitz should never be forgotten; it is a warning for all mankind.

We stopped talking of Auschwitz because we could not bear it; but still we could not leave the war. The war is always with you in Poland, and even these very young people are incurably scarred by it. One said that they had had such "grave" childhoods, "it is better now to forget." At ten years of age, he was carrying secret papers for the Home Army in Warsaw, perfectly aware of what the Gestapo did to children too. His parents died in Auschwitz. Another said that as a boy of nine, coming home, he saw German soldiers collect all the people from a big apartment house, line them up against the wall of their home, and mow them down with machine gun fire. "When I was going home," he said, "just across the street. I remember how afraid I was." These memories burn in every brain. No one, in Poland, except the very very young, is free of such knowledge. And no one has had ease and safety, in the peace, to heal the memories a little. The wonder of all is the lion-hearted gaiety of these people.

Nothing I know of the war is as appalling as what they know and have lived through, but I have my special heroes and I spoke of them: the Polish Corps in Italy. Suddenly a young actor said, "Words. Nothing but words. The Poles are always brave; they know how to die. They die everywhere, especially well in foreign wars. It is very nice for you; you can admire us. It is useless and it must stop. Better not be brave and live; better be like the Czechs and live. *There has been too much dying.*"

I said that I knew people in the West who believed that nuclear war was preferable to living under a totalitarian dictatorship, a Russian dictatorship obviously. The whole roomful of them, the quiet gentle girls, who need good food and a hair wash and a rest, and the tense, fiercely alert boys, cried out, "No! No! Not ever!" One said, "Haven't we had enough, in the name of God? Let us just *live*, no matter how we have to do it. You can do something about life, a little anyhow, or have some fun, if you're still alive."

The youngest there, an actor of twenty, with a face like a Botticelli angel, said, "Oh, stop it now. Stop talking about war. We have nothing but war films and war books, and we hear about it from our fathers and our brothers, and we can see what it was, any time we go anywhere. Stop. Talk about the future."

"Good," I said. "What about the future?"

"Well," he said, shy now with everyone listening, and this a matter of such importance, "what is the student theater like in America?"

WARSAW frightened me at once, a haunted city, and I never got over a feeling of dread, depression, an irrational anxiety for everyone. Warsaw was destroyed by the Germans in 1944, block by block, using dynamite, fire, bombs; doggedly, the Poles are rebuilding it. Warsaw looks or feels as if the war had ended last week, not some thirteen years ago. There is the wide weed-grown flat where once the ghetto stood; there are everywhere gaping holes in place of buildings; there are other buildings shored-up, half burned, and slashes and holes from shellfire on peeling walls. There are the skinny new trees.

Poland was defeated by the Nazi and Soviet armies in the month of September, 1939; but conquered Poland remained one of the cruelest battlefields of the war, and six million Polish citizens were killed in the five and a half years of World War II. Statistics are always cold, but perhaps if one compares numbers, the statistics take on their true size: the total of dead and missing of the United States Armed Forces in World War II was 407,828.

In Warsaw, you also remember that you are in a Communist-controlled country, though by all accounts the control now is humane and lenient, judged by what it was and what it is in other satellite countries. Still you do hear the incompetent echo in the tapped hotel telephone; you do notice that people look over their shoulders when talking in restaurants — the secret police are dormant but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not forgotten; you feel in your bones, as you would feel a threatening change in the weather, every change in Russian mood or action. This is not an air we have ever breathed; I doubt if we would be strong enough to resist such a climate and stay as healthy in spirit as the Poles.

The Old Town of Warsaw has been entirely rebuilt and is an enchanting seventeenth-century village, with pale-painted house fronts, carved doors, squares, small churches. The Poles needed this lovely reminder of their past, for if man does not live by bread alone, Poles particularly do not. I met a few young artists who were lucky enough to be allotted garrets in the Old Town as studio homes. They were adorable children, as tidy and domesticated and content with their attics as very old people who have at last retired to their dream bungalows in Florida.

One boy who paints fairy-story illustrations (the complete, determined escape) told me something of his life. When he was eleven, he was orphaned; he did not say (one never asks) how his parents died; they were both thirty-six at the time. His fifteen-year-old brother was deported for slave labor in Germany and never again heard of. An unknown family took him in; he stayed with them until he was fourteen. Then he returned to Warsaw alone, frail (he is frail now), and made his own way, working, scrounging, starving, to get an education, to go to the Beaux Arts. At twenty-three, he married. His wife, also a painter, is like a little furry woodland creature, so shy that she cannot speak without blushing, and never in a voice above a whisper. They were married for four years but had no place to live together. Now they have a home, made gay and pretty by their taste, their economies, and their skillful hands. At night they have their evening meal of tea and cookies, sitting together in their garret in a radiance of love. This is such joy, this safety and peace inside four walls, that they think of nothing except how to earn enough to keep what they have. In their lives they have made one trip, for three days to Dresden in East Germany to look at pictures in the museum; they said the pictures were wonderful.

A friend of theirs, a girl who works in a museum, is married to a painter, and is also blessed with a garret, spoke of the destruction of Warsaw; she was twelve years old at the time. "It took perhaps thirteen hours to walk through the city, when the Germans drove us all out. There was a great crowd of people, old ones and sick and wounded and children, and the Germans with their guns standing along the streets and saying, 'Hurry up, hurry up.' If anyone fell, they had to be left behind, and families got lost from each other. You could hear nothing except the fires and the sound of burning beams falling from houses. Happily, in these circumstances, one has no imagination."

There is nothing cruel, insane, ugly that they have not seen; and it has made them strangely quiet. Another young man in this group, trying to explain their outlook, spoke of the difference between them and *les jeunes*, which means people younger than themselves. They are twenty-six, twenty-eight, and do not consider themselves young. He said with pity, with impatience too, "The young have complexes which they *show*."

These young ones have had enough and more than enough of politics, the wicked mess their elders have offered them. They believe in art and in their love for each other; they are not like old married couples, they are like Hänsel and Gretel clinging together in a hostile world. They are absolutely private individuals and "realists," as they say. Maybe they feel that having homes, they have more than most and more than they dared hope for, and they hope no further.

ANOTHER DAY I talked with two successful young literary men in the Writers' Club. Each intellectual craft has its own club, a few modest rooms where you can eat and drink. They wanted to know about good writers in England and America, and I told them what I could, trying to explain styles and characters and plots, and as I talked I saw the novels and stories I was discussing as fantastic carving on cherry stones. I did not miss the polite glaze that came over their old-young faces.

The novelist with one arm, who had been deported to Russia as a child for slave labor and had spent his adolescence in DP camps in India and Africa, said that he did not think such works could be published in Poland. "People would not really understand them. You see, we perhaps don't care so much for purely personal problems. I mean, things you can get over by yourself."

The young, they said, have learned no ideology; they have learned something else: an interior censorship. There is not only the official censor, but the watchdog inside who tells you in advance what you can get by with. They rebel against this rationed freedom, yet everyone I saw agreed that there is no thought of overthrowing Communism as such. "No one thinks of capitalism again — that's a past dream — they only think of how to make this better."

Capitalism is another word that has to be redefined. To the Poles, I think it means lavishness, an unimaginable and even undesirable glut of things not needed. I did not find anyone who coveted our two-toned cars. What they wanted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a room — no matter how small, how bare — of one's own; and two suits, not just one; and two weeks' vacation outside of Poland. They envy us what we value too lightly: our intellectual freedom. Our real richness, in their eyes, is that we can have personal convictions and act on them.

I talked often to a man who seemed to me an encyclopedia of human experience. He was born rich and lived a princeling life until he was deported, as a boy in his early teens, to Russia for slave labor. He stayed on, freely, after the war because he wanted to see Russia. ("It's a fascinating country.") Still in his teens, he was put in charge of eighty displaced Polish families somewhere at the end of the world, in the hinterland of Russia. When he came back to Europe, he managed to collect what he could of his money and went off to blow it, dazzlingly, in Italy and France. Then he returned to this Polish life which is at once buried and wildly alive. He spends all the money he cannot spare on books, and he knows far more than I do about Western literature.

Above all, I think he wants the West to understand Poland, and he knows how hard that task is. He said, "You Americans don't understand us. We don't envy you. We are glad that there's something young and beautiful and gay and happy in the world. Only we are often disappointed in you. Because you have so much, and you are not *à votre hauteur*. Not all the time, as you should be. You know, sometimes when I am very sad, I think to myself about English law, and it makes me happy. Just thinking about it. The way they go on, so careful about their law, so respectful of it."

The Poles love to laugh, and do, and I felt ashamed, for their sakes, because I could not laugh enough. The spectacle of constant bravery does not lead, I find, to laughter; it induces many intense emotions, the simplest of which is awe. But I found one man with whom I laughed at once and steadily, as if some electrical connection of gaiety had been set up between us. He looked irresistibly jolly, for a start, being shortish and roundish, with merry eyes and a face full of loving, laughing kindness. He worked in a small office for a newspaper, and the presses on the floor below shook the building, and the telephone rang all the time, and young people sauntered in and smiled at him and chatted, and you could see he was a benign guardian angel for them. I asked what a girl with enormous dark eyes and a scruffy Sagan haircut had wanted of him, and was told with merriment that she came in to discuss *Doctor Zhivago*.

He said he had a copy, which was a nice surprise, and we agreed that Pasternak's colleagues, yelping like jackals, were a scandal. "Here," he said, "we are no longer under the necessity to pronounce ourselves on what we do not understand. It is not much; but it *is* much," and he twinkled at me.

He was anxious about the young. "Perhaps they use up all their fantasy in trying to get better living conditions. It is their main great preoccupation. And there have been so many plans and rules, people forget a little how to make their own plans and dreams. Besides, we have not your tradition of private freedom. You are ready to make any sacrifices to do what you want."

If he liked to believe that, it was not up to me to disillusion him.

"I came here to find out about private freedom," I said. "I wondered whether the young would talk and think alike. I wondered whether a system, any system, if it's the only one you know, could make minds operate to order or on a pattern. Now I think we could take lessons from Poland on how to be rugged individualists. But I'm repelled by Communist economics. Do you remember that wonderful line in *Doctor Zhivago:* 'Man was born to live and not to prepare to live'? That's what I've got against Communist economics. One damned steel mill after another, and no joy for the living. I don't understand economics. Does it have to be so ruthless?"

"We were very poor, and the war made us poorer. It is not all as bad as you think. Some people are better off than before. Perhaps 70 per cent of the people. Not those like us, but others."

"I don't want to argue this with you," I said. "I want to get the proper Communist point of view on it. It's too absurd the way I can't seem to find a proper Communist."

He found this very funny. "But I am a Communist."

"You!" I said, shouting with laughter.

"No, no," he insisted, laughing now at both of us. "I am, really. Honestly, I am."

This confirmed my one certainty about Poland: no labels fit.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Poet and the Press

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

After ten years of public service, ARCHIBALD MACLEISH *returned to Harvard and to his first love, the writing of poetry. His play in verse,* J.B., *has been praised by Brooks Atkinson of the New York* TIMES *as the play of the century. The paper which follows was originally delivered as the Gideon Seymour Lecture at the University of Minnesota.*

IT IS an axiom of our civilization, if that is the proper name for the chaos of ideas in which we live, that poetry is the opposite of journalism and that journalism is the opposite of poetry. The two are about as likely to meet in an evening's conversation as John Keats and Arthur Krock, and each becomes, when applied to the other, a pejorative term. If you want to insult Scotty Reston, as a number of people in Washington now do, you will refer to those superb pieces of diplomatic correspondence of his as "poetry" — meaning piffle. If you want to insult Thomas Stearns Eliot, as nobody in Washington or anywhere else would now dream of doing, you will call *The Waste Land* "journalism" — meaning journalism. Elder writers addressing younger writers in those invaluable interviews in the *Paris Review* advise them to avoid the practice of journalism as they would wet socks and gin before breakfast, and the New York *Mirror* returns the compliment by announcing in an editorial as solemn as a sermon that anyone who does not regard Robert W. Service as a great poet is a fancy pants, and may even be an intellectual. In short, the two limits of the typewriter keyboard in our time, the two extremes which will never meet, the East and West of our fractured world, are poetry and journalism. But why, if you really stop to think of it, should poetry and journalism be the two poles of the world of words in our time? Why should they appear to us as each other's opposites? There are manifest differences between the two — differences which any of us could tick off — but are they really as manifest as all that? Poetry is an art, yes; or should be. But is journalism the opposite of art?

No one would claim that the usual news story in the, let us say, Chicago *Tribune* is a work of art, at least in the ordinary sense of that term. But no one would deny either that great works of journalism exist and that when they exist they exist within a discipline of their own — a discipline which reveals itself, as the disciplines of art always reveal themselves, in form. The style of a great work of journalism is not, as the glib phrase goes, the man. The style of a great work of journalism is the man in terms of the purpose: a man working at the utmost intensity of which he is capable toward an end to which he is wholly committed. But this, of course, is precisely the characteristic of the style of any work of art — the precise characteristic which distinguishes a work of art from a mere indulgence of personality on one hand or an impersonal "job" on the other.

You cannot, in other words, distinguish journalism from poetry, to the extreme degree in which we distinguish them, merely by saying that one is an art and the other is not. And neither, I think, can you justify their antipodal relationship by the device used in most college catalogues, where courses in expository writing are courses in expository writing, but courses in the writing of poems are courses in creative writing. The theory would be, I imagine, that the poet is supposed to create a world in his poems, whereas the journalist is supposed not to create one but stick as closely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as he can to the world he's got. This means that the poet makes something new, but the journalist describes something old, or in any case something that has already happened, for if it has not already happened he is no journalist. More precisely, this means that the journalist selects from among things that already are: events that have in fact befallen, actions actually acted, objects seen, sounds heard; whereas the poet must spin his chronicle out of himself like a spider. But if we leave the theory and look at the practice — specific poems, specific journalisms — will this distinction as between creative and selective hold?

Take the first poem that walks into your mind; for of course all of us have such visitors. "Old favorites" we call them because they are free of the house and enter without knocking. Some of you — quite a few, I should guess — will find yourselves thinking of Herrick's "Daffodils," not only because it is one of the finest of English lyrics and one of the poems most frequently taught to children, but because its tune, once echoed in the corridors of the ear, will never stop:

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you.
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

Or some of you will fish up Keats's murex because those five long "I" sounds at the beginning of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" have held an instant of your mind motionless since the day in your childhood when you first heard them:

Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian.

For myself, I always think, when I look for touchstones such as these, of a poem I cannot read, written in a tongue no man living can now pronounce — the poem the Emperor Wu Ti wrote in the second century B.C. for his dead mistress, Li Fu Jen. Arthur Waley's translation goes like this:

The sound of her silk skirt has stopped
On the marble pavement dust grows
Her empty room is cold and still
Fallen leaves are piled against the door
Longing for that lovely lady
How can I bring my aching heart to rest?

But whatever poem you call back to mind, the question I would put to you would be the same: Does your poem seem to you, as you contemplate it in your imagination, to be "created" in the sense in which we use that word of the events described in the book of Genesis? Is there not rather a selection and ordering, as there is a selection and ordering in the art of history and in the practice of journalism? The selection is of a different kind, yes: things are chosen which history would find too trivial to touch and which journalism, in its passionate haste to get on with the story, would have no time for. The organization of the fragments selected is also different. Things are put together in poetry which history would never put together because of its addiction to the logic of cause and effect and which journalism would never put together because of its commitment to the lucidities of common sense. Men do not pray with daffodils in history if they care for the opinion in which posterity will contemplate them, and grief in journalism is sobs, not dead leaves at a door sill or the silence of the sound of silk — the silence after the ceasing of the sound. But granted all this — granted, too, that the structure of words in poetry is very different, far more orderly, immeasurably more strict, than the structure of words in the prose of journalism or of history — does it really follow that the enormous gulf we have dug between the conception of journalism and the conception of poetry is explained away by calling poetry a creative art?

I should not say so. I should say that an examination of actual poems and actual journalisms would lead any reader to the conclusion that the difference between them, wide though it is, cannot be stated in terms of creation. Both are recreations, different in degree but not different in kind, for the material in each case is our human experience of the world and of ourselves; and not fundamentally different in method or even in purpose, since the method of poetry like the method of journalism is selection from the chaotic formlessness of experience, and the purpose of both is the recording of the fragments selected in a sequence that makes sense.

It is perfectly true that the sense which poetry makes of its fragments is not the sense which journalism makes. No reporter in America or anywhere else would organize fragments of the experience of a divorce case to read: "love is not love which alters when it alteration finds or bends

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the remover to remove. O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark that looks on tempests and is never shaken; it is the star to every wand'ring bark, whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken." In journalism this summation of experience is not sensible at all. It is not even true. Love, in journalism, does not bear "it out even to the edge of doom."

And the opposite is also obvious. The sense which journalism makes of the life of a man and the life of a woman, or the life of a man and the lives of two women, is not sensible or even true in poetry. But the fact remains that both Shakespeare's sonnet and the news story of the broken marriage are re-creations of fragments selected from the confusion of human experience in an effort to give them order and make them comprehensible. The purpose in one case may merely be to make them comprehensible to human curiosity, whereas the purpose in the other is very evidently to reach the human intelligence at its most perceptive and most alive: Shakespeare's sonnet has undertones of irony which only a most subtly listening ear can hear. But in both cases and however different their levels, the end is comprehension, understanding.

Poetry, despite the almost magical powers of the greatest poets, is a human labor, and what humanity most desperately needs is not the creation of new worlds but the re-creation, in terms of human comprehension, of the world we have, and it is to this task that all the arts are committed. Indeed, it is for this reason that the arts go on from generation to generation in spite of the fact that Phidias has already carved and Homer has already sung. The Creation, we are informed, was accomplished in seven days with Sunday off, but the re-creation will never be accomplished because it is always to be accomplished anew for each new generation of living men. To hold the vast, whirling, humming, buzzing, boggling confusion of the Greek world still long enough to see it is not to hold the vast, whirling, humming, buzzing, boggling confusion of our world still. New charms are necessary, new spells, new artifices. Whether they know it or not, the young men forgather in Paris in one generation, in San Francisco in another, because the world goes round, the light changes, and the old jugs will not carry living water. New jugs must be devised which the generation past will reject as monstrosities and the generation to come will, when it arrives, reject for other reasons: as banalities and bores.

But the essential point is that this labor does not differ in kind from the continuing labor of generations of journalists and historians who also face a new and turning world and who must also find new ways to speak of it. The materials of poetry, whatever the miracles accomplished with them, are gathered where the materials of history, present and past, are gathered, in what Keats called the arable field of events. Poetry transforms these materials by a faculty the use of which is discouraged in journalism, the faculty of imagination, but the product of the metamorphosis is not an opposite thing from the product of the process known in journalism as reporting. It is not what our grandfathers used to say it was: a "fancy" as opposed to the sober "facts" of practical men. For one thing, the constructions of the imagination are not fancies and never were. For another, facts are not what our grandfathers supposed them to be in those happy far-off Victorian generations when science picked facts out of life like grits out of porridge and marshaled them in patterns on a page.

The re-creations of the imagination do correspond to the experience of the real physical world. Poetry may take liberties with the materials of that experience which history and journalism are not free to take. It may translate them into unexpected and even improbable forms. But it neither will nor can disguise their origins in experience, for the moment it did so it would cease to be an art. It would become a sorcery, a magic. Those Grecian centaurs, half man, half horse, those Oriental mother goddesses all arms and breasts — these derive from nature. It is only the arrangement of the parts which is unnatural! The parts themselves — the horse, the man, the arms, the breasts — have been discovered in the world the senses know. Even what we call "abstraction" in the art of our own day is not new creation in the sense in which the world of Genesis is new. Vision reduced to line, balance, color, proportion is still vision and still belongs in a world in which line, balance, color, and proportion exist.

Indeed, this dependence of poetry, of all art, on human experience of the actual world is only made the more obvious by the attempts of art, which have been frequent in our time, to escape from the actual world. Poems, for example, which derive from the subconscious mind as the poems of the early Surrealists did, or purported to do, are still poems of experience and still poems composed by a process of selection from among the moments of experience. The only difference is that the selecting sieve is set up somewhere outside the conscious mind. But the poem does not become, in consequence, a parentless, pristine creation. On the contrary, it is even more obviously and immediately derived from the common human reality than a poem made, as the Greeks made poems,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under the selective direction of a conscious intelligence. The proof lies in the experiments of those contemporary psychiatrists who have attempted to work their way back through completed poems to their roots in experience. They have made very little of the poems of, say, John Donne, but they have had a harvest home with the works of the Surrealists. A Surrealist poem is a direct recording of the experiencing mind on the tape of speech, and all that need be done to make one's way to the unhappy childhood or the illicit love is to play the recording back. John Donne is another matter. The conscious act of art is there to make a mechanical playback impossible. All you will get if you try is that series of garbled screams and whinnies with which the amateurs of tape recordings are familiar.

But one need not go to the Surrealists or their successors to make the point. The most apparently fanciful of all familiar poems will testify, if you will truly read them, that their fancies are no less substantial, no less true, no less (if the word is still permitted) real — at least no less authenticated by experience — than the most substantial facts. Consider Prospero's great trope in *The Tempest:* those cloud-capped towers, gorgeous palaces, solemn temples, the great globe itself, which "like this insubstantial pageant faded" dissolve, "leave not a rack behind." Consider Rimbaud's pianos in the Alps, his hares praying to the rainbow through the spider's web, his little boy waving his arms to the weather vanes "Après le Deluge," after the Deluge had subsided, in the *Illuminations*. Compare these extravagant fancies with the hard facts of history and journalism. You will find it difficult, I think, to say just what the substantial difference is. You may even find yourself concluding that, if anything, the fancies are harder than the facts. We are, we are indeed, "such stuff as dreams are made on," and any man who has not yet learned that "our little life is rounded with a sleep" has not yet begun to live that little life. We do, after every Deluge which drowns the world, whether for one man or for many, come upon that moment when everything is new again and possible, even the impossible; when little boys and weather vanes salute each other. There can scarcely be a man or a woman in my generation, if he has really shared that generation's life, who has not known that moment — and then lost it, as Rimbaud's poem loses it. Are these fancies not as substantial as our facts? Are they not as real as murder or the World Series or Governor Faubus, to say nothing of our China policy or a Dow-Jones average? Has anyone ever met a Dow-Jones average on a Sunday afternoon, or bathing, or anywhere else in the world? And as for our China policy, would anyone know its face if it walked onto this platform and sat down and arranged its smile?

I am not suggesting that the facts of journalism are insubstantial. I am merely suggesting that there is no such difference between the facts of journalism and the fancies of poetry as we assume when we turn them into each other's opposites. You can prove it to yourself in either way: by reading poems or by reading newspapers. What do you remember about the recent revolution in Iraq — in some ways the most important news story of the year, though not the best reported? What I remember is the account of the assassination of the old Premier, the famous desert fox and the most powerful man in the valley of the two rivers, who was shot in the dress of an old woman. Why do I remember that? Because the fact becomes something more than fact in that telling. Because I understand something of the man — and of those who killed him. Because the political event becomes a human event and casts a shadow far beyond Baghdad, far beyond the desert, far beyond the Middle East. It is only when the scattered and illegible fragments in which we pick up our experience of the world are recomposed in such a way that they make sense *as* human experience that great journalism can result. And the same thing is true in the same words of poetry. What poetry composes of its fragments is more lasting than what journalism composes. It is larger. It goes deeper. It is more meaningful. It has beauty. But it is not contrary in kind. Poetry and journalism — to put it in more inclusive terms, poetry and history — are not opposites and cannot be opposites, and the notion that they are is a delusion.

SOMETHING more than error is involved in this respectable and sanctified confusion. There are popular errors of various kinds. Some are harmful. Some are merely silly. This one is harmful. It has hurt poetry. It has altered journalism. And its effect, or the effect of the deeper delusions which have fathered it, on our unhappy civilization has been and continues to be disastrous. What really distinguishes poetry from journalism, aside from the obvious distinctions of form — uses of words, patterns of words, sequences of words — is not a difference in kind but a difference in focus. Journalism is concerned with events, poetry with feelings. Journalism is concerned with the look of the world; poetry with the feel of the world. Journalism wishes to tell what it is that has happened everywhere as though the same things had happened for every man. Poetry wishes to say what it is like for any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man to be himself in the presence of a particular occurrence as though only he were alone there.

The best definition of journalism appears daily in the New York *Times:* "All the News That's Fit to Print." The best definition of poetry is spelled out in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria:* "the balance or reconcilement of discordant qualities . . . a more than usual state of emotion with more than usual order." To separate journalism and poetry, therefore — history and poetry — to set them up at opposite ends of the world of discourse, is to separate seeing from the feel of seeing, emotion from the acting of emotion, knowledge from the realization of knowledge.

The poet, with us, stops his horse at twilight at the wood's edge in falling snow and yields for a moment to that longing for sleep in the cold, white, drifting stillness which is also another and deeper longing all reflective men have known, but the journalist permits himself to see only a man in a buggy stopping in inclement weather at a remote and unlikely spot; since nothing has "happened," he publishes nothing. And the same thing is true in reverse. The journalist dodges hand grenades in the bazaar of a hot, dusty, dirty, flea-bitten desert city to report an obscure war which may be the beginning of the ultimate war, but the poet, because all this is merely happening, does not write at all; because nothing is felt, he has nothing to say.

I exaggerate, of course. There have been journalists of our generation, men like Elmer Davis as well as men like Ernie Pyle, who would not have separated the feel of things from the look of them if they could, and there are contemporary poets who not only felt but saw the war in Spain — saw it, in fact, far more clearly than the journalists or the foreign offices or the professional observers of world affairs. Indeed, the greatest of contemporary poets was also one of the most exact and penetrating observers of the history of his time, if not always the most intelligent interpreter of that history.

> Turning and turning in the widening gyre
> The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
> Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
> Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
> The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
> The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
> The best lack all conviction, while the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity.

No journalist writing of the tragic events with which the name of the late Senator McCarthy is associated ever defined that aspect of contemporary life as precisely as Yeats had defined it some thirty years before:

> The best lack all conviction, while the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity.

But Yeats is an exception in this as in many other things. And not even Yeats was able to bring the event and the feel of the event together as they were brought in Homer's time and Dante's and Shakespeare's. Journalism, with us, tends more and more toward an admirably dispassionate objectivity which presents the event in the colorless air of intellectual detachment at the cost of its emotional significance, and poetry, reacting to the same divisive influence but in an opposite direction, turns more and more to the emotional significance divorced from the event. I do not know that it is possible to say that this fracture of the word is bad for journalism as such, for the great modern newspapers are, as newspapers, far superior to their predecessors. They collect more news faster and present it more accurately. It is only too possible to say, however, that it is bad for poetry and bad for the civilization.

Great poems are instruments of knowledge — a knowledge carried alive into the heart by passion, but knowledge nevertheless. Feeling without knowing never made a work of art and never will. And the attempt which contemporary poetry increasingly makes to detach feelings from their occasions — to pursue feelings as themselves and for their own sakes, resolutely ignoring the events from which they derive — can only be harmful to the art. Poems so composed are like kites without strings. They cannot bear up against the carrying away of time, because they have no attachment to a point in time.

The consequences to poetry itself of its increasing inwardness are of concern, unhappily, only to poets. What the rest of us might wish to think of is the effect of all this on our civilization. It is not difficult to define. Some time ago, Lewis Mumford, certainly one of the most intelligent of living Americans, wrote a letter to the New York *Times* expressing his horror at the apathy of his countrymen in the face of the dangers inherent in our policy and conduct in the Straits of Formosa. Here we were, he said, on a brink from which we might at any moment be shoved by the Chinese Nationalists or dragged by the Chinese Communists, with a war yawning before us which could only be fought by the horrible weapons of genocide and with the end of human life on the earth as a very possible consequence. And yet we neither protested nor objected. We merely sat there in numb indifference, leaving the decision of life or death to a Secretary of State whose previous decisions or indecisions were responsible for our predicament.

It was an angry letter, and one with which men

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of certain opinions might differ. But what struck me about it was not its statement of the facts, which seemed to me only too painfully correct, but its explanation of the reason for our national indifference to the facts. Our apathy, Mr. Mumford suggested — I do not know how seriously — could only be the consequence of our enormous consumption of tranquilizers and sedatives. Only a nation doped into unreality could possibly contemplate in silence a series of events and declarations which might at any moment lead to the extermination of enormous numbers of peaceful human beings, first in Asia and then throughout the world, including the part of the world in which we live ourselves.

I say I was struck by this explanation. I was struck by it because I found myself wishing the real explanation might be as simple and ironic. For the truth is, of course, that our apathy with regard to the incredible and terrifying events in Amoy Harbor and the disastrous consequences which might at any moment follow was the result not of our habits in the taking of pills but of our habits in the thinking of thoughts. And the further truth is that this strange dislocation in the thinking of thoughts by which we can "know" what we cannot feel — by which we can know that the consequence of a merely diplomatic maneuver may be the atomizing of the city of Peiping and then Tokyo and then Moscow and then New York, but cannot imagine in our live emotions what this knowing would feel like — this dislocation is the consequence of a deeper dislocation not only in ourselves but in our civilization.

For this divorce between knowing and feeling is not anything we Americans can claim as our own peculiar prerogative. The Germans have exhibited the same curious capacity: the "good Germans" who knew about the gas ovens of the concentration camps but were nevertheless able to live with their knowledge in tranquillity and good conscience until they began to go in crowded, silent audiences to performances of *The Diary of Anne Frank*. And we ourselves — shall we call ourselves the "good Americans"? — are guilty of the same peace of mind. We know what happened at Hiroshima. We have read, or read about, John Hersey's account of the results of the atomic bombing of that city. Most of us are at least aware of the specters which crawl through Dr. Hachiya's book: "Their faces and hands were burnt and swollen and great sheets of skin had peeled away from their tissues to hang down like rags on a scarecrow. They moved like a line of ants. All through the night they went past our house, but this morning they had stopped. I found them lying on both sides of the road so thick that it was impossible to pass without stepping on them." We know all this. But do we feel our knowledge? Could we even *think* about risking the possibility of a world-wide atomic war as a matter of face or official vanity if we did?

I am not going to discuss foreign policy — if that is the right term for our recent behavior off the China coast. But nothing could better illustrate the flaw at the heart of our civilization than this strange chapter of our history. Nothing could more convincingly demonstrate that knowledge without feeling is not knowledge and can lead only to public irresponsibility and indifference, and conceivably to ruin. Nothing could more clearly prove that when the fact is disassociated from the feel of the fact in the minds of an entire people — in the common mind of a civilization — that people, that civilization, is in danger.

Some of you, I have no doubt, will think the terms I have been using throughout this discussion are inadequate to so serious an indictment. Journalism seems, to most of us, a profession like another, and poetry seems remote indeed from matters of such moment as the survival of the world. But the fact is, of course, that the survival of the world — at least the survival of a world which has prepared as ingeniously for its own suicide as the world we live in — depends, madmen and accidents aside, solely on the knowledge of the men and women who inhabit it. And that knowledge is composed precisely of the two increments which journalism and poetry provide. Information is essential to the kind of knowledge on which an opinion relevant to the situation on Quemoy can be based. But the feel of the facts which that information communicates is also essential if the knowledge and the opinions it fathers are to be trustworthy and reliable. What has happened with us is that the first has outrun the second. We are, as we are constantly and justly being reminded, the best informed people on an earth which is better informed now than it ever was before in its history. But though we are provided with more facts than any previous generation, we are not necessarily possessed of more knowledge of those facts.

On the contrary, we seem to be less and less capable of receiving our facts into our imaginations, where they can come alive with feeling. Benjamin Franklin's contemporaries were not told within a few hours that some hundreds of coal miners had been trapped in a mine in what is now Yugoslavia, but when, after many months, the news of such a disaster at last came through, it would have come as a human tragedy with its human significance about it. The news of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow would be broadcast today minute-by-minute, photographed, columnized, interpreted, recorded to the last detail.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Napoleon actually turned back, the news was brought to New York in a brig commanded by my great-grandfather months after the event and in an individual witness's report, but it loomed in the New York newspapers of the next morning like news from Troy, which, in a sense, it was. What the Greeks knew about Troy, they knew through a man's slow telling.

I AM not deploring the advances of journalism. They are miraculous. No man who has grown used to the news coverage of an expertly managed paper could live without it. But every improvement, and particularly every improvement made possible by mechanical invention, exacts its price, as we are discovering in our increasingly mechanized country. Often the price is exacted at the cost of nature and sometimes even at the cost of human nature. We are deluged with facts, but we have lost, or are losing, our human ability to feel them. Poetry still survives with us, survives with vigor and inventiveness, throwing up new masters capable of standing with the old. But the poem itself has lost its power in men's minds. We have not discarded the art as Herbert Spencer thought men would when the machine had come to flower, but we have impaired the practice of the skill the art can give, the skill of feeling truly and so truly knowing. We know with the head now, by the facts, by the abstractions. We seem unable to know as Shakespeare knew, who makes King Lear cry out to blinded Gloucester on the heath, "you see how this world goes," and Gloucester answers, "I see it feelingly."

Why we are thus impotent, I do not know. I know only that this impotence exists and that it is dangerous, increasingly dangerous. I know, too, or think I know, that whatever the underlying cause of the divorce of feeling from knowing, that divorce reveals itself most vividly in the strange and ignorant belief that the life of the imagination lies at an opposite pole from the life of the inquiring mind — that men can live and know and master their experience of this darkling earth by accumulating information and no more.

Men who believe that have, in effect, surrendered their responsibilities as men. They have gone over to the enemy, to those unhappy hordes, victims of the new and terrible tyranny of our time, who are not meant to know for themselves and with their whole beings but only to accept the daily ration of news and hates which Peiping or Moscow issues to them. Slavery begins when men give up the human need to know with the whole heart, to know for themselves, to bear the burden for themselves — the "burden," as Wordsworth called it, "of the mystery." To acquiesce, as the Russians and the Chinese and the Poles — even the Hungarians — have had to acquiesce in someone else's knowing is to acquiesce in someone else's deciding, and at that point, whatever the society is called, it is not free.

The real defense of freedom is imagination, that feeling life of the mind which actually knows because it involves itself in its knowing, puts itself in the place where its thought goes, walks in the body of the little Negro girl who feels the spittle dribbling on her cheek, follows in that line of ants whose skin is ragged tatters. The man who knows with his heart knows himself to be a man, feels as himself, cannot be silenced. He is free no matter where he lives, as Boris Pasternak has shown that he is free even in Russia. The man who knows with his mind only, who will not commit himself beyond his wits, who will not feel the thing he knows, or know the thing he feels — that man has no freedom anywhere. He is tugged by the string of whatever is told him, maneuvered by slogans. Sooner or later his life will seem indifferent to him, something managed by others, and he will acquiesce in the management, think about it as little as possible, occupy himself with the only things near enough to seem real — his car, his front lawn, those shadows on the television screen — symbolic shadows.

To me — not many others think so — the real crisis in the life of our society is the crisis of the life of the imagination. Far more than we need an intercontinental missile or a moral rearmament or a religious revival, we need to come alive again, to recover the virility of the imagination on which all earlier civilizations have been based: Coleridge's "synthetic and magical power" by which "the whole soul of man" may be brought to activity and knowledge may be *known*. It is for this reason that I have permitted myself to speak of my concern in a great university. I do not mean that I think education is wholly responsible for the flaw which has split knowledge of heart from knowledge of head, though it has surely its fair share of the blame. I mean rather that it is principally by the process of education that the flaw can be healed. The need for a review of the relation between education and the arts was never greater than at this moment, when our whole attention is fixed on the relation between education and the sciences. A society which has so lost the capacity to see the world feelingly that it can watch in silence while the possibility of nuclear extermination is employed as a diplomatic maneuver may stand in need of thousands of young manufacturing scientists sooner than it thinks. But even sooner, it will need to learn to know.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SLIP

BY ESTHER WAGNER

A native of Chicago, ESTHER WAGNER *did her undergraduate work at Bryn Mawr and taught there before getting her Ph.D. Now married, she is living in northwestern California, where she devotes full time to the writing of her novel and short stories. In April, 1958, we published "Beat Down Frigid Rome," which won first prize among our Atlantic "Firsts."*

AT THREE o'clock in a cobalt afternoon, looking down on a wide rock-studded North Pacific beach from the little sun deck of her sister-in-law's house, Caroline decided to slip. At the last meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous back home, before she had come out for this visit, the great dark eyes of Bernie Rose had leveled into hers, and his long droopy face, full of deep lines and odd bumps, had looked more rabbi than ever as he said softly, fervidly, "Caroline, you're just going out there on *purpose* to slip! Come *on*, now!" He coaxed, pleaded, warned, like so many others. But she denied everything and sweetly begged him not to be silly.

Truly, she had not counted on the blue sky's being so blue, the blue sea so streaked with purple and with lovely flying foam, the dark pines all around so green, with bright little early-autumn wandering birds darting in and out of them. The afternoon tide was half in. Two white gulls down there were playing tickle-tummy as she and her brother had long ago on the inland beaches: the gulls let themselves float out on the receding water from one wave until their bellies dragged on a little sand bar; then hoisted themselves up, waddled back again to ride in on the next wave, out again on its receding wash. Caroline gave a laugh of pure delight as she watched. In a couple of minutes she went in to grope around in her sister-in-law's cupboards.

Marianne *would* have gin and only gin, lots of it and nothing else, Caroline said in her mind. In the old days she had liked to do the thing right, every so often, with bourbon: starting in the morning when Henry, her husband, left for his train, with a milk punch — two thirds of a glass of bourbon, one third of milk, and some innocent-looking little nutmeg sprinkled on the top. Then a short highball or two before lunch, with one of her neighbors; then the good hours before the kids got home, the little slugs getting darker and darker in the bottom of the glass; at the last, collapse, her delicate features sunk in great puffs of alien tissue, her eyes awash with watery red, her slim body suddenly encased, hydropic, pulsating feebly. She didn't know what happened then, and she didn't care.

Now she found herself some Coke, fixed herself a good solid ice-clinking glassful of a weird potion, and went out onto the sun deck again. She closed her mind against what Marianne would say when she got home from her library job. Who ever heard of being a librarian, anyway, and how had Bart married Marianne, war or no war? None of them had ever known. Bart had not survived to make anything clear. But Caroline's mother and Caroline's husband felt they knew Marianne, and they trusted and respected her. What Caroline was doing out here on this visit was sometimes less than clear to Caroline; but God knows, she had wanted to come and had taken advantage of her mother's willingness to buy her a plane ticket, cope with her children. That kind and energetic gentlewoman had a curious faith in simple little prescriptions: if you could just get away for a month, or at least for two weeks; if you could just have a full-time maid, or at least your cleaning woman for three days instead of two; if you could move to a house with four bedrooms instead of three, or at least a downstairs bath. A little burst of happy laughter welled up in Caroline's throat. Well, she had been here now for a week, a week of this blind blue beauty and the wheeling gulls and no telephone calls in the evening at all, for

"Summer Flight," lithograph by Stow Wengenroth. Courtesy of Print Department, Boston Public Library.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marianne seemed to do her telephoning while she was at the library and of course Caroline's Henry didn't, and wouldn't, call long distance.

Calling up long distance just to talk was one of the many things Henry thought you should outgrow, and how many there were! For ten years now, he had talked about outgrowing. She saw his point, but just seeing it didn't do much good, and see it was all she could do, frankly.

The gulls were gone. Two boys drove their car slowly out onto the beach, far out, too far — Caroline knew they were on the sticky tide flats before they stopped, their front wheels sunk in alarmingly. Strangers, students perhaps from the little local college, taken in by the smooth firm dark look of that sand. "I'm a stranger here myself," said Caroline, who frequently talked to herself, generally in quotations. Slowly, voluptuously, she drew down into her throat her first drink in many months.

The cool, dark-tasting first minute passed, and the lovely little explosion, so gentle, so far-reaching, along all her tingling nerves up into her ringing ears, down into her curling toes, occurred faithfully, as if the long months of nothingness, and before that the long months of drearily diminishing returns, had never been. Each separate, delicate, dark needle, chartreuse-tipped, stood out on the bough of spruce which swung close to the deck. "Skoal, Bernie! Skoal, Bernie Rose!" she said aloud. She drank and drank, her senses sharpening. The far-off cry of gulls, the solid pound of each wave, succeeded by its liquid rush, the roar of the struggling motor down there rang clear and lovely in her new-found ears. A great delicious wave of scent swept round her — fir and redwood, not just the foliage but the very wood, aromatic in yet another way; salt, wet sand, the meadowy smell from the green slopes across the road, and again far-off, piercing, exquisite, the faint kelpy smell of the beach itself.

More swallows, another glass, and a new explosion of lucidity sent its brilliant rays up through her head to match the explosion of sense impressions earlier. "Brain damage!" After the attack, and the cirrhosis, and the long weeks in hospital, they had kept talking about brain damage; it was on the basis of all this talk that she had joined AA, made promises to her doctor and to the others. They all thought the danger of another, worse, maybe fatal attack was guarantee of sage conduct, or they would not have let her come away.

But now she thought that the brain damage must have come in the months of abstinence; surely she had never seen so much, either with her eyes or her mind, as now, this minute. Even Bernie Rose couldn't very well have been expected to grasp this gift of intelligence that alcohol gave her; people who were intelligent without alcohol, and it seemed to Caroline that everybody she knew well was *very* intelligent, never could understand.

How she could see! The noble mass of the great cliff to her right rose august and awesome; the big pointed rock which dominated the rock cluster on the beach just below the house looked like some beautiful guarantee that there could be both stability and grace in one monumental form. She turned and looked back, away from the beach, toward the highway. The Texaco gas station and the insurance advertisement, with its crude painting of a little boy in an unbuttoned drop-seated pajama and its black lettering — ARE YOU FULLY COVERED? — well, these weren't so good. They were ugly and undignified, but she could see their place, could see the humor and earthiness of them through their ugliness.

The months of sobriety and discipline imposed from within and without were ugly. The attack itself — that long plummeting fall down the stairway in the store, with her poor friend Addie Hill shrieking and pattering after her, devastated at this turn that a routine shopping trip had taken — well, why did it have to be in Sears, Roebuck? Why not at least Saks? The image of the fine, wrought-iron staircase, carefully carpeted, and the deep-piled supercarpet at the bottom, onto which she might have rolled, stamped itself sharply on her mental field of vision. A little poetry there, in front of the collar-and-jabot counter, with glinting costume jewelry to the left. But Sears, and those mops and buckets she and Addie had been going to look at — well.

She went down to the beach to catch up on her poetry, for it was there. As she climbed carefully, very carefully, down the long steep wooden stairway that led to the little road, she muttered verse to herself. She had once known much poetry, for memorizing had come easy to her. It had been the kind of poetry you find in school anthologies: April, April, laugh thy golden laughter, or

> Deborah danced, when she was two,
> As buttercups and daffodils do.

This appealed to her, and she said it over and over as she walked down the road.

As she came out onto the beach, wishing she had on something besides these city-type black velveteen slacks and a red cashmere sweater, the full wash of the sea air, the blue light, the refraction of sun from whitecaps hit her so hard she stood there just swaying, her mind emptied for a moment of all impressions that could ever be put

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into words. She saw the boys, struggling with their problem; they were digging frantically, putting down little platforms of boards they had dragged from the driftwood piles at the edge of the beach; they kept nervously looking out to sea at the progress of the tide. As she stood there, they thought they had it; one rushed to the wheel, the motor roared, the car rocked, there was a splintering sound, and the wheels dropped almost to their tops in the deep ruts, crashing through the boards. The sea grew darker blue, for the sun was on its way down; sunsets were early these days, with daylight saving gone. The seal rocks out from shore had a faint violet line along their summits if you looked squarely at them against the sky.

Caroline turned her back on that scene of frenzied activity in which all the effort just sank you deeper, and walked rapidly, lightly down the beach, muttering verses to herself and treading on inverted clamshells to hear the sweet little crunch.

> But Deborah now is three, and oh!
> She knows so much that she did not know!

the poem went. A long snakelike form writhed in front of her: one of the unbelievable forms of this beach life, a seaweed so devoid of any leaf or branch that it looked just like some great big lost rubber hose. Caroline laughed and picked it up, whirled it round her head like a whip, and let it fly and drop. She picked up a long, strange crab claw, detached from the skeleton it had once been joined to, looked studiously at its toothy edges, felt how fragile and unthreatening it was, scrunched it in her hand, and got rid of it.

But something pulled her back. She made a little circle in the sand, turned and started back toward the foundered, struggling car. The boys rose slowly to their feet, still holding shovels and a jack handle. The stunned, suffering look on their young faces struck her to the heart.

"Done everything you can think of?" asked Caroline as she came up to them. They nodded. Their jeans were caked with the mudlike sand in which they had knelt and heaved and crept and dug. Their car was not new, but it was not old; black and shiny, well cared for, it listed in its ruts and waited for the tide.

"Look, boys," she said eagerly, "go up the road and turn right, you'll come to old Merman's gas station. He's lived here since aught eight and knows all about this. There might be somebody there who could help you. Anyway, the tide doesn't come in as fast as you think. It'll be at least an hour more."

They asked her if she could stay to watch the car. She looked inside and saw they had clothes and coats in there. She laughed and told them it wasn't necessary.

"There's never a soul on the beach at this hour, boys. I've got to get back up to my house, there; my husband may be calling any minute now."

Not damn likely, she added in her mind, as they thanked her and set off at a lope, nor likely either they would get any help from crabby old Merman. But there was always the chance that some good truck driver would just *be* there, getting gas, and the chance that Henry would have *had* to call her about something at home. Getting up the stairs was harder than getting down; she had seemed to float, now she seemed to be climbing a ladder — only at the top did she dare put her hand on the railing instead of putting both of them down like paws on the steps above her. She paused for a moment, panting, and looked up at the shadowing sky. A huge buzzard hawk passed over her, a gaping hole in one long motionless wing through which she could see, right through him, the blue. "Old buzzard," she murmured and laughed gently, for she often referred to her Henry in this way, though never without affection.

He wouldn't call — he never called. He had called often enough in the old days, though; and for a sad moment she swayed even further to one side, listed against the little fence, thinking of the phone bells screaming in her college dormitory, the girls yelling Caroline, Caroline! through the halls, and herself pattering swiftly down in her red dressing gown, never sure which of them all it would be, but always praying quietly to herself that it would be Henry. How she could call the tune, then! The blast of clarinets in college gymnasiums, the swinging face of partner after partner, doorbells, phone bells, the pleading, begging tone in Henry's boyish voice — but

> Deborah now is three, and oh!
> She knows so much that she did not know!

Henry's boy-face merged in his man-face, urging her, urging her, "Grow up!" Yet at one time you would have sworn that all he wanted in the world was for her never to change. She hadn't, really: not much. The black hair was the same, the slender body kept slender even in the worst years— by malnutrition once, now by rigid diet. And her gaiety and sweetness were still appreciated, by some at least. But the trouble was, there was nothing to the appreciation by others unless you could tell Henry and bring him back, back from his recent-Henry world where he sat detached and critical, controlling annoyance. And Lord knows, when she had had a little bit to tell, she had told; but he hadn't even asked what really happened, and he hadn't cared.

She shut off this train of thought with a small

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inward click and moved very rapidly and accurately across the little flat lawn to Marianne's back door. She picked up the binoculars from the kitchen window sill as she passed through on her way to the deck, and indeed she needed them, for there was some trouble with the light. Her eyes . . . could it be getting dark that fast? She felt the sun on her face, a little bit warm still for all the wind of evening, as she went out; but she could barely see the car down there, could only see it shine in the lengthening rays. She peered at it and hoped very hard that the boys would have some luck at Merman's.

But for someone with all that brain damage, she was pretty clear about things. She was not surprised when she saw them come out on the bottom of the road, their arms hanging wearily by their sides: unaccompanied. They dragged some more driftwood boards from a pile at the edge of the beach, for they were not going to go down without a struggle. She watched them with all her mind and heart, as they ran about with shovels, boards, jack, at a new, desperate tempo. At times the scene flickered, and she had to take the glasses away and rest for a minute.

"I'm up here, caring, caring like *mad*," she told them softly, shaking her head a little. How they struggled, consulted, struggled again — but the point was, they shouldn't have driven the poor thing out there to *begin* with! But she had to think about doing something to help.

So with swift, light steps alternating oddly with slow and dragging ones, Caroline went back into the kitchen, squinted at the clock — knew they had a quarter hour or so of tide, she had a quarter hour or so of no Marianne — took out a great full bottle of gin, not just a fifth but a whole quart; trust Marianne to buy in quantity, even if it wasn't just the right thing.

The boys looked up to see her, red and black in the deepening sunset light, coming across the sand to them, holding out something large and apparently rather heavy. They stopped fussing and just watched her, for already they knew what was going to happen at their backs; they were glad to keep their backs turned, not to have to watch that creeping thing. They were just killing time with their activity, and they knew it.

She came up to them, pale-faced and quite lovely in the violet glow of the darkening ocean, and held out a great big gin bottle.

"Whose car is it?" she asked, for no one held out his hand to receive the bottle.

"My dad's," said one of them.

"Oh, poor thing, poor thing," said Caroline in a deep and musical tone. The boys put down the things in their hands, and sudden broad grins split their faces. They all stood there for a minute in a helpless little clot, sharing among themselves the awfulness of their situation.

"It's all I can do," said Caroline, and gave one of them the gin. They laughed, both of them, nodded at her encouragingly, kindly, thanked her with all their hearts. She turned and left them, walking haltingly across the sand, not wanting to look back any more than they did.

Going up the stairs was really hard this time, almost impossible. But her mind and heart felt soothed somehow. At least she could do what she could — she had learned a lot about some things, a long time ago at Seacliffe Junior College: how to drink gin and Coke without having your speech affected, how to smile and speak low and sweetly, how to put out a little warmth and charm; talk about brain damage, she had not forgotten what she *had* learned, and wasn't that at least something? But darkness seemed to be settling down hard, with a queer humming accompaniment.

She threw back her head, put her hand up, and smoothed a long strand of black hair down across her crimson sweater, almost the same color as the hair now and as the great black cliff which towered above, behind the house. "It couldn't happen in a more gorgeous place," she thought and smiled feebly. She hoped the boys would think of this: dusk and violet tide and pointed rock did make their dumb predicament, product of their dumb, kids' mistake, look dignified and beautiful. That word she heard so much of from Henry, her mother, the doctor — "hepatic" — think of it now, here, and it could be the name of some delicate small wood flower, seen under great bare oaks in early spring moments long ago. Put in another syllable, and hepatica changed to hepaticoma, just had a bit more sound, a hum, a new resonance. "Come lovely and soothing . . . come lovely and soothing," she whispered to herself, quoting from something, something in the books way back, something she would remember better in a minute. "Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?" She couldn't say it, even whispering, any more, just hear it — "husky whispering wave" — it was coming back, always gliding near with soft feet. She swayed again at the top of the stairs, listed, and lay there, waiting for the tide.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLARENCE B. RANDALL

HOW TO GET ALONG OVERSEAS

A Word to Businessmen

Chairman of the board of Inland Steel and for five years its president, CLARENCE B. RANDALL *was projected into international affairs when Paul Hoffman invited him to be the steel consultant for ECA in its first year. Under the Eisenhower Administration Mr. Randall has served as chief of a special mission to Turkey and as presidential assistant on foreign policy.*

THE striking new thing about the evolving foreign economic policy of the United States is that American free enterprise is rapidly entering the field of diplomacy. For better or for worse, the private dollar and the public dollar are carrying the flag together.

Some fine American companies are making important new friendships overseas for our country, warm and enthusiastic friendships that reflect great credit upon our way of life, which no ambassador or consul, however capable, could possibly duplicate. But sometimes, unhappily, ineptitude in corporate management creates friction which no professional diplomat can fully offset or overcome. In fact, upon occasion the success of our foreign policy in a particular area can be blighted by unenlightened management in an individual American company and by its insensitivity to the national interest in daily decisions.

For the most part, only large corporations have the capital and the courage to strike out boldly into a new area and establish an operation far removed from the home office. These large companies fall into two categories: those which manufacture a product and those which are seeking a raw material essential to their processes. Manufacturing concerns go principally to the mature areas where consumer needs are similar to ours, such as Canada, Mexico, England, or Holland; the extractive industries go to the underdeveloped areas in search of such resources as bauxite, petroleum, iron ore, or manganese.

The problems raised by the activities of these two groups are quite different. The older countries, where the principles governing the accumulation and employment of private capital are well established by tradition, and where private enterprise is the force behind the economic progress of the nation, usually welcome the inflow of American money. In Great Britain, for example, over a billion and a half American dollars have been profitably invested in industry, profitably from both the point of view of the British and that of the stockholders in the United States. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

products run all the way from automobiles to razor blades and include such diverse items as sewing machines and bulldozers. American investment gives the Chancellor of the Exchequer a double assist in balancing his trade accounts; it cuts down the imports and swells the exports.

In some of the new countries, however, a different series of problems has to be faced. There the concept of private enterprise for production as distinguished from trade not only may have no established tradition but may be directly antagonistic to the political ambitions of the new leadership. The eager young leaders in the underdeveloped areas have little desire to share with anyone, least of all foreigners, the responsibility for improving the lot of their people. They have supreme confidence in their own self-sufficiency to plan the development of their country's resources, and their political philosophy is based upon the proposition that the state is the only proper source from which to provide the funds required for investment. They have had no experience with building by voluntary action the individual savings of the people into a pool from which factories can be constructed and operated for profit by private citizens. They therefore take no steps to encourage habits of thrift and are slow to provide the mechanisms by which capital can be accumulated. They are swayed by those who say that while the United States is undoubtedly a great country, a new nation cannot wait for the evolutionary process of private initiative but should follow instead the short-cut methods of the Soviets. The warning that this involves loss of personal freedom falls on deaf ears. Yet such leaders are usually highly intelligent, and their attitudes can be changed if their experience with American private enterprise is favorable.

When a big American corporation, with plenty of capital to spend on a new project that promises handsome dividends, turns its engineers loose in such an area, danger lurks on every hand. Clumsy handling of local situations can damage our international relationships to a degree that is sometimes frightening. You can bulldoze a jungle or a desert, but you cannot bulldoze the people. When you open a mine in Minnesota or drill an oil well in Texas, everybody in the county understands what is going on and approves, but it takes more than sound engineering and modern equipment to bring success to a similar venture in an area where no one understands what is going on and where everyone, including the witch doctor, is ready to believe the worst about foreigners.

Success for such a project lies in creating from the beginning a sense of partnership. Everyone from the chief of state to the humblest member of the smallest village in the area must be made to feel that the undertaking is good for the country and good for its people, as well as for the company. And actions speak much louder than words. In a tropical jungle you cannot take full-page advertisements in a local paper to explain the corporation's purposes; first, because there probably is no newspaper, and second, because if there were, the men and women of the village could not read it. And you cannot go about handing out slick brochures prepared by the public relations department. But the most illiterate people know what a better house is, and a school, and a hospital, and are moved to friendship by them provided that the houses and the schools and the hospitals are for the people and not just for the company's foreign employees.

It is the extractive industries that bear the heaviest burden. When the ruling group in a new area, hard pushed for lack of funds to build the roads and docks required to open up its country or to start irrigation projects or to build power plants, at length grants a concession for the drilling of oil wells or the development of a vast mineral deposit, it at once places a powerful weapon in the hands of the political opposition. That invariably there is such opposition is simply a basic fact of human nature, endemic in every region and characteristic of every race. There are always the outs who are determined to become the ins.

Furthermore, the outs are apt to be more intense in their nationalism than even the ruling group itself, just as an elemental principle of political strategy. The cry of exploitation is at once raised. The "I want to be in" demagogue takes the position that the sacred wealth of the nation, which belongs to all of the people, is being corruptly handed over to the money-mad Americans and that the yoke of colonialism is being replaced by dollar serfdom. None of this escapes the watchful eye of the agents from behind the Iron Curtain, and nationalism soon merges with Communism to place new obstacles in the path of private American investment.

The only antidote in such a situation is genuine partnership and immediate and generous sharing with local capital of both the risks and the opportunities of the project. When the American company encourages the participation of financial interests that are respected in the area and known to be friendly, the battle is half won. Our investors acquire not only partners but advocates for their cause, whose voices will be listened to. They acquire also a built-in protection against subsequent expropriation: seizing the property of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americans is one thing, but seizing the property of those who have had their roots in the area for a long time is not so easily undertaken.

LOCAL capital may come from one of two sources, or from a combination of both. The first is the residents of the country themselves. Almost no area is so backward or underdeveloped that it does not have an elite class which has been educated abroad and which through inheritance has accumulated wealth. Some are very rich indeed. Unaccustomed as they are to the ways of industry and to the corporate form of organization, there is nevertheless always the possibility that they can be persuaded to take a part of the risk and to bring their high personal prestige to the support of the project. Demagogues attack such personalities with caution, for the respect which the people bear toward them is based upon centuries of tradition.

Ordinarily, the best source of local capital is to be found in the aftermath of colonialism. Frequently the new nation which breaks away from a mother country does so from a desire for political autonomy only, while still preserving an affectionate regard for the cultural and economic ties with which it has been associated. Ghana, for example, is still a part of the British Commonwealth.

The mother country may lack the capital and the market required to justify taking on large-scale development single-handed, but its businessmen may welcome a chance to share the risk and the opportunity under American leadership. When this occurs, their long years of association with local leaders and their knowledge of local customs become of great value to the new management, and the cold plunge into the unknown is immediately tempered for our people. Some worldly-wise American companies are now so sensitive to this circumstance that they will not accept outright control of an enterprise. It is interesting to note, for example, that in the two great mineral projects being planned in French Equatorial Africa by American steel companies neither corporation insisted upon legal control through majority ownership.

Day-to-day operating management of the project is quite a different matter. That has to be given to the American group, and there is seldom any question about it. Where a raw material is involved, it is the capacity of American industry to consume the product that makes the whole undertaking possible, and it is for the best interests of all concerned that the shipments, when made, be fully acceptable to the American market and be locked permanently into that market. No foreign administration could assure that. Similarly, the Americans would not be there at all if they did not possess in high degree the technical competence which the area could not otherwise obtain. It is a fair share of the profits which the host country wishes to make sure of, and not management for the sake of management.

Once committed to the concept of financial partnership, the American company must decide whether to insist that the local capital come from private sources or to consent that it be provided by the state. Here there can well be two opinions. American industry is built on the concept that the welfare of the world in the field of production is best served by private initiative and private responsibility. We cannot use the power of our dollars to force those in other countries who disagree with us to accept our philosophy. If we try, we might do great harm to our foreign relationships. The joining of state capital and private capital in a common undertaking may in fact offer a genuine opportunity for free enterprise to prove its worth.

It is the daily management of the property, however, and not the source of the capital, which determines the effect that the project has upon vital international relationships of the United States. The way that individual Americans behave toward individual residents of the area is the determining factor, and here top management itself must set the tone. Policy cannot be left to the geologists, the engineers, and the other technicians. The social questions must be studied with the same care as the financial and physical problems, and the same disciplined compliance with high standards must be assured.

However illiterate, however unsuited to industrial employment the worker may be, he is a citizen of the host country, and the judgments which he forms as to the conduct of his employer will in the long run determine whether the enterprise wins or loses. It is just that simple. To raise the color bar against him and practice racial segregation, to slander his religious faith, to treat him in any way as an inferior being — these are the roads to ruin. They are also sure defeat for the purposes of the United States in its effort to resist Soviet encroachment into the uncommitted areas of the world. News travels fast, and the bad reputation of one American company can bring blight to our foreign policy over an enormous area.

To enhance the good name of the United States requires great wisdom and infinite patience. To begin with, the native worker will probably not respond to money incentives in the manner that we expect at home. He must, of course, be paid a fair wage, for he is quick to sense discrimination,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but at the outset his needs are few, and as soon as he gets enough pay to cover his immediate needs he may want to quit and enjoy his new leisure. He has always worked when he wanted to and stopped when he wanted to, and it takes a long time for him to acquire a disciplined loyalty to the job. Often he is surprisingly quick to learn a particular skill, but this may be an intuitive capacity for imitation. He may not at all understand why he is doing what he does or what relationship his job has to the next man's job. His beliefs and superstitions may attach themselves unexpectedly to various aspects of his job with the most disconcerting consequences. But all the time he is a person to be reckoned with, because he is a citizen of the host country as well as an employee of the company.

Of all the working tools which management has available for the solution of its social problems in an underdeveloped country, none is more important than command of the local language. The accurate communication of ideas is of prime importance. It is absurd to expect the native worker to learn English in order to find out what his job is. Yet it is exceptional in the remote places of the world to find an American businessman or operating official who can speak fluently the language of the people with whom he must deal each day. The Russians are far better at this than we are. When Ivan is sent to Afghanistan, he talks to the Afghans in the Persian language; when he is in a Muslim area he speaks Arabic; when he goes to Indonesia he has been trained in the specific dialect of the place to which he is being sent.

Everyone in the corporation, from the president down, should make it unmistakably clear to the government of the host country and to the humblest person that the company intends to offer advancement to each worker on merit as fast as he qualifies himself. By this I mean not only the lower boss-of-the-gang type of supervision, but the clerical jobs and, ultimately, the positions of trust in the administrative staff.

Finally, management must stand firm in refusing to touch bribery or corruption. To buy its way into a country or out of a difficulty is both morally wrong and politically dangerous. The American who does so not only tarnishes the good name of his country but submits himself to future blackmail from which there will be no escape.

In all of this, private interest and national interest are inseparably interwoven. The time has now come when the corporate citizen must also carry the flag, and the sooner that each corporate management engaged in overseas operations meets its dual responsibility to both the stockholder and the United States, the smoother will the course of our diplomacy become.

MORNING SONG

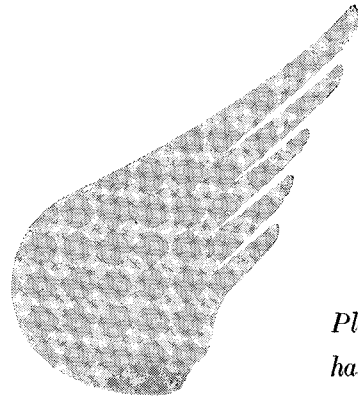
BY JOHN MOFFITT

Sky over me,
Road under me,
Morning around me:
Simply the shell of me
Passing through air.

Thought quelled in me,
Self stilled in me:
Silent inside me,
Only an emptiness
Nearer than near.

Sky over me,
Road under me,
Morning around me:
Daylight invading me
Flawlessly clear.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Peter Ustinov

THE WINGLESS ICARUS

Playwright, actor, and producer, PETER USTINOV *has recently been starring in his own play,* ROMANOFF AND JULIET, *and making an unforgettable impression on television in the role of Danton. Simultaneously he has been writing in longhand for the* ATLANTIC *a series of stories, each of which in its entertaining way invites us to scrutinize a particular area of contemporary society.*

EVERYONE at the Writers' Union was surprised at the extent of Comrade Zotin's applause when the novelist, Efim Grigovievitch Grigalka, saw fit to compare Pasternak to a hyena; everyone but the historian, Zasyadko. Grigalka, who had some juicy phrases coming about the accursed Pasternak, all of them culled from the world of farm and wildlife to form the kind of agrarian invective which any village idiot could understand, interrupted his diatribe to study Zotin, who was still clapping energetically when all the others had stopped. Could this be a form of irony?

Grigalka's pince-nez glinted as the lenses caught the lights from the chandelier, and the sudden coming and going of those fierce little bulbs seemed to accentuate his annoyance. The faces of the other great writers of the Soviet Union were all turned toward Zotin, expressing puzzlement rather than enthusiasm. "Sit down," hissed Zasyadko.

Zotin realized that he may have overdone his eagerness, and so tried to leave a right-minded aftertaste to his demonstration by shouting, "What you have said is true, Comrade, a thousand times true." Then he sat down in silence. He glanced at Zasyadko. The two had known each other since 1911. Zasyadko looked at him with the quiet pity of a man who is slow to pass judgment. Zotin blushed slightly, and then craned to listen to some more choice rural similes as the celebrated Grigalka continued to work on the absent Pasternak.

Zasyadko knew what was coming. When Grigalka spoke, it was always the same. It was always the same when Grigalka wrote, and he wrote often and profitably, about cement, about pipelines, about power stations and hydroelectric plants. Every time he opened his mouth, it seemed to Zasyadko that it disgorged a stream of verbal cement. The historian stared at the ceiling and began to daydream.

He remembered Zotin as a young man, a misfit, a man in love with an illusive mistress, literature, who would court her till the end, never admitting defeat. Zasyadko had married young and happily, and like so many serene, uncomplicated couples, he and his wife found they were practically forced to adopt the unhappy Arkady Petrovitch Zotin and regarded sheltering him as a kind of debt to pay destiny for their own concord. Even when young, Zotin cultivated the tousled air of rebellion, the pointed beard of the aesthete, and the bad teeth of one whose thoughts are too elevated to stoop to toothpaste. He published a slim volume of futurist poetry in 1913 and cherished a letter of encouragement from Mayakovsky, who was one of the few people to have read it. He spent his time arguing in cellars and in attics, but was rarely seen in the rooms in between. Zasyadko had private means, and he smilingly supported his freakish friend, who attacked all opposition as a terrier attacks a bone.

In 1914, Zotin enjoyed a moment of notoriety when he was arrested by the Czarist police for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

allegedly writing a scurrilous pamphlet attacking the autocracy. He was released a week later when, with the characteristic zeal of the inefficient, the police discovered that the culprit was another author of the same name. Still, Zotin did not regret this error, since it gave him an intoxicating feeling of belonging to his time and to his people. Messages from liberal and radical writers poured in, and some of the more daring of them even published articles about the outrage, one entitled "When Will This End?" appearing over the signature of none other than Maxim Gorky. Certainly the error of an illiterate detective had given Zotin more notoriety than the poems without rhyme or reason.

He volunteered for the war, knowing full well that he would be rejected on physical grounds, since he suffered from asthma. Leonid Andreyev congratulated him for his patriotic gesture and included his name in a fiery article on the contribution of the Russian artist to the war effort. Zasyadko, whose name was not mentioned since his first works had not yet been published, was meanwhile with his unit, lobbing shells at the Austrians.

The next time the two friends met was in the turmoil of 1917, when Zasyadko struggled home and Zotin repaid his debt by introducing the mild-mannered officer-on-the-run to Lunacharsky, the Soviet commissioner for education.

"Anatoli Vasilievitch, I wish to present to you Nil Lvovitch Zasyadko," Zotin had said. "Nil Lvovitch was forced to go to war, and he became an officer owing to his superior intelligence and his knowledge of men. Even the Imperial Army was not entirely blind to elementary virtues. But at heart, Nil Lvovitch is a revolutionary, and always was one. He helped me materially when the Czarist police arrested me for writing an article attacking the autocracy, and he has always been a close friend of the toiling masses."

Zotin was a liar, but a goodhearted one. He had even deluded himself with believing that he had actually written the article attacking the Czar, but the times were not conducive to displays of gratuitous uprightness, and so Zasyadko eagerly shook the hand of the bearded Lunacharsky, who gave him a small, insignificant post in the ministry. Here he could work quietly on his first book of any consequence, a history of the Sumerian people. It was published in 1920 and attracted the attention of scholars, but it was Zotin who was in the limelight at that period. In the same year, the Commissar Lunacharsky wrote a play entitled *Oliver Cromwell*, which conveniently forced the notorious Roundhead into the socialist mold, and Zotin followed his chief's example by bringing out a tragedy in verse about Joan of Arc called *Comrade Joan*, in which the voices the Maid of Orleans heard were the voices of the as yet unborn Marx and Engels.

Zasyadko went to the first night and thought it absurd, even blasphemous. Afterwards the two friends discussed the play through the night with that relentlessness which is characteristically Russian where art is concerned. Zotin was amused by Zasyadko's reservations. He spoke at length, one crude cigarette after another occupying the slot between two brown teeth which nature had unknowingly designed for his comfort.

"You, my dear Nil Lvovitch, believe that history is static, whereas I believe that it is kissed to life by a variety of Prince Charmings for every succeeding generation. I know that to your conventional, conservative mind, a Prince Charming should be dressed in blue tights and an ornamented jerkin, but you must live with the times and realize that he is now Comrade Charming, a proletarian dressed in gray, his jacket stained with honest sweat."

Zasyadko detested this manner of argument, with its dismal imagery, and he was also weary of the discrimination between honest and dishonest sweat, which to his tidy mind was just sweat, and entirely blameless, from whatever pores it had welled. "History is beyond your reach, Arkady Petrovitch," he answered. "The Sumerian people have had their day, whether we like it or not. When I wrote my history, I had before me the facts, as closely as they can be ascertained. Their story had a beginning, a middle, and an end. If scholarship should cast a new light on them, the light is only illuminating something which is there in any case. It is a discovery, but not a creation. For you to suggest that Joan of Arc heard the voice of Karl Marx is as gross a piece of nonsense as I have ever heard, and even fills the civilized spectator with a feeling of distinct malaise. The poor girl suffered death at the stake for reasons which are absolutely private. It must have been a particularly uncomfortable form of death, but if she chose it, I regard it as entirely her affair. Consequently I consider it intolerable impertinence toward someone who actually lived to suggest that she was inspired to face an ordeal by fire simply because a stuffy German professor appeared to her in a dream, and I further consider it quite unfair to poor Karl Marx to blame him for her death."

"You are wrong," Zotin answered, his small eyes twinkling with self-assurance and with malice. "History is inherited like a furnished house, and we do with it what we wish. It is material which has only been left behind for us to use in influenc-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the present. If it will serve a political purpose for me to present Joan of Arc as a Marxist, or Martin Luther as a freethinker, I will not hesitate to do so. I am convinced that if Joan of Arc had lived now, she would have been one of us, because she was basically an intellectual in a period in which intellectuals did not exist as we know them and in which women did not carry arms as they often do now. She was an intensely modern, basically Soviet woman. Her allegiance was to a King and to her voices, *faute de mieux*. History belongs to the living, not to the dead."

"Nonsense," said Zasyadko. "You know that what success your play enjoyed tonight was not due to the characterization of Joan, which was negligible and naïve in the extreme, but to your caricatures of the priesthood, which are very much in fashion. What you perpetrated was not a distortion of history so much as a pure invention, a fantasy. Now, if we carry your thesis of the past's subservience to the whims of the present to its logical conclusion, I should ask you how you would react if, in a thousand years' time, during some great Christian revival within the framework of the Soviet state, some future Zotin writes a drama about Lenin hearing the voice of Moses, who encouraged bread rationing as the surest way of guaranteeing future milk and honey from the collective farms."

"For goodness' sake, be careful," muttered Zotin. "You never know who may be listening. I regard history as a series of presents, piled on each other like plates. There is no past and no future. If the future Zotin decides that it is expedient to portray Lenin in such a way, then he will be entirely within his rights to do so."

And so it went on, aimlessly, irreconcilably, Zasyadko always founding his arguments on a logic which he believed to be basic, a structure of thought patterns which humanity had built up by a painful process of slow advances and eliminations over the centuries; Zotin always erratically insisting that a shriek in the dark has its own value, its own beauty, and that culture is not so much an architecture as a casual kaleidoscope.

ZOTIN continued to write essentially noisy and blatant poetry until about 1926, when even the futurists began to lose interest in him, since he obviously lacked any quality. What he turned out was careless in the extreme and about as illuminating as a neon sign which is made to flicker in order to catch the public's attention. In 1927 the futurists themselves came under attack for formalism, and Zotin's voice was one of the loudest in condemnation of his old colleagues. He wrote an open letter confessing his previous errors and declaring that socialism was positive and that in the future his writing would be marked by positive virtues instead of negative vices.

He applied for, and received, a grant to enable him to study tractor production with a view to initiating the new positive era of his creativity by a novel about the gratifying advances in the technique of mechanized agriculture, a subject about which he knew nothing and in which he had no great or compelling interest. He hoped, however, that his contact with a mode of living so different from his own would catapult him into some unknown stratosphere of thought and of creativity. His sojourn among the heroes of tractor production turned out to be unhappy beyond measure.

First of all, the factory was situated near the Siberian frontier, and nothing about the factory site or its environs was calculated to fire Zotin's imagination. The half-finished vehicles, like huge, wounded insects, the streams of molten steel, the piles of slag, the shafts of pale sunlight breaking into the dark vault through broken windows, the pizzicato of sparks hammering the heavy air, the sullen faces of the workmen glistening with perspiration, the ancient gramophone balefully yawning rancid waltzes in the canteen, all these were powerful, monotonous, unutterably sad impressions, and they stultified his pen with their massiveness, their gracelessness. Then technicians explained their functions to him as though he were some inspector from Moscow in disguise. They rattled off endless figures with a show of dehumanized efficiency, they sent their fingers out in great arcs on the production charts, they gave him pieces of metal to hold and explained the advantages and disadvantages of the various grades in flat voices. He took nothing in, and the only reason he stayed awake was that he knew sleep would bring unpleasant dreams with it.

Eventually he returned to Moscow, several notebooks full of facts which were relevant to tractor production but irrelevant to literature in his brief case. In his room, he sat down before a blank sheet of paper, prepared his mind to make a start on an optimistic novel, and wept.

Over the weeks his unhappiness turned into a militant remorse. "Do you realize," he told Zasyadko, "that there are people in this country of whose bitter lives we know less than nothing, you and I? How dare we go on vegetating in our furnished shelters while out there heroes, yes heroes, labor day and night in intolerable conditions to make the tractors which will till the soil, and bring in the bread which we eat without a thought of them? You should go out there, among the people, instead of writing your learned volumes on ancient civilizations which nobody reads

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

— you should go out there to refresh yourself. Go into those steel cathedrals, with their altars of lava, their candles of sparks, their priests gleaming with honest sweat."

Yes, Zasyadko was sure there was plenty of honest sweat, but however impressed he was by that old charlatan Zotin's descriptions of the unknown world of industry, he found it absolutely impossible to read the first five chapters of the manuscript which his friend lent him.

Zotin had invented a love story between a pure socialist girl, Olga, who was supervisor of the department which fits the tracks to the tractors, and a pure socialist lad, Evgeni, who was chief of the testing team. Neither of these had any recognizable character, and the only discernible aim of their life appeared to be the raising of characterless and firmly optimistic children. They were initially thwarted in their noble plan by a riveter who was in fact a White Russian colonel bent on sowing dissatisfaction among the workers and raping Olga on the side, and by a so-called expert on industrial diesel engines who was a saboteur planted by the American Espionage Service and who studiously ruined tractor after tractor with apparent ease. There was no real light and shade in the story, since the dice were weighted heavily in favor of virtue from the very beginning, but what most thoroughly depressed Zasyadko were the long columns of statistics which Zotin had incorporated into the novel in the evident interest of authenticity. Fractions, square roots, decimal points jostled each other uncomfortably on every page, until the arithmetical symbols danced before the eyes.

All Zasyadko could say was that he never realized how adventurous the making of tractors could be. The book, entitled *The Tracks Lead to the Horizon,* appeared and was warmly welcomed by the more doctrinaire critics, who were apparently impervious to boredom, one of them even acclaiming the book as a valuable contribution to the literature of Soviet industrialization. Unfortunately there is a final arbiter of taste even in the Soviet Union, and sales were depressingly small, especially in industrial centers. The only people who really seemed to enjoy it were the tribes in Kazakhstan. This mystery was never explained, but Zotin planned to visit that republic to pay his respects for its judgment.

Meanwhile Zasyadko, who always presumed gratefully that the very nature of his occupation would take him almost out of reach of controversy, was having his own troubles. His history of the Roman Empire was bitterly attacked by another distinguished historian on the grounds that Spartacus and the revolt of the slaves were accorded quite inadequate space in the general pattern of Roman history. Zasyadko declared that he respected every point of view but reserved the right to write what he felt to be the truth. Two other writers, neither of whom had made a particular study of Roman history, then proceeded to assault Zasyadko for "being more interested in his own opinions than in history."

During this unpleasant period, Zasyadko tended to withdraw from circulation. For a time he was tempted to write about the French Revolution, an upheaval which had interested him deeply ever since his youth, but then he thought better of it, since he had no desire to glorify an unscrupulous villain like Marat, after whom the Russians had named a battleship. Instead he turned his attentions to Charlemagne, about whom there had been very few proletarian theories. Living quietly in a little *dacha* with his devoted wife, he worked painstakingly and all but lost sight of Zotin.

Time passed, and Zotin, frustrated by his inability to be realistic, optimistic, and commercial at the same time, took refuge where so many Soviet writers have sought a haven, in translation. Unfortunately his knowledge of foreign languages was very incomplete, and it was consequently particularly rash of him to make an attempt at the works of Rabindranath Tagore. After struggling for eight months with the aid of three dictionaries and an Indian student, he published a short poem in a magazine, but it was brutally attacked on the grounds of "decadent mysticism." Russia was not yet interested in Indian culture, since the British were still in possession, and Zotin gave up the unequal struggle. Briefly he explored the other escape road of Soviet literature and wrote a book for children, *The Kulak and the Big Red Bear,* but since he knew nothing of children and in fact detested them, the children could hardly help sensing this and invariably burst into fitful tears when the garish, angular morality was read to them at bedtime.

Criticism and neglect produced quite the opposite effect on Zotin than on Zasyadko. Far from retiring, he attended every writers' meeting wherever it was held and was more evident in person than in print. His hair had turned white, his face was a mass of contradictory wrinkles which gave him an ambiguous expression, somewhere between grief and savage joy, his mouth had but one tooth left in it, like a rusty buoy in a dark estuary. His fingers, his beard, and his lips were stained with nicotine, and the glasses he now wore did not seem to help him see any better, since his eyes were always screwed up as though he were in pain. Like an old dog, he sniffed the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wind, recognized the scents, but refrained from barking.

Just after the outbreak of the so-called Patriotic War, Zasyadko published the book which was to bring him fame, a history of the Teutonic knights. He had finished it in 1940, but he could hardly let it appear at a time when Russia and Germany were allies and the conflicting creeds of Communism and Fascism were linked in an awkward and callous liaison. Zasyadko showed surprising practicality in biding his time, for no sooner had Hitler embarked on his invasion of Russia than this thick volume about German territorial ambition and brutality in the thirteenth century became a best seller, full of a gratuitous symbolism which the times themselves supplied. He became an academician, was heaped with honors, and had an agreeable chat with Stalin.

Once again it was his turn to take Zotin under his wing, and, using his now considerable influence, he procured his old friend some commissions to write patriotic poems for the newspapers. Zotin managed this quite well, since critical standards are subservient to emotion in times of peril. After the war, Zotin attempted to write a book about the war against the Germans and the Finns, but although the facts in it were accurate, he had never served in the army, nor had he ever been north of Leningrad, and a certain woodenness inevitably resulted. The rapid restoration of normal relations with Finland did not help him either, and for these many reasons *On to the Baltic, Comrades* was a failure.

It was a bitter man who vociferously applauded the degrading stipulations of Comrade Zhdanov at the 1946 Congress, when that acrid and talentless theorist demanded a literature saturated with enthusiasm and heroism. Zotin was now sixty-seven years old, and he determined to go out in search of those elusive qualities if it was the last thing he ever did.

"What Zhdanov says is quite true," he explained to Zasyadko, while sipping a glass of kvass on the latter's veranda, "and he explains it well. There can be no more conflict in our Soviet literature, since conflict suggests good and evil, and evil is now so rare that there is no point in showing it. It is untypical, you understand. The only conflict which can possibly exist is a conflict between good and better. Consequently, since the aim of our new literature is enthusiasm and heroism, it stands to reason that the only conflict can be between enthusiasm and ecstasy, bravery and heroism. It certainly opens up entirely new panoramas to us."

Zasyadko laughed. "For an intelligent man," he said, "you are a remarkable ass."

Zotin looked offended. "I did not say that. It was Comrade Zhdanov."

"That surprises me less," said Zasyadko.

Zotin smiled. "You were clever to bring out your book on the Teutonic knights when you did."

"How sad that we should have to think in terms of expediency in such matters." Zasyadko sighed. "I could not have published it before, and who knows, soon it may be out of date once again. It depends not on historical truth, but on which way our friends the Germans jump."

Zotin smiled childishly. "Nil Lvovitch," he said, "help me to find a subject."

"One which is both enthusiastic and heroic?"

"Yes."

Zasyadko's wife had died in 1943, and since her death the two aging men had seen a great deal of each other. They reminded each other of so much that was now lost irretrievably. Zasyadko laughed. In spite of the fact that he found much in Zotin to despise, he could not help liking him.

"How about an autobiography?" he asked.

"Now you are laughing at me."

"Yes."

"I am a great coward, both morally and physically — yes, and even artistically — but that will not prevent me from writing a most enthusiastic, most heroic book, which will surprise you."

"I wait with bated breath."

Zotin made six different beginnings, but abandoned them all because he felt they were deficient in those properties which were officially demanded of them. He found it extremely difficult to write without conflict and began to hanker after that lost galaxy of saboteurs, spies, and counterrevolutionaries which had been so useful to Soviet writers before. "What on earth would Pushkin have done?" Zotin asked Zasyadko.

"I'll tell you exactly," came the reply. "Pushkin would have translated all of Shakespeare, all of Byron, all of Keats, all of Shelley, and if he ever ran out of material, he would have taken his own life after shooting Zhdanov."

"You can afford to talk like that, you're an academician," Zotin said ruefully.

"Not because I am an academician, but because I am alone with you."

In 1953, when Zotin was seventy-four and Zasyadko seventy-six, Stalin died. Suddenly everyone could breathe again, but as they were not used to it, relief took time to become apparent. The next year, the journalist Ehrenburg published his book, *The Thaw*, and it looked as though a new era in Soviet letters was beginning, more especially since the vituperative Ehrenburg is really a cautious man, a professional survivor disguised as a firebrand, a man whose brilliant intelligence,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressed into devious and diplomatic channels, wears only the outer mask of frankness and whose steady eye hides a nervously opportunistic mind.

Zasyadko saw less of Zotin during this time of emancipation, and it was clear to him that the old rascal was engaged in some creative activity or other. Then the arteries of freedom hardened once again, and the creative blood congealed. Zotin seemed to be a broken man. He talked very little, he was hard up, he was sullenly impatient for death. Nothing that Zasyadko could say or do would cheer him up.

Zasyadko worked quietly on his book about the Assyrians, and once again Zotin drifted away from him until one memorable day when an old, old man suddenly arrived at the *dacha*, haggard, wizened, yet reinvested with all the mischief of his youth. Zasyadko hardly recognized him.

"Nil Lvovitch, some most surprising news!"

"Good God, Arkady Petrovitch, where do you spring from? I thought you were dead."

"I have been pretending to be dead."

"Judging from your appearance, you have pretended very convincingly."

"Yes, I lost my tooth."

Over a cup of tea, Zotin explained that there was a rumor that Pasternak had written a book, entitled *Doctor Zhivago*.

"That's nothing new," Zasyadko answered. "Boris Leonidovitch has been working on it for years."

"It has been refused."

"That's nothing new either."

"No, but it has been accepted by an Italian publisher, and sold to France, England, and America! America!"

"Why should that excite you?" asked Zasyadko. "It won't do Boris Leonidovitch any good. On the contrary."

"Nil Lvovitch, I am seventy-nine years of age," pleaded Zotin. "I don't care any more for my safety, and as for my reputation, you know as well as I do that I have none to lose. All my life I have vacillated. I was a false futurist, a false realist, a bad poet, a hopeless translator, an impossible writer for children, but I am not stupid, Nil Lvovitch. I am not stupid."

There were tears forming in Zasyadko's eyes as he echoed, "No, you're not stupid."

"I have seen a great many things in my time. I have a good memory, and I love writing. It is my only passion. I never even married, because I formed a monastic attachment to my desk. Well, let me tell you something. You didn't see much of me after Stalin died. I wrote the only important work I had it in me to write: my confessions, the confessions of a timeserver, of a coward, of a crank. I put it all down, all. I spared myself no humiliation in the interest of truth. I exposed myself, and with it I exposed the futurists, the formalists, the petty theorists, Zhdanov, Stalin, the whole odious conspiracy which has made a mockery of Russian letters and the Russian language, that which should be finest, that which Pushkin, Lermontov, Nekrasov, Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Tolstoy used to spin their magic webs of sound and meaning. Alas, I am old. I could not write fast enough. Before I had finished, the freedom was gone again, and the outlets were sealed. Now, if I could have it published in Italy . . ."

There was a pause, and then both old men began crying bitterly, like children.

Before long, the news of Pasternak's success abroad began to filter through to Soviet writers, and this was followed by the award of the Nobel Prize, gracefully accepted. The consternation in Moscow was followed by an equally graceful, but far sadder refusal of the honor by the author, and there was a large meeting at which a young functionary, by name Semichastny, compared Pasternak to a pig. Khrushchev, who was present, was seen to clap loudly at this scintillating display of subtlety, along with everyone else. It was a striking demonstration of party solidarity in the face of the grim menace of quality and international approval.

Afterwards, Zotin went to visit Zasyadko and said, "Glory to Boris Leonidovitch. He has really demonstrated that the pen is mightier than the sword. Zhukov went without a murmur, Molotov disappeared overnight, God only knows what has happened to poor Bulganin, Beria vanished like a raindrop in the sunlight, but here's a mere author, and what a rumpus he has created with nothing but his vision, a tiny pen five inches long, and a few sheets of paper. I tell you, Nil Lvovitch, it is a victory of the individual over the amorphous crowd."

"I agree," said Zasyadko. "For a country which has condemned the cult of personality, we are curiously paradoxical. We are practically the only nation which names ships, streets, automobile factories, and even towns after living people. If that isn't a cult of personality, then what is?"

"That's why they have to keep changing the names of our streets, ships, and cities so often," Zotin added. "But to return to the meeting. It was really quite degrading. Considering that Boris Leonidovitch's book has never been published here, an awful lot of people seem to have read it. Even our revered secretary applauded loudly when that young fellow Semichastny called Boris Leonidovitch a pig, and I somehow don't believe that he would have had time to read the manuscript, since he is so busy writing letters to Eisenhower himself."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The standards of Russian criticism have never been high."

"Hang the critics," said Zotin excitedly. "Think of Pasternak's glory — to be called a pig and to have that opinion endorsed by a gathering of our greatest, most heroic, most enthusiastic leaders, who, on top of everything, have never read the book in question. My dear Nil Lvovitch, that even transcends glory, that is martyrdom."

"And you're jealous?"

"Yes, I am," admitted Zotin.

A FEW days later, Zotin presented himself at the Italian embassy. To the surprised cultural attaché he revealed his whole extravagant story. The attaché, being both cultural and Italian, was extremely courteous and promised to dispatch the huge and disheveled manuscript to the publisher who had so nobly set Pasternak on his road to Calvary. Zotin left in high spirits, and he seemed to become younger by the day. In case anyone had seen him visit the Italian embassy, he told everyone that he was embarking on a vast trilogy about the Risorgimento and that he had gone for some technical books.

There was no trouble of any sort, and the days passed in eager anticipation of news. Then one morning it was no longer the impish Zotin who appeared at the gate of Zasyadko's *dacha*, but a broken man, clutching a huge manuscript which seemed far too heavy for him to carry.

"What's the matter?" Zasyadko cried.

"Read this. You're good at languages," Zotin answered in a small, dull voice.

Zasyadko took the letter which was attached to the manuscript, and read it. It was in French.

"It doesn't really matter what it says," Zotin murmured as Zasyadko was reading. "They sent the manuscript back, and that's enough."

"It says that it isn't the kind of book they're looking for," Zasyadko said. "They find it interesting, but too diffuse and too violent in parts to be effective."

The color came back to Zotin's face. "Damn them, damn them, damn those Westerners with their haughty ways. Who the hell do they think they are?"

"It is unfortunate," said Zasyadko.

"Unfortunate," howled Zotin. "I am a Russian writer, d'you hear me? A Russian writer, worth ten Gabriele d'Annunzios. How dare they treat me like some local upstart! How dare they explain their rejection at all!"

"You are making the classical mistake of all of us Russians," said Zasyadko firmly, even angrily. "Either we fawn toward the West or we insult it. We can never treat it as an equal. Either we all talk bad French to each other, as in the old days, or we call French an inferior language. Either we imitate their technology, or we consider it beneath contempt. We accept the Nobel Prize for our scientists and refuse it for our author. When will this ridiculous complex end? In the past we attacked Tchaikovsky because he was not Russian enough and scoffed at Glinka because he was too Russian. We have not changed a bit. To be Russian is no better and no worse than to be anything else — it is just different. Why can't we accept it?"

Zotin was furious. "To be Russian is to be better than anything else," he cried.

"Yesterday it was to be worse than anything else, according to you. You couldn't wait until you were recognized abroad."

"You are a Westerner and a traitor!" Zotin sobbed.

"No, Arkady Petrovitch, the trouble is in yourself, you good, foolish man. There is one thing you never learned, and that is to take your time. To be in a hurry is to kill your talent. Dear friend, to reach the sun it is not enough to jump into the air."

Zotin looked at Zasyadko reproachfully, and left.

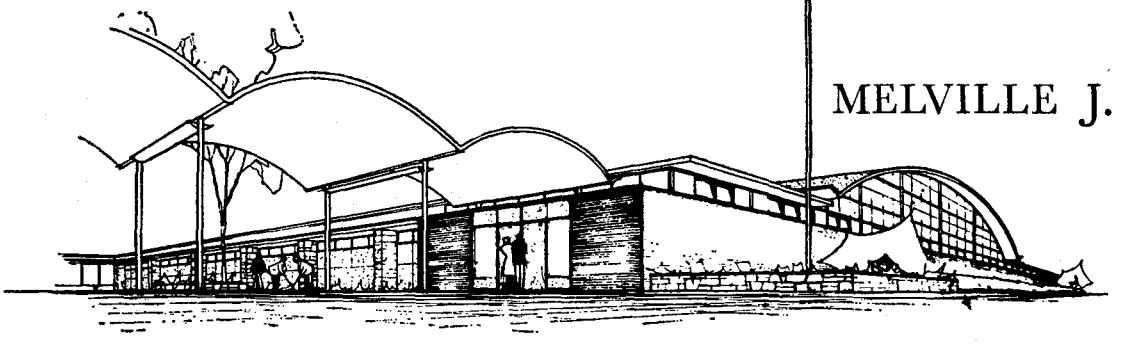
Zasyadko became aware of a silence, and his daydream ended. Looking round, he noticed that the eyes of everyone in the room were on him. Comrade Grigalka was still on the podium, and it was clear that the diatribe against Pasternak had just ended. Everyone, including Grigalka, was staring at him because he must have been the only one who had not joined in the storm of applause which traditionally greets a speech of high moral tenor.

"Well," he thought, "I'm eighty-one, after all. They'll have to excuse me on account of my age."

The pause continued with unabated intensity, and Grigalka's glasses glittered once again. Zasyadko was even less for controversy in his old age than he had been when he was younger. He had only come to this accursed meeting in order to make sure that poor Arkady Petrovitch didn't make a fool of himself. He was too old and too tired to care whether Boris Leonidovitch was a pig, or a hyena, or not. In any case, he preferred animals to human beings on the whole. He made one last concession by bringing his two hands together like a pistol shot, once. Then he stared at Zotin from under his white eyebrows, but Zotin looked away.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOLS FOR EVERYTHING



MELVILLE J. HOMFELD

A native of California and a veteran of World War II, MELVILLE J. HOMFELD *graduated from the University of California at Santa Barbara and took his master's degree and his doctorate in education at Stanford. He has taught in grade school and in college, has served as principal of a junior high school, and since 1947 has been superintendent of Menlo Park city school district.*

THERE are signs today that the school has become society's dumping ground, that the public school system has become a vast refuse heap for any and every unwanted service or task that other social or governmental institutions and agencies find too tough to handle. The community, the home, and to some extent even the church have used the public schools to relieve their consciences of feelings of guilt by passing on unfinished business which they have found difficult of accomplishment or just burdensome.

Can we expect to go on and on in this ever-expanding program, one in which public educators attempt to do all things for all people and do them well? Can we do everything for everybody? If not, by what criterion shall we select those things which we can do, and how shall we say no?

The first half of the twentieth century has seen an almost complete metamorphosis of the institution which we call the public school. The grammar school of 1900, which has now become the elementary school, offered as its curriculum reading, writing, spelling, grammar, and numbers, and a few very adventurous souls were teaching some history and geography. The typical high school curriculum consisted of more mathematics, history, a concentrated study of the English language and its literature, and, of course, Latin. Some of the more daring secondary schools were permitting the teaching of German and French, but such frills were generally reserved for girls' finishing schools or for university study in preparation for advanced research.

Now, to be sure, I have no intention of recommending that we go back to 1900. I am not damning any of the changes that have taken place during the last fifty years. I do say that it is time for us to take stock. It is time to look at what we have done to our schools.

Law enforcement agencies, highway engineers, automobile designers and manufacturers, and traffic experts have created or permitted to be created a seemingly insoluble problem of mass murder and mayhem on our highways. When society wanted to find a solution, it turned to the public schools and said, "Here, how about teaching us to drive safely? We haven't been able to teach ourselves." And so driver education is a standard course of study for our youngsters.

When the good people in our society found themselves faced with an ever-rising divorce rate and increasing percentages of illegitimate births, and unable to do much about it, they turned to the public schools and said, "Please won't you teach our children family responsibility, how to become good parents, knowledge of sex and reproduction,

Drawing from SCHOOLS FOR THE NEW NEEDS, *copyright 1955 F. W. Dodge Corporation.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how to select a mate, and how to act on a date?" and so more frill courses were added to the curriculum.

I am reminded of an incident related to me by Mrs. Homfeld concerning an interruption of an afternoon ladies' bridge party at the home of one of our neighbors. The front door of the living room opened with a swish and closed with a bang, and there stood the pride and joy of the household — a teen-age daughter. Her hair flying, her cashmere sweater pulled askew, her skirt turned halfway round on her hips, and a wad of gum keeping her jaws noisily working, our heroine looked neither right nor left, but strode diagonally past half a dozen tables of bridge players to the grand piano, where she reached into a huge cluster of hors d'oeuvres, gathered together as many of the tidbits as she could, and then marched out of the room through a door at the other corner. The hostess giggled nervously and remarked, "And that is the kind of manners they teach our kids in high school."

When employers of young people found the apprentice system and in-service training of workers to be a difficult and expensive task, they turned to the schools and said, "Here, you can easily equip yourselves to teach carpentry, or drafting, or plumbing, or sheet-metal work, or electricity, or typing, or bookkeeping, or any one of a hundred other things. You do it."

When the young American housewife decided to live beyond her husband's means, when Mama went to work and Grandma rebelled at the idea of taking over full responsibility for the children, the young couple brought pressure on our state legislators to establish child care centers, and again the public school was selected as the agency to carry out the job.

A task even more difficult than any of these is being slowly pushed onto the school: correcting emotional and social shortcomings of children. Many schools today are including on their staffs dental hygienists who in fact are therapists, social welfare workers who are in fact social therapists, psychologists and psychiatrists who are in fact mental therapists, and even medical doctors to help not in the physical education of children but in the therapy which might lead to the correction of physical deficiencies.

And surely school people are not without blame. We of the profession of education have had a strong tendency to welcome with open arms any and every new task offered us. But I believe a time of reckoning is at hand. Not only must we soon come forward with an answer to the question, "What shall we teach?" but I believe we must also consider seriously the query, "Can we teach everyone?"

I cite the instance of the tragic death of a junior high school principal in New York last autumn. In frustration over his inability to curb the misbehavior of a small minority of his student body, he ended it all by throwing himself from the roof of his own school building. I raise the question, "Was his problem one of public education, or was it rather one of society at large?" Where is that small minority of children now? Within a few hours following his death, they were permanently expelled along with some six hundred other incorrigibles from the schools of New York, not because they could not learn but because they were not physically and emotionally willing to conform to minimum standards. For years the teachers and administrators of New York schools had struggled with this incorrigible minority on the basis that if they kicked them out, there was no place for them to go. The question I raise is, "Is it the school's responsibility, or is it the responsibility of society at large?"

Of a less dramatic but equally serious nature is the problem of the children who are so emotionally disturbed that they become a burden on the teacher and on the other children in their classes. Over and over I have seen teachers and principals resist the removal of such children from class on no more sound grounds than that "the child is better off in school than at home or running the streets." Or take the case of the child of irresponsible parents who is sent to school improperly fed or rested or clothed, or just plain dirty. The tendency of teachers is to struggle somehow with the problem — find food or find clothes or provide an opportunity for rest, or all three.

Can the role of public education include the responsibility for the physical, social, emotional, and spiritual as well as academic instruction of children, or might some of these be handled better by other institutions? Should it include the preparation of children for marriage and parenthood, or might other institutions or persons do this job as well or better? Should the schools take the responsibility for children's activities from dawn to dusk in order to curb juvenile delinquency, or might we better look to other agencies to accept responsibility for part of this day? Should we say yes to every pressure group that wants to add one more frill course to our curriculum, or should we say, "No, our job is thus and so. Some other agency must be made responsible for that."

The state of California requires its elementary schools to teach nineteen subjects. They include the nature of tobacco, the nature of alcohol, training for healthful living, morals, manners, safety, fire prevention, physical education, conservation of natural resources, art, music, history of California, civics, the commemoration of Bird Day, Arbor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Day, Luther Burbank Day, and Susan B. Anthony Day. Most local boards of education also require elementary schools to teach craft courses, instrumental music, woodworking, sewing, cooking, and a variety of other subjects. Each schoolhouse and plant must also be maintained and operated as a community center for recreation and civic activities for both young and old. And then, of course, we have to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, geography, history, and language as well.

Most high schools are required either by law or by the pressure of the communities in which they operate to offer one hundred or more subjects, and most of these subjects must be offered on two or three levels of difficulty.

Changes are coming in the schools. There can be no doubt of this. I can name some of them for you. We are going to group children more and more for instruction. Curriculums are going to include more academic subject matter. The school year is going to be longer. We are going to eliminate some things from the curriculum, and federal aid to education will doubtless become a pattern.

We here in our own little school district have tended to resist the inroads of what I choose to call "doubtful school tasks." Essentially our schools are academic in nature. We do not pretend to cure anyone's ills or correct their physical, mental, or emotional deficiencies. We do not offer therapy of any kind. We try not to take on the responsibilities that should be met by parents, churches, or other professions and institutions.

Believe me, I am not sure that we are right. If I were to poll the adult population of my school district to get the reaction to the question, "What do you think of the oversized, overpowered, high styled, chrome-plated 1959 products of the automotive industry?" there is no doubt that I would get an overwhelming response favoring less flashy, more conservative, less expensive cars. And yet 75 per cent or more of the people buy the biggest, most powerful, most glittering automobile. Is their evaluation of education in the same vein? Do they give lip service to one kind of education but really want another?

Let's all look at our school system and identify for ourselves, for our administrators, for our board of education, and for the community the spots where we duplicate services which are or should be offered by other agencies. Let's stop duplicating services. The schools should set goals that are attainable and should not overcommit their ability to serve. Let them refuse to accept responsibilities which are beyond their capabilities and refuse to undertake so many duties that none is thoroughly performed.

SHORT HISTORY

BY EDWARD WEISMILLER

Inward all rot and unattended pain,
The dinosaur stumbled to bed in ferns
No gardener had named. Aeons of rain
Blur my window. My eye turns

Away, to the stuffed chair; back to my bed;
The table by my bed. A cut-glass vase
Stands there jammed with ferns and spikes of red
Gladioli. The ferns are there for grace

I guess: *Pteridophyta*. I cough.
I smoke too much. I shouldn't when I'm sick;
But where's my lunch? That nurse is always off
Somewhere. Will I get lung cancer? Thick

As tears the rain falls, and I have tried
To read my book, but what's between the lines?
Some lists that Adam left me when he died.
Out in the rock garden, Eve stands and whines.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA'S INFLUENCE

Our Ten Contributions to Civilization

BY ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER

A native of Ohio and a graduate of Ohio State, ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER *was appointed to his professorship at Harvard in 1924. As a teacher and author he is internationally respected for his knowledge of American history, and in the paper that follows he reminds us that over the years this nation has made its weight felt more by ideas than by wealth.*

SINCE the United States has now become the leader of the free world, our allies are asking, and we ourselves should be asking, what this portends for the future of civilization. The key to the answer, I suggest, lies in what I venture to call America's seminal contributions of the past. In my view there have been at least ten.

THE RIGHT OF REVOLUTION

First and foremost stands the concept of the inherent and universal right of revolution proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence: the doctrine that "all men are created equal" possessing "unalienable rights" to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," with the corollary that governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed" and that therefore the people have the right to supplant a government "destructive of these ends" with one which they believe "most likely to effect their safety and happiness." True, the history of England provided precedents for the men of 1776, and the Age of Enlightenment supplied intellectual support; but the flaming pronouncement, followed by its vindication on the battlefield, made the doctrine ever afterward an irrepressible agency in "the course of human events."

Europe was the first to respond. In 1789 occurred the great French Revolution, the forerunner of two later ones of the French people during the nineteenth century; and neighboring countries were not slow to follow. A series of revolts, centering in 1830 and 1848, drove the Turks from Greece, overturned or strove to overturn illiberal governments through most of the rest of the Continent, and hastened political reforms in other lands to forestall popular upheavals.

These convulsions all had their internal causes, but in every instance the leaders derived inspiration from America's achievement of popular rule as well as from its freely expressed interest in their similar aspirations. Presidents, Congresses, and civic gatherings applauded the uprisings, and American volunteers actually fought in the Greek war of liberation. After Russia helped Austria to suppress the Hungarian rebellion, a United States warship late in 1851 brought the Magyar patriot Kossuth to this country, where he received the honors of an American hero. The citizens of Springfield, Illinois, for example, rallied to his cause in words which have a fresh and poignant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

significance for us today. Affirming "the right of any people . . . to throw off . . . their existing form of government, and to establish such other in its stead as they may choose," they condemned the "interference of Russia in the Hungarian struggle" as "illegal and unwarrantable" and asserted that "to have resisted Russia . . . would have been no violation of our own cherished principles . . . but, on the contrary, would be ever meritorious, in us, or any independent nation." Abraham Lincoln, then in private life, was one of the authors of the resolutions.

The doctrine of revolution, however, had still broader implications. The European eruptions in most instances sought merely to replace domestic regimes; the American revolt, to cast off a distant yoke. It was the first of the great colonial insurrections, an example all the more potent because Washington's ill-trained soldiers defeated the mightiest nation in the world. The Spanish dependencies to the south took heed and early in the nineteenth century won their freedom. Then, oddly enough, came a setback to the trend as a large part of Asia and Africa and many islands of the Pacific fell under the sway of Old World powers. And after a time even the United States, forgetful of its own once colonial status, followed suit.

But in the twentieth century the two world wars radically changed the situation, recalling the United States to its historic heritage, crippling the military strength of the European imperialist countries, and awakening subject peoples everywhere to their right of self-determination. America led the way by relinquishing its Caribbean protectorates and granting independence to the Philippines, and soon the Old World governments fell into line, some voluntarily to anticipate the inevitable, as in the case of England, and others because they were unable to quell native rebellions, as in the cases of France and Holland.

Although more than a century and a half has elapsed since America proclaimed the right of revolution, these events of our own day evidence its continuing vitality. Lest I be accused of claiming too much for a precedent so far in the past, consider the words of President Sukarno of Indonesia three and a half years ago in his address of welcome to the Bandung Conference. This Asian-African gathering, the first of its kind in history, brought together delegates from twenty-nine nations, most of them newly free. "The battle against colonialism," Sukarno declared,

> has been a long one, and do you know that today is a famous anniversary in that battle? On the eighteenth day of April, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, just one hundred and eighty years ago, Paul Revere rode at midnight through the New England countryside, warning of the approach of British troops and of the opening of the American War of Independence, the first successful anticolonial war in history. About this midnight ride the poet Longfellow wrote:
>
> A cry of defiance and not of fear,
> A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
> And a word that shall echo for evermore. . . .
>
> Yes [he concluded], it shall echo for evermore . . . until we can survey this our own world, and can say that colonialism is dead.

THE PRINCIPLE OF FEDERALISM

Because of the difficulties experienced under the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution of 1787 established a partnership of self-governing commonwealths with an overall elective government powerful enough to protect and promote their joint concerns and — what was no less important — with a provision for admitting later states on a plane of full equality. This was something new in history; Tocqueville called it "a great discovery in modern political science," for no other people had ever devised a federal structure over so large an area or with a central government chosen by popular vote or on such generous terms for future members. It offered mankind a key to the age-old problem of reconciling legitimate local interests with the general good.

Mexico, Argentina, and other Latin American countries adopted variants of the plan, and so did Germany and Austria-Hungary. Britain applied it to two of its largest colonies, Canada and Australia, and in the twentieth century recast most of its empire into a Commonwealth of Nations on the same basis. More dramatically, the principle caused men to conceive of some sort of federation of the world, first in the League of Nations and then in the United Nations, both sponsored by American Presidents; and in the not too distant future it promises to bring about a United States of Western Europe.

THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED

Neither the doctrine of revolution nor the principle of federalism necessarily ensured that the government so established would rest on the consent of the governed. This was an entirely different matter, as the history of Latin American dictatorships as well as that of other nations proves. But, as we have seen, it was a basic tenet of the founders of the United States and may well be regarded as America's third contribution to humanity.

The framers of the Constitution spurned Euro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pean tradition by rejecting a monarchy, a nobility, or a hereditary legislative chamber, placing their trust in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, one which should rule by counting heads instead of breaking them. Starting with a somewhat limited number of voters but in better proportion than in any other country, the suffrage was broadened generation by generation until it came to include all adults of both sexes; and at every point America set the pace for the Old World. The underlying philosophy was not that the common man is all-wise, but only that he can govern himself better than anyone else can do it for him.

THE STATUS OF WOMEN

Women played a man's part as well as a woman's in taming the wilderness, and until very recently, moreover, they were fewer in number than the opposite sex and hence commanded a high scarcity value. From early times foreign observers marveled at the unusual educational opportunities open to them, their immunity from molestation when traveling alone, their freedom to go out of the home to agitate for temperance, antislavery, and other reforms. "From the captain of a western steamboat to the roughest miner in California," wrote one visitor, "from north, south, east, and west, we hear but one voice. Women are to be protected, respected, supported, and petted."

The organized feminist movement arose earlier in the United States than in any other nation not because American women enjoyed so few privileges but because they had so many that they demanded more — in short, all those exercised by their husbands and brothers, including that of suffrage. The famous women's rights convention at Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848, the first in the history of the world, turned the Declaration of Independence to account by proclaiming "all men and women are created equal" with the same unalienable rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It took the women many years to achieve that goal, but in time they succeeded, and every victory spurred their sisters in other lands to similar endeavors.

THE MELTING POT

A fifth contribution of the United States has been the fusing of many different nationalities in a single society. America has been in the best sense of the term a melting pot, every ingredient adding its particular element of strength. The constant infusion of new blood has enriched our cultural life, speeded our material growth, and produced some of our ablest statesmen. Over 17 million immigrants arrived in the single period from the Civil War to World War I — more than America's total population in 1840 — and today English and Scottish blood, the principal strain in colonial times, constitutes considerably less than half the whole.

Many other peoples, it is true, are also of mixed origin; but the American achievement stands alone in the scale, thoroughness, and rapidity of the process and, above all, in the fact that it has been the outcome not of forcible incorporation but of peaceful absorption. Significantly, the very nationalities which had habitually warred with one another in the Old World have lived together in harmony in the New. America has demonstrated for everyone with eyes to see that those things which unite peoples are greater than those which divide them, that war is not the inevitable fate of mankind.

Our most tragic failure has involved our Negro citizens, now a tenth of our number. Taken forcibly from Africa, trammeled in slavery for two and a half centuries, denied their constitutional rights after emancipation in the states where most of them lived, this ill-used race has been a standing reproach to our professions of democracy and has enabled Communist spokesmen as well as other foreign critics to impugn the very principle of human equality on which the republic was founded. Nevertheless, even these injured people have not been unwilling Americans, as the Irish before winning their freedom were unwilling Britons: they have only been unwilling to be half-way Americans or second-class citizens. Hence they have unhesitatingly rejected the blandishments of Soviet propaganda. Fortunately they can now at long last look forward to the final rectification of the wrongs they have so patiently endured.

FREEDOM OF WORSHIP

The recognition that the relations between man and his Creator are a private affair into which government must not intrude contravened the age-long European practice of uniting church and state and imposing harsh restrictions on dissenters. The American system was a legacy of colonial times, when the theological motive for settlement was intense and the multiplicity of denominations suggested the need for mutual forbearance. Rhode Island, Maryland, and Pennsylvania in the persons of Roger Williams, Lord Baltimore, and William Penn set the pattern to which the Bill of Rights of the federal Constitution gave nationwide sanction. Religion by choice was the natural counterpart of government by consent, and, contrary to Old World belief, the separation of church

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and state did not in fact weaken either but strengthened both.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

The principle of government by consent made it imperative that the people be literate and well informed if they were to vote intelligently. To ensure this essential condition, statesmen agreed that society must at its own initiative and expense supply the means of schooling. This, too, broke drastically with the Old World concept that education should be a privately financed undertaking for the upper classes, the rank and file supposedly having little need for any in what was deemed to be their permanently inferior station.

New England inaugurated the practice in colonial days; then, with the swift extension of the franchise during the first half of the nineteenth century, it was adopted throughout the North and later in the South. Free public education thus became the article of American faith it has continued to be ever since. From the United States the plan spread in modified form around the world. Japan, for example, in 1872 made it the cornerstone of its program of modernization. Probably America has conferred no greater boon on mankind, for popular education is the seedbed of virtually all other human aspirations.

VOLUNTARY GIVING

Foreigners have always criticized the American for his pursuit of the almighty dollar, but have seldom gone on to note that he has in unparalleled degree returned the fruits of his labors to society. If he has been hardheaded about making money, he has, so to speak, been softhearted about spending it. This constitutes the American version of the Old World concept of *noblesse oblige* carried to a point the Old World has never approached. Even long before Carnegie and Rockefeller amassed their colossal fortunes, men and women of modest means gave freely to schools, churches, foreign missions, colleges, hospitals, charities, and other projects for social betterment.

In the twentieth century this same concern has led men of wealth to set up some four thousand philanthropic foundations staffed with experts to administer the funds with maximum usefulness and for nearly every conceivable object of human benefit. Their programs, exceeding all earlier bounds, include the control of epidemic diseases and far-reaching researches in the natural and social sciences. Even so, the lion's share of the more than 6.5 billion dollars devoted to altruistic purposes last year still derived from other than foundation sources.

And, increasingly, Americans have extended their beneficence to foreign peoples. Over a century ago popular subscriptions helped relieve Irish suffering during the terrible potato famines of the 1840s and later aided with equal generosity the victims of natural catastrophes in other lands. And, besides the work of the Red Cross in peace and war, the great foundations have in our own day improved health, educational, and agricultural conditions in many countries. In the same tradition the private organization known as CARE has, since World War II, channeled gifts of food, clothing, medicine, and the like to the needy of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Thanks to this ingrained trait of the national character, the government found it easy to mobilize our people behind the Marshall Plan, a costly tax-supported program for repairing the war-stricken economies of Western Europe. Though these official undertakings were in part designed to halt the spread of Communism, they arose from deeper springs of human compassion and have no parallel in history.

TECHNOLOGY

Mechanical ingenuity, or what today is called technological know-how, contrary to common belief is by no means a late development. From the mid-eighteenth century on, the people, confronted with a chronic shortage of labor and the problems arising from formidable distances and poor communications, devised means to overcome these handicaps as well as to ameliorate other conditions of life. The record is truly remarkable. Before the end of the nineteenth century Benjamin Franklin, Eli Whitney, and their successors produced such epochal inventions as the lightning rod, the cotton gin, the steamboat, the metal plow, the harvester, vulcanized rubber, the sewing machine, the telegraph, the telephone, and the electric light, among others. In still other instances they greatly improved on what had come to them from abroad.

The upshot was not only to transform American life but that of peoples everywhere. President Truman therefore was not occupying wholly new ground when in 1949 he proposed his Point Four Program to make "the benefits of our scientific advances and industrial progress available for the improvement and growth of underdeveloped areas" and thus "help them realize their aspirations for a better life." Under this program the United States has sent experts in industry, engineering, and agriculture to many lands; built roads and bridges in Iran, irrigation works in India, and fertilizer plants in Korea; and endeavored in countless other ways to remove the obstacles that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have barred less enterprising countries from the advantages of modern civilization. Just as the government has made our philanthropic impulse a vital instrument of foreign policy, so also it has done with our technological skill.

EVOLUTIONARY PROGRESS

The United States is often considered a young nation, but in fact it is next to the oldest continuous government in the world. The reason is that the spirit of its people has always been empirical and pragmatic, dedicated to equalitarian ends but willing to realize them by flexible means. In the European sense of the term, America's major political parties are not parties at all, because they do not divide over basic ideologies. Neither wishes to overturn or replace the existing political and economic order; they merely desire to alter it at slower or faster rates of speed.

One of our proudest achievements has been the creation of a system of controlled capitalism that yields the highest living standards on earth and has made possible a society as nearly classless as man has ever known. The profit system as it has developed in America is a multiprofit system, sharing its benefits with all segments of society: capital, labor, and the consuming masses. Yet even this was not due to a preconceived blueprint; it too was the result of trial and error. Unprincipled businessmen had first to be brought to heel by government restraints and the growing power of organized labor before they came to learn that they must serve the general good in pursuing their selfish interests. Now labor is feeling the restraint.

Even our creed of democracy is no fixed and immutable dogma. Thus the statesmen of the early republic, though they were stalwart champions of private enterprise, chose to make the post office a government monopoly and to confide the schools to public ownership. Since then, by fits and starts, and most recently under the New Deal, the United States has taken on many of the characteristics of a welfare state. This has occurred, however, not under the banner of socialism or of any other "ism," but simply because the Americans hold with Lincoln that "the legitimate object of government is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done but cannot do at all, or cannot do so well for themselves, in their separate and individual capacities."

Viewed as a whole, the contributions of America to civilization will be seen to have been for the most part in the nature of methods or processes. They have aimed to release men from political and religious disabilities, from ignorance and poverty, from backbreaking toil. They have struck at the fetters which from time immemorial the Old World had fastened on human beings. They have opened the doors of opportunity for the many while still assuring them to the few, in the belief that everyone should have an equal chance to be as unequal as he can without denying the same right to others. In brief, they have sought to substitute fluidity for rigid class distinctions as the vital principle of social well-being. And the consequence has been a general leveling of society upward instead of downward.

But what of the future? I recall what a thoughtful Hollander said to me a few years after World War II. Observing that Europe's age of greatness was now over and that Americans must henceforth take the lead in the advancement of civilization, he wondered whether they would be equal to the task. Plainly he had grave doubts, for like most foreigners he thought of us as having been only beneficiaries of the bounty of the Old World without making any creative returns in kind. But for an American historian the answer is clear. The true measure of our past contributions lies in the very fact that they have become so woven into the life of mankind that my Dutch friend was unaware of them. If we can only preserve our free institutions and our faith in the untrammeled human spirit, we shall triumphantly meet the challenge now before us.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cocktails for the Russians

BY DORIS PARKMAN

DORIS PARKMAN, *in middle life, found herself a diplomat's wife in the most exposed city in Europe, Berlin. She accompanied her husband, the late General Henry Parkman, to Germany in 1946–1947, when he served as governmental adviser to General Clay. General Parkman returned in 1949–1950 as American representative on the Ruhr Authority, and again in 1954–1955 as Assistant U.S. High Commissioner. Throughout, one of Mrs. Parkman's problems was how to entertain fellow diplomats, including the Russians — on a limited budget.*

JUST like a cocktail party back home, I first thought. But not so. In our modest little venture into the diplomatic world, my husband and I found that when we sent an invitation worded "Cocktails from six to eight," nearly everyone arrived precisely at six and left precisely at eight. In short, everyone is in the house at the same time.

You are under the obligation in the diplomatic service of seeing that your guests are neither smothered nor smashed. Therefore it is wise to make out a list of the people you think your house will hold. Cut it in half, and give *two* cocktail parties. The problem of crowding will still plague you. Or it did me. If you have two large reception rooms, your guests will force their way into one of those rooms, where they will stand all crushed together, fighting for air and spilling drinks over one another.

It is then your duty to seize any young man on your husband's staff you think you can intimidate and tell him to bring a few people into the other room. With what result? Ten minutes later, everyone is in that room, all crushed together, fighting for air and spilling cocktails over one another.

I have even seen cocktail parties given in a spacious garden, with greensward stretching to infinity on every side. Yet everyone was mashed together in the middle of that garden like swarming bees around a queen.

A diplomatic cocktail party is in the nature of a reception. Keep a sharp lookout for stickers. The sticker is the guest who pauses to engage your guest of honor in the receiving line in a long and earnest conversation. Suppose you are giving a reception to the minister of education. The sticker will ask him to recommend a governess for his little boy, who was four years old last Wednesday. He will explain what he requires in a governess; he will go into intimate details about the boy; he will draw a floor plan of his house.

Meanwhile, the rest of the receiving line stand idly by, their right arms hanging uselessly at their sides. Impatient guests may start down the other end of the line. This creates a situation known in diplomatic parlance as a "shambles" and must be avoided — if you don't want your husband transferred to Outer Cambodia.

You cannot pinch a sticker, kick him, pour cocktails down his neck, or beat him about the head and shoulders with some blunt instrument. Instead have your butler trained to remove the upstairs telephone receiver from the hook. Then, returning, he will say politely but loudly enough to be audible to the whole receiving line: "Long distance call from Washington for you, sir. Right this way."

Another sticker who, though not as dangerous, can be very irritating is the cocktail connoisseur. He interrupts you in the middle of a conversation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to ask if by any chance you can give him a Tasmanian Twister. You can't, as it proves to be two parts pomegranate juice to five of green absinthe. If left to his own devices, he will sow dissatisfaction among your guests by assuring one and all that they don't know what a real American cocktail is until they have had one of his Tasmanian Twisters. You may dispose of this guest in any way you choose.

At diplomatic receptions certain nationals always present their own peculiar problems. The true-blue Britisher is out of his element at a cocktail party, as he loathes cocktails — always has. And like the honest, forthright chap he is, he does not hesitate to say so. Drinking cocktails, as he sees it, is an uncivilized, barbarous — in short, typically American — custom. But as his eloquence does not come to its full flowering until after his fourth or fifth cocktail, keep him well supplied. It costs no more than a theater ticket and is better entertainment. Or, as he himself would say, good value.

Many of my friends assume that the Russians are difficult to entertain. On the contrary, the Russians are the easiest of all. The only difficulty is that you must never expect to receive the number of Russians you have invited — and probably not the same ones. If you ask four Russians, two may come. Or none. Or ten. You can be certain that the number will not be four. Or one either for that matter, as, like nuns, Russians do not go about singly.

But they never bring their wives, which means one problem, at least, that the hostess does not have to consider. And after a ceremonious greeting, they will take up a position in one corner of the room and talk only to each other. Time was when starry-eyed idealists, of whom I was one, used to cluster about the little group and try to engage them in conversation. (Through their interpreter, of course. No matter how many languages a Russian speaks, he will speak nothing but Russian in public.)

"We've *got* to learn to understand the Russians," we told each other earnestly. We believed that the peace of the world depended on it. This was in Berlin in 1946 and 1947.

I have been told that after a certain number of drinks a Russian will thaw slightly, but that it will be perceptible only to a trained observer. You may think a Russian is getting a little mellow when he holds up his glass with a pleasant smile and the interpreter tells you that the colonel wishes to drink a toast with you and that it is an old Russian custom to empty the glass at one gulp. He will gladly continue this game indefinitely, not out of friendliness but to prove that he can easily drink you under the table, which proves that he is better than you are, which proves that Communism is better than capitalism.

As the first of these propositions is unquestionably true, your only recourse is to pretend not to understand and take a sip of your cocktail. Let your menfolks take him on if they will.

During the period of 1946 and 1947 we saw a lot of the Russians, particularly in the French sector of Berlin. I was thrilled, at one of these French parties, to have my first dance with a Russian general. We danced in solemn silence, of course, except that the general was panting slightly and counting softly under his breath. (Awdeen dva *tree*, awdeen dva *tree*.) At the end of the three rounds, I was surprised and pleased to hear from the interpreter that the general had had a glorious time. Never in his entire life had he enjoyed a dance so much. While his enthusiasm seemed a trifle excessive under the circumstances, I took it as a compliment. However, when I danced exactly three times round the room with a second general, and then a third, and was given exactly, word for word, the same speech by the interpreter, I began to wonder if Russian generals are sincere — or if interpreters can be relied upon.

The first time Russians came to our house was on the occasion of a reception we were giving in our garden. The interpreter greeted us on behalf of the little group — there were about six of them — and added that the colonel, who was the ranking man, wished to thank us for the invitation and to say he was not accustomed to being invited to a reception on such short notice. Full of good will, anxious to please, we explained the circumstances: the difficulty of transportation at that time, our uncertainty of the date of our honor guest's arrival, and so on. The Russians nodded and passed on to take up their positions under a nearby tree.

About a hundred and fifty people attended the reception and as no one else thought of complaining we considered the subject closed. But when the Russians departed, the interpreter thanked us on behalf of the group and said that the colonel wished to say that he was not accustomed to being invited to receptions on such short notice.

The more I have seen of the Russians, the more I have come to believe that if the peace of the world depends on *my* understanding them, we are doomed indeed.

The Russians at your party will be the last to depart. Their good-bys will usually be as ceremonious as their greetings. But at last your house is empty of guests. Kick off your shoes and fling yourself on the nearest couch. You have been drinking tomato juice all afternoon, and will now have your first cocktail. Nectar is dishwater compared to an ice-cold dry Martini taken under these conditions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Men

It is a remarkable fact, as Frances Perkins *points out, that two ranking members of the Harvard faculty should now be engaged on extended studies of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Miss Perkins, who was Secretary of Labor from 1933 until 1945, is here concerned with* the coming of the new deal, *the second of a four-volume project by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., published by Houghton Mifflin.*

THE RISE OF THE NEW DEAL

by FRANCES PERKINS

It is a credit to the academic training available in America that two young, able, imaginative, hard-working, and meticulous historians, both now at Harvard as professors, have within fifteen years of Franklin Roosevelt's death established and published so much of the living reality — the economic situation, the political forces of the time, the forceful personalities, and the dynamic actions — which contributed to the New Deal.

For neither Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., the author of *The Coming of the New Deal*, the second volume in a series of four to be called *The Age of Roosevelt*, nor Frank Freidel, the author of a full-scale biography of Roosevelt, had any actual participation in the period about which they are writing. Both were mere boys in 1933, when Roosevelt was elected, with their years of education still ahead of them while the stirring events took place. Freidel, writing a biography in several volumes, is working from records, writings, and interviews with Roosevelt's associates. He is bringing into focus a clear, objective picture of the man and the times that formed him, while Schlesinger goes zealously and constructively at a vivid explanation of the events, the measures, the politics, and the means by which this man effected great changes in American life. It is characteristic of these two scholars that each admires the work of the other and that they dwell in peace.

The Coming of the New Deal is an amazing book. Mr. Schlesinger has, with the creative artist's skill, put a life-giving touch to the record of a relatively recent period of American life when disaster, fear, and despair paralyzed the country, to be followed in a few days or hours after the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt as President by hope, excitement, activity, life, and faith. Schlesinger has succeeded in giving the sense of urgency, of haste, of intelligence, and of dedication with which the New Dealers attacked the problems of reviving the nation after the long and deep economic depression which had crushed it and its gods in 1929.

The first volume of his series of four traced the forces and events which led to and caused what the title calls *The Crisis of the Old Order*, and it was excellent. This second book is better, particularly in the sense of life and movement. Historical training is a severe discipline, and Schlesinger's book is a credit to that discipline, but the value to the reading public is that it is written as drama is written. One of the most engaging of his techniques is the thumbnail sketch of each administrator, adviser, or political leader which accompanies his first appearance on the scene, beginning with William H. Woodin, the Secretary of the Treasury, who dealt with the banking crisis of closed banks and ruined credit.

> Woodin, whose pointed chin and delicate triangular face inevitably provoked the adjective, "elfin," hid strength beneath his guileless surface. The stories about him were disarming but not particularly relevant to the banking crisis; he was addicted to bad puns; he liked to strum the zither or the guitar; he was the composer of "Raggedy Ann's Sunny Songs." Sixty-four years old, in poor health, soft-spoken and self-effacing, he seemed hardly the man to dominate a melee of panic-stricken bankers. Still the crisis found him clearheaded. He demanded what he called "swift and staccato action"; he was ready to accept responsibility and enforce decision; and he moved through turbulence with serenity.

The prologue is not to be omitted even by a serious historical reader. It sets the pattern for the whole period. The first hundred days, in which President Roosevelt had his greatest test and his greatest successes: the closing of the banks and their reopening under a law passed by Congress in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exactly eight hours; the economy message to Congress; the message calling for a modification of the Volstead Act to legalize the sale of beer and light wines and the immediate passing of an act to that effect; the first of the fireside chats to the American people, in which Roosevelt explained the banking situation in words "that even the bankers understood"; the visit of the second "Bonus Army" (veterans) seeking an increase of pensions and Roosevelt's easy, cordial handling of that with kindness, coffee, conferences, and tickets home; these hundred days brought relief to the country and applause and approval for Roosevelt. All through this prologue the author has painted a picture of the times of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the reaction of the nation to him in enthusiastic support.

The prologue sets the stage. The author plunges into the meat of the book: the development of a farm policy and the emergence of the Agricultural Adjustment Act. Here Schlesinger explains, in simple, lucid style, the plan and purpose of plowing under the crops and slaughtering the little pigs, which horrified many Americans. The fact that such a program was designed to meet a severe emergency is made clear, as, indeed, are the many complex problems in the agricultural economy of the United States. The tensions and conflicts within the Agriculture Department are vividly described, and "the purge," so disturbing at the time, is accepted as inevitable. It is unfortunate that Mr. Schlesinger was tempted to give such a long analysis of the character and personality of Henry Wallace, the then Secretary of Agriculture. It is heavily loaded with Freudian interpretations and is presumptuous, cruel, and of questionable delicacy. It is unnecessary and mars the story.

As one who participated in many of the programs and projects described in *The Coming of the New Deal*, this reviewer recognizes that she never had a perfect understanding of all that was going on. One became deeply involved in one part of the events and was almost unaware of either the internal disputes or the main objectives of another part. This book answers many questions.

Mr. Schlesinger has limited himself to the discussion of such aspects of each problem as occurred between 1933 and 1935, which he sets as the principal part of the New Deal period. Both the Agricultural Adjustment Act and the National Industrial Recovery Act, promising as they were and full of many accomplishments, were brought to an end by the Supreme Court, which decided that at least some aspects of the cases presented were unconstitutional. The Supreme Court decisions and further developments on both the AAA and NRA will be dealt with, presumably, in the next volume.

The section on the industrial problem includes discussion of the organizing drive of the United Mine Workers early in 1933, the personality and bizarre methods of John L. Lewis, the abortive attempt to organize the automobile workers under General Johnson, as well as the administration of the NRA. The full two years' experience of the NRA from 1933 to 1935 is covered, including the inner squabbles over the brilliant and often unsound operations of Hugh Johnson. Even his picturesque language is thrown in for color. The drawing together of the more ambitious and restless members of labor unions, the rise of Sidney Hillman, and a thumbnail sketch of his associations in the world of crime, all take their place in the procession. The opposition of many employers after the first six months, the rise of the voice of labor in the NRA, the conflict inside the labor movement and the appearance of the CIO, the appointment by General Johnson of a board to settle labor-management disputes, and the genesis within the board (including Senator Wagner's experience) of the later National Labor Relations Act and Board are laid out.

The dramatic quality of the NRA and its timing often overshadowed for the public all other programs being carried on for revival of the economy in America. Many still think of the NRA as the New Deal. Schlesinger makes clear the facts and the separation and puts his finger accurately on the great number of social advances which were accomplished in a brief time. He enumerates the social adjustments long needed which could not have been achieved by more orthodox methods. The shortening of hours of labor and the setting of a higher standard of wages, the abolition of child labor as a factor in industry, the recognition and putting aside of certain obvious bad practices in business as unfair, and the emergence of a planning capacity in both employer groups and labor groups are cited as social advances. All these have continued beyond the life of the NRA.

Mr. Schlesinger's book also gives a clear explanation of the monetary crises which afflicted the country during this period. The meaning of the gold standard in terms of international trade and the necessity of deciding promptly whether to cling to this standard in the United States — thereby giving up hope of expanding internal credit and a large public works program for relief of unemployment, and of accepting the continuance of falling prices and further deflation — this sequence is well described, and the conflicting advice and the reason for it are clear. Roosevelt, by deciding to go off gold, greatly modified the possibilities of success

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the International Monetary and Economic Conference in London. Some important bankers, however, agreed with Roosevelt that it was the only practical course. J. P. Morgan and Russell Leffingwell endorsed it. The attempts at remonetization of silver and the strong inflationist view in Congress and elsewhere served to confuse the issue, and Roosevelt, who was "bored by the money question," tended to take it lightly.

All these matters were going on at once, not separately. Schlesinger's list of the bills passed and measures debated in the first hundred days of F.D.R.'s Administration is evidence of the speed with which new solutions to long-term economic problems and emergencies were put into effect. The NRA experiment, the AAA, and monetary policy, though looming large in Schlesinger's study, do not obscure for him the importance of other efforts to save the American economy.

The chapter on relief, with its many problems, its effect on the economy, the public reaction, and the enormous benefit to the recipients, is sympathetically and intelligently written. Mr. Schlesinger weaves together a rich tapestry of the ideas, experiments, and action involved in the effort to overcome rural poverty. The Civilian Conservation Corps; the struggle for control of the Forestry Service, with Secretary Ickes displaying himself as a selfish schemer; the revival and expansion of the conservation movement; the recognition of the drastic effects of erosion on the land; the somewhat romantic back-to-the-land movement, with the subsistence homesteads (Arthurdale, Granger, and others); the quiet expansion of relief work under Hopkins in rural areas; the eventual emergence of the Resettlement Administration; the discovery of the desperate plight of some tenant farmers and sharecroppers and the violent local reaction against them; the congressional moves to accomplish something in the way of reform and relief; the Farm Security Act — all these are part of the picture.

The author attempts to give a true description of the man who was President, who was the force and inspiration of this new approach to government in the days of the New Deal. "A tough, forceful and still profoundly enigmatic President" emerged, says the author. Roosevelt's air of relaxation was, perhaps, a method of confusing those who would pry behind his mask. Some thought he deliberately concealed the processes of his mind. "This area Roosevelt plainly conceived was no one's business save his own." Certainly, he protected his own interior privacy. Amiable and talkative in a light way, he did not wear his heart on his sleeve or display his mentality in a glass showcase for the curious to observe. "I keep myself to myself," he used to say. Although he talked a great deal, he rarely talked about himself.

Obviously, he enjoyed some communication with himself and his inner life. What else could account for his long relaxing sessions in fishing and with his stamps, lonely avocations to those who do not have this talent? Schlesinger handles this aspect of the man with delicacy. "If nothing ever upset him, if his confidence seemed illimitable, it was because he believed with reverence and humility that he was doing his best in the eyes of God, and that God was blessing his purpose, that he was at one with the benign forces of the universe." He was for life and the future, and that won him the trust of the people.

This is a fine book and a useful one. The author has done his duty to scholarship and to letters.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DENMARK

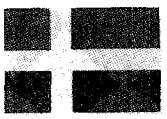
An appreciation of the land and its people.
One in a series of advertisements published
by Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). →

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ERICH LESSING

This is the town of Oder

"The Danes are the most exhilarating



DENMARK

THE surest way to prove Waugh's point is to meet the Danes on their own ground. The next best thing is to read "We Danes and You."

This little gem of a booklet is put out by the official Danish travel office. It leaves no trace of doubt about the Danes' flat refusal to take anything too seriously—including themselves.

You will learn that Denmark is a sea-salty land of four-and-a-half million people and two million

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hans Christian Andersen lived at that house on the left. He always carried an escape rope in case of fire. Who wants to jump 4 feet?

people in Europe"—*Evelyn Waugh*

bicycles; that her tallest mountain doesn't come up to the middle of the Empire State Building—and that her most majestic waterfall is four feet high.

You will also discover that this vest-pocket country breeds more mink than any other European nation—and that her pigs are all of identical size, fatness and sense of humor. You then go on to effervescent chapters on cooking, sports and social mores—winding up with the firm conviction that Danes are democratic to beat the band. "No Dane looks down on a man for being a millionaire."

Finally, bless their hearts, the Danes can even be honest about their climate. "Denmark is lovely in Spring, Summer and Fall," says the booklet, "but it was never intended to be inhabited in the Winter."

Danish companies affiliated with Jersey Standard are run entirely by Danes. We love their attitude towards everything. Including oil, the weather and us.

Published in the interests of international friendship by Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) Esso

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to learn more about Denmark

For travel information:

Danish National Travel Office
588 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, N. Y.
Telephone: JUdson 6-3320

For cultural information:

Danish Information Office
588 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, N. Y.
Telephone: JUdson 6-3320

For business information:

Danish Consulate General
Commercial Attaché
17 Battery Place
New York 4, N.Y.
Telephone: BOwling Green 9-9207

Handelsministeriet
Slotsholmsgade 10
Copenhagen, Denmark

Recommended travel reading:

We Danes and You *Published by the National Travel Association of Denmark*
Denmark is a lovely land *by Hudson Strode*
Tourist in Denmark *Published by Politikens Forlag, Copenhagen, Denmark*

See preceding pages for an appreciation of Denmark and her people—published by Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Men

Editor and author, Charles W. Morton *has been associate editor of the* Atlantic *since 1941. He came to us after having served a resourceful, sometimes hilarious apprenticeship on the staff of the Boston* Evening Transcript *and after a brief whirl as one of Harold Ross's Miracle Men on the staff of the* New Yorker. *To this scrutiny of John O'Hara's* From the Terrace *he brings that quizzical touch of irony and humor which has long distinguished his essays in the* Atlantic's *Accent on Living department.*

THE OPPOSITE SEX

by CHARLES W. MORTON

The reader who completes John O'Hara's latest, biggest, thickest, greatest, finest novel, *From the Terrace*, must think back occasionally to a conversation in one of the early chapters. Kindly old Grandfather Johnson, sizing up young Alfred Eaton, his grandson, offers the boy a warning.

"You have only to watch out for one thing," says the old man.

"What's that?"

"The opposite sex."

Surely no more prophetic words were ever spoken by any character in fiction. Not only does it apply to Alfred's case, but it fits everyone else in the book as well. For here is a book peopled almost entirely by characters engaged in a vast competition of seduction. It's like the Olympic games, with all sorts of contests going on at the same time, only lasting years and years. Poor Emma Bovary, by comparison, with all her troubles, had little more than a night out. O'Hara's men and women are real casebook types; in fact one of the women — and it could have been just about any one of them — does a good deal of reading in books that are obtainable only on a doctor's prescription, and she's not going to medical school, either. She reads for enjoyment.

Naturally, things have to quiet down from time to time; even O'Hara's people show up at the office occasionally or go to football games or attend funerals and weddings. There was one night when it looked as if Alfred and Mary Eaton, who seem to be the principal couple and decathlon titleholders of the story, were in for a genuinely dull time: a charity dinner-dance for two thousand at the Waldorf, at which the Eatons had to dine with a small party of relative strangers. Just as the reader is wondering how O'Hara is going to solve *that* one, Mary Eaton leaves the table with a Hollywood movie magnate. She is gone for one solid hour, and the tale she unfolds to Alfred after the party does much to enliven what has been up to that point a thoroughly humdrum soiree.

Only two couples in the book seem to avoid getting into the scrum: Mary Eaton's parents, who keep pretty much to themselves in Wilmington, Delaware, and the Benzigers, safely tucked away in a Pennsylvania coal-mining town, parents of beautiful Natalie. (It is Natalie Benziger who takes Alfred Eaton away from Mary just as briskly as Dr. Jim Roper takes Mary away from Alfred.) There is also Alfred's Grandfather Johnson, but he is well along in years when the story begins to warm up. These in-laws and older characters appear to be harmless, conventional men and women, intended only to account for the existence of the principals. Their lives are more or less normal, or abnormal, depending on how one looks at such things. Mr. Benziger is unique as the only attractive personality in the book. From the point of view of Alfred's Manhattan and Long Island circles, they would all seem quaintly eccentric, and O'Hara loses no time in killing off Benziger *père* before he has a chance to be influential.

The main localities in *From the Terrace* are Pennsylvania, where Alfred originated; New York and Long Island, where his Wall Street career begins and ends; and Washington, scene of Alfred's dutiful and unhappy hitch as an Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Toward the end there is a sort of epilogue in California, but what brings all these places into unity is the unceasing restlessness in the sexual activities of all the supporting characters wherever Alfred happens to be. It is a quality that seems unpredictable to the reader for a time in the early parts of the book, but one comes to realize that almost any new character important enough to have a name in the story will sooner or later set the gossips' tongues to clacking.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Early on, for example, there was Nellie, faithful housemaid employed by Alfred's parents. She was thirty-one, and he was eleven, when she rescued him from a nightmare and soothed him to sleep by certain odd ministrations, incompletely described but surely above and beyond the requirements of domestic service even back in 1908. As for George Fry, the family coachman, he was a reassuring figure in his modest gray whipcord livery and squarish bowler, yet what happened to him? George Fry went to jail for drunkenness and indecent exposure on one of the downtown streets and eventually died in the county lunatic asylum. Victoria Dockwiler, in her early teens, was killed in an automobile accident before Alfred Eaton's expectations of her could be rewarded, and Alfred's first major coup, Norma Budd, was murdered at age twenty-three by a "former Yale football star" while Alfred was still an undergraduate at Princeton.

Alfred's mother, meanwhile, had not been idle. Her first venture outside matrimony, with a Mr. Miller, came when Alfred was a schoolboy. The Millers were the Eaton's closest friends, and Mr. Miller brought this episode to an end by shooting himself (in the head). By the time Alfred is in Princeton his mother has woven a new web of deceit, and Alfred learns the worst when Sally, his younger sister, begs him to come home for Thanksgiving instead of tending to the New York debutantes as he had planned. He finds a characteristically complex intrigue going on. "I want to prepare you for a shock," Sally tells him: not only has their mother been carrying on with a lecherous Philadelphian named Charles Frolick, but this same Charles Frolick is now brazenly making overtures to Sally as well. Alfred settles Frolick's hash by stopping off at Philadelphia and giving him a good thrashing, and the mother withdraws to chronic alcoholism.

Multigeneration didos of this sort are a commonplace among O'Hara's characters, although some are mere flare-ups and come to nothing. Years later, for instance, Alfred Eaton and Natalie, his ex-mistress to whom he is now married, are chatting about the Warrens, a Boston couple whose daughter Sadie would have married Alfred's son, had not the latter been killed in an airplane crash. Natalie correctly suggests that young Sadie Warren is "in love" — whatever that may mean by this time — with Alfred, and she goes on to speculate idly that something of the same sort might be stirring in Annabella Warren, Sadie's mother.

"She would interest me more than Sadie," Alfred admits to his spouse. "Sadie is a pushover." These musings lead Alfred to explain the rigid code governing his general policy on infidelity. To Natalie's question whether he would consider having "a real affair" with Annabella, Alfred replies: "No, I wouldn't have an affair with her, not while I'm married to you. But if you change it and ask me if I'd sleep with her maybe once or twice, with an impossible guarantee that you'd never know about it, I'd have to say yes."

Even minor characters have trouble with marriage, just for the record, apparently, and not because it matters at all in the story. The rich Texan, Jack Tom Smith, describes himself to Natalie as "a four-time loser," and his latest wife — No. 4 or No. 5? — is about to walk out on him. Jerry Kelly, an airplane test pilot, occupies less than a page of the 897 in the book, but even this fleeting glimpse of him recalls to us Grandfather Johnson's warning about the opposite sex. Alfred remarks that Kelly does not look old enough to have a son in the Navy, which touches off the following exchange:

"Don't let the sunburn fool you. Although that's what I have it for. My kid and I double-date sometimes."

"Where's the mother?" Alfred asks, always hewing to his main line of interest.

"Oh, I been married four times," Kelly tells him. "God damn it, no, I been married five times. I just got divorced this year."

The opposite sex gives an especially rough time to Lex Porter, Alfred Eaton's classmate and best friend. They shared a Gramercy Park apartment during their bachelor days, and no one ever did keep tally of their female overnight guests, who must have totaled in the hundreds. "Moderately notorious" is the way O'Hara describes the reputation of these lodgings. Lex marries, moves out West to a ranch life, and drops in on Alfred Eaton in wartime Washington after a long separation. Lex is limping from a combat wound, but he says he is not going back to the hospital. "I have a date with a senator's girl friend," he explains.

"You made fast time."

"Yep. I met her this afternoon at a cocktail party. I took one look at that shape and I said, 'Dear one, you could do a lot for Navy War Relief.' She looked at me and didn't say anything and I thought she was going to haul off and poke me, but then she said, '*I'm* interested.' "

"Do you know anything about her?"

"All I need to know. She's about thirty-five or so, divorced, has an apartment that the senator pays for, and she works in some department store."

Lex dies shortly afterward in the wreck of the advance Congressional Limited. His "nearly decapitated body" was found in the club car. Killed in the same car, according to the papers, was "Stahlmyer, Mrs. Cora B., age 40, Washington, D.C., former secretary to U.S. Senator Peter D.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carriman (D., Mont.), saleswoman, Woodward & Lothrop . . ."

Alfred is nobody's fool when it comes to putting two and two together under these circumstances. "I guess he wasn't traveling alone," he remarks to Natalie.

"Do you know it was his girl friend?" asks Natalie in her role of straight woman.

"I didn't know her name, but the other facts fit. Yes, I'm sure," says Alfred.

Perhaps the most baffling of all the careers in the book is that of Mary Eaton, Alfred's first wife. Things seemed to be looking up for the young couple in the early chapters: a handsome, prosperous pair, they were even beginning to get their names into the society columns, when Mary finds herself irresistibly attracted by Dr. Jim Roper, an old flame whom she had jilted in order to marry Alfred. It is fair to say that Mary has no great sense of discretion anyhow, and her dealings with Dr. Jim are showy, even in this context. Dr. Jim begins to develop homosexual tendencies, apparently in the course of the psychiatric treatments he is giving young men to rid them of just such tendencies. His therapy is simple: for each of his patients, seriatim, he arranges an affair with Mary. Not only does this keep Mary happily occupied, but it gives her also a feeling of independence of Dr. Jim, a fine thing in itself.

Most of the adults in *From the Terrace* — husbands and wives, strangers, lovers, financiers, clubmen, gaffers, members of Princeton's Class of 1919 — converse, at dinner parties, in board rooms, or in bed, in the vernacular of Holden Caulfield and his young friends in *The Catcher in the Rye*. We have all met the individual in real life who keeps up a constant flow of conversation and comment at the card table or on a tennis court or in a round of golf, but never did so many grownups prove so talkative about the sexual act. A certain sameness inevitably occurs in most of these reports, so that by the time the female has shifted into her kimono and Alfred has begun shedding his pajamas, the reader is sure that these chatterboxes will end the episode shortly with an exchange that could be summarized as follows:

"How was it for you?"

"Fine."

"Me too."

The advancing years deal harshly with Alfred. Natalie, although she still asks the right questions for Alfred to answer from his store of worldly wisdom, is putting on weight (39 hips, 37 bust), and Alfred's affectionate nickname for her is Fatso. At the end of the book Alfred is past fifty, down to his last million and a half, his health is poor — and he's married.

HARRIET R. STOLOROW

THE HIGH PRICE OF DAFFODILS

I wander lonely as a cloud
  In subdivided Manor Hills,
Where stands my house, of which I'm proud,
  Although it's mortgaged to the gills:
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
(A few are dying of elm disease).

Continuous as the stars that shine
  Are all the bills that I must pay;
They stretch in never-ending line
  Across my vision, night and day:
Ten thousand, see I at a glance,
I need for patio, pool, and plants.

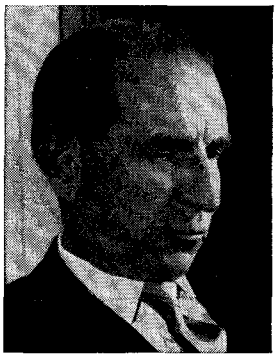
The waves beside me dance, but they
  Do not entrance me with their glee;
Not even poets can be gay
  Who owe a finance company:
I gaze, and gaze, with just one thought;
The wealth it takes for what I've bought.

And oft, when on the couch I lie
  In vacant and expensive mood,
I tell my analyst that I
  Am losing all my fortitude:
And when I mention Manor Hills,
He gives me tranquilizing pills.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

When men are hard-driven, as in war, they will sleep anywhere: in an *abri* or foxhole or sitting upright in a bucking plane or jeep. Napoleon's officers, those who still had horses, must have slept in the saddle on the long bitter retreat from Moscow, and so too Jeb Stuart's cavalry walking their horses once inside the Virginia lines after a raid. As an ambulance driver I twice fell asleep while driving, once at Verdun and again at the time of the German break-through in March, 1918. In each case the ambulance was empty, and I was returning to the front after a long, torturing drive with seriously wounded men who cried out and beat with their fists against the side of the ambulance. When at last they were unloaded at the field hospital, one dead, two living, I was given a shot of *gniole*, French white mule, and a mug of scalding coffee, and then with my sheepskin collar up about my ears I started back to the lines in the predawn cold. No lights, and the little Ford clicking off the kilometers. We had no windshields, and the wind was so penetrating that I stopped to bunch a *blessé* blanket around my shoulders. I could feel the doze coming, and to fight it off I kept banging my head with my tin hat. For a split instant I was back with the family in the library at 1279 with Mother singing, and then I was flung awake as the Ford rocked over tree roots, plowed through the roadside ditch, and hung itself halfway up on the muddy bank. From which as the sun rose we were extricated by the crew of a French 75; the radiator had boiled over and the rubber connection jerked loose, otherwise no damage to the Model T.

But what remained in the back room of the mind, stored away like an unhung painting, was not the comedy of that smoky dawn, with the artillery putting me back on the road, nor the fact that in swerving off the road I had missed colliding with a tree by the narrowest margin. What remained and is still there is the inescapable anguish of the drive in: leaving the *poste de secours* at midnight with the living load, edging into low gear through the slithering mud of the sunken road, lurching in and out of the water-filled shell holes while the voices behind me cried, "*Doucement! doucement!*," past the batteries which made the whole car shudder when they fired, past the crossroads, past the ghostly Indochinese who were silently filling in the worst of the craters, and then the long grind up the hill which was in clear sight of the Germans by day. Not until we had topped that rise with its walls of tattered camouflage could we ease the pressure on the left pedal and let the Ford into high. It was probably not more than forty minutes from the forward *poste* to that point, but in terms of vicarious suffering it felt like infinity.

On one run, in the autumn of 1917, I carried a French colonel who had been mortally wounded. He was clearheaded, very pale, and calm, and he smiled at me as they were loading his stretcher into the holders. All through the early anguish I could hear the priest who was riding with him talking in a low voice. We came to the long hill, and as we neared the top I suppose I let up on the low pedal too soon. The Ford bucked and stopped, and at that instant, so the priest told me afterwards, the colonel died. Had I driven better, could I have got him back alive? The question kept recurring in my mind long after the Armistice, when I was in college and sleeping lightly. Again in my dream I would be lurching through the mud, grinding up the hill incapable of averting what was to happen. Insomnia is a form of self-examination, and perhaps it is just as well that those who have been to war should be left with such reminders of guilt and compassion.

A WOMAN AT THE FRONT

Martha Gellhorn was a pacifist when shortly before she was twenty-one she went to France to work. There in the early 1930s she became one of

PRODUCED BY FANZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New... and of enduring interest

BRENDAN BEHAN

BORSTAL BOY

A startling memoir of English prison life by the Irish author of *The Quare Fellow*, one of today's most exciting new writers. "[A] brilliantly evocative... riotous book... altogether moving and memorable."—*Times Literary Supplement.* *$4.50*

WALTER NIGG

WARRIORS OF GOD

The fascinating story of the great religious orders of Christianity—from the Hermits of the Desert to Ignatius Loyola. *Translated from the German by Mary Ilford. Illustrated.* *$6.95*

THOMAS MANN

LAST ESSAYS

Essays on Schiller, Goethe, Nietzsche, and Chekhov—the Nobel Prize-winner's moving adieu to his audience. *Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston and Tania and James Stern.* *$4.50*

ARNOLD HAUSER

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART HISTORY

An important book on the methodology of art history—and so dealing with questions about historical thinking—about what scientific history of art can accomplish, about its means and its limitations. By the author of *The Social History of Art.* *448 pages. $7.50*

CURTIS BOK

STAR WORMWOOD

By the author of *I Too, Nicodemus* and *Backbone of the Herring*—a shattering account of an American crime and its punishment, forming the background for this noted jurist's impassioned attack on capital punishment. *$3.95*

GEORGE STEINER

TOLSTOY OR DOSTOEVSKY

A brilliant study of the basic beliefs and central myths behind the major novels of the two great Russians, celebrating the religious contrasts of Tolstoy's "Truth" and Dostoevsky's "Christ." *Illustrated.* *$5.75*

GILBERTO FREYRE

NEW WORLD IN THE TROPICS

Brazil's foremost serious writer, author of *The Master and the Slaves*, has now written in English one of the best books ever produced on the varied culture of his country. *$5.00*

BERNARD SCHWARTZ

THE PROFESSOR AND THE COMMISSIONS

The full, shocking inside story of corruption and influence in the Federal regulatory agencies—told by the law professor who uncovered the Miami Channel 10 and Adams-Goldfine cases. *$4.00*

At most bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a group of young pacifists who had their conviction and their poverty in common. They believed that there could be no peace in Europe without Franco-German *rapprochement*. In 1934 she had her first encounter with the Nazis in Berlin, and in 1936 she stopped being a pacifist and became an anti-Fascist. A year later she was in Spain writing about the defense of Madrid, and thereafter her dispatches to *Collier's*, whether from Finland or China, the Italian front or Germany, marked her as one of the most perceptive of our correspondents. Because she was a woman, she wrote with a difference: her pity, while not less than that of Pyle, had a special apperception for the women and children; her observation could be as graphic in detail as Tregaskis', but back of it was an anger rising at times to a sense of outrage which makes her paragraphs hot to read.

War to her as she followed it over ten years became more and more abhorrent. She felt that democracies were criminally at fault in not stopping Hitler before he got started, and her contempt for democratic indecision is only a little less than her hatred for the totalitarian decree. In THE FACE OF WAR (Simon and Schuster, $3.75) she has placed the best of her war writing, lashed together with short sinewy prefaces in which she protests again and again the monstrosity of projecting nuclear warfare — a vivid, militant book by an intense and merciful writer.

From the war in Spain, I am most smitten by her account of the children's ward in Barcelona. The valiancy of the Finns, as in their incredible winter warfare they stood off the Russian horde, called out her unreserved admiration; she saw the fighting in China with her then husband, Ernest Hemingway, and there she was most impressed by the unbreakable endurance of the people and by the audacity of the Americans who were flying the Chinese transports.

When we invaded Europe she managed to stow away on one of the first hospital ships to Normandy, and her paper on the wounded, which is the high point in the book, got her into such hot water that she was scolded and sent adrift. Her next stop was on the Italian front, where she admired her beloved Poles, and in the final chapters what touched me were her flight in a Black Widow, her conversations with the airborne in Bastogne, and the sights she will never forget at Dachau. Courage and sacrifice — and bestiality — beyond measure, and not again.

DR. CONANT REPORTS

In THE AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL TODAY (McGraw-Hill, $2.95) JAMES BRYANT CONANT confronts the community with the most exciting stimulant in education it has had since John Dewey. His recommendations, twenty-one in number, come at an opportune moment; the silly publicity about Soviet schools has subsided, but parents and teachers are more conscious than at any other time in this century that in settling for adjustment rather than excellence we have cheapened our system and that reforms are urgently needed.

Dr. Conant's recommendations are aimed at improving the "comprehensive high school," which has no counterpart in any other country and which he believes is indispensable for the maintenance of our classless society. He would improve the programs for those developing skills (stenography, home economics, trades, and so forth), and the majority of his recommendations would stimulate the work of the academically talented, the 15 per cent who will go on to the professions. He proposes ability groupings, feeling that students do much better work when they are competing with their peers and that it is not undemocratic for them to be encouraged in their specialty. He would abolish the rank in class (and the valedictorian), for he asserts that such rank has increased the tendency of bright students to avoid stiff programs. He believes that the programs should be harder for the abler: seven years of English and social studies; seven years of math and science; three, preferably four, of a foreign language. He recommends writing a theme a week in English composition, and fifteen to twenty hours of homework for the highly gifted, the 3 per cent who he suggests are home too little. Terse, powerfully argued, and very economical.

A CHAMPION OF BOOKS

In my youth a librarian was thought to be a guardian of books, a master of cataloguing, a collector of petty fines, a troglodyte dwelling within gray Carnegie walls. The new generation of librarians believe that their primary function is to stimulate reading. The library today has been transformed into a cultural center, operating under a creed set forth by LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL as simply as this: "that books are basic and that people are good, and that to work with them both is the best of all lives." Dr. Powell, the university librarian at UCLA, has well conveyed the zest and devotion of his profession in his new collection of essays, A PASSION FOR BOOKS (World, $4.50). For seven years after leaving library school he was "a simple bookman, uncorrupted by administrative responsibility," cutting his teeth on first editions and working up a fine head of steam. Then President Sproul put him in harness, and the librarian discovered somewhat to his surprise the excitement of administrative

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...a man is made of memories

Strange how memories flood back as you see yourself in your son...

The squirm and squeal of a puppy with his first boy.

The sweet perfumes of clover and weeds on a still summer day as you shuffled the well-worn walk to the river...the serious business of skipping a stone across the water.

The snowdrifts that always seemed shoulder high...and the crackle of a whistle on frozen morning air.

The smell of adventure in steam at the station...the train that flashed its friendly smile across the face of night.

The delicious shiver of a ghost story around a flickering campfire...and the falling-down barn with shredded red paint that no one dared go near at night.

The lace-necked Latin teacher with the rasp of taffeta in her voice and the love of learning in her heart.

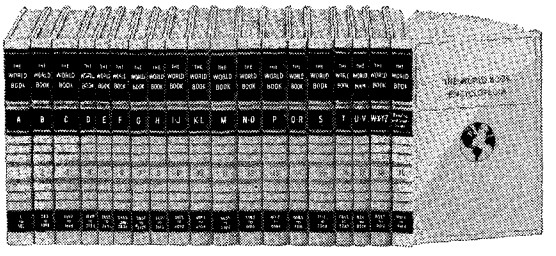
The funny-tummy feeling on the stiff-kneed jog to the playing field.

So many scenes. So very many...

It's really not so strange that you recall these pictures from the past when yesterday is almost forgotten. Your mind was young, eager, alert, open to lasting impressions. Your child's mind is right now.

That's why World Book Encyclopedia—right now—is a priceless gift. You'll give more than memories. You'll give a future filled with confidence, a background of knowledge, the habit of success.

Think back...then look ahead. Your child's tomorrow will be brighter with the help of World Book today.



WORLD BOOK

ENCYCLOPEDIA

Field Enterprises Educational Corporation, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

initiative. It was a time of yeasty change, for libraries were expanding to include recorded readings of the famous poets, microfilms, folk songs, famous photographs (and new readers); and Powell, who was a tireless traveler, brought home new ideas as well as new collections. He has an eye for the adoption of libraries to their local conditions. "I believe," he writes, "in good housekeeping, in work simplification, and in the use of modern devices to relieve drudgery. But I am not in favor of wrapping each book in cellophane or of issuing gloves to the staff. Not a day should pass but that every librarian, in every library on earth . . . should handle books." As a collector he takes pride in his acquisitions, but even more in the circulation of the books under his care. His essays have in them the contagious delight of reading.

WULFF IN ACTION

Salmon anglers have many reasons to be grateful to LEE WULFF, first for the dry fly which bears his name and which has added such an attraction to low-water fishing, then for demonstrating the fun of using lighter and lighter tackle, and finally for the philosophy of conservation, which informs without preaching everything he writes.

Fly fishermen are a tribe of individualists, each of whom is developing his own style and technique; they admire skill in others but have little wish to emulate and even less patience to hear about it. Yet I must confess that my normal resistance is disarmed by Mr. Wulff's new book, THE ATLANTIC SALMON (Barnes, $10.00). As an expositor he speaks from fascinating experience but without ever seeming to force his knowledge upon you. His episodes — and the book is full of them — are as honest as they are graphic; they admit to failure as well as success, and the freshness of discovery is reinforced by the patience of the veteran observer. The superb illustrations in offset are what keep fishermen living through the snows of March.

I read with particular delight the account of the dry fly in action and of the assortment which Mr. Wulff used in working over one particular fish. I noted that even with the dry fly he always sinks his line, and that on occasion he uses a seventeen-foot leader. I was edified by his study of the salmon rising, and I agree a hundred per cent when he says that "The most difficult salmon to play is one that simply holds his place in the current and shakes his head." I have memorized his laughable demonstration of the use of the slack line, and I willingly subscribe to his powerful plea in the closing pages against murder in the headwaters. The longer we fish, the more we want to keep the great breed alive.

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

FICTION

Nicholas Crabbe BY FR. ROLFE

Baron Corvo's long-suppressed yowl against the writers, publishers, and patrons of Edwardian London now seems less libelous, and funnier, than he intended. A mad fellow, but most readable. NEW DIRECTIONS, $4.75.

The Land God Gave to Cain
BY HAMMOND INNES

A stubborn laddie sets out to clear his father's name in coldest Labrador, suspense and climate producing one long shiver. KNOPF, $3.95.

The Sleep of Baby Filbertson
BY JAMES LEO HERLIHY

Short stories about some strange, sad people in California, done with a peculiar mixture of subtlety and bluntness. DUTTON, $3.50.

TRAVELERS' TALES

The Ancient Mariners BY LIONEL CASSON

A sailor and classical scholar, Mr. Casson makes delightful work of this informal history of early seafarers in the Mediterranean, throwing in legend, archaeology, diagrams of ships, and the recipe for Greek Fire. MACMILLAN, $5.95.

Mexican Journal BY SELDEN RODMAN

Mr. Rodman, who has a gift for finding talkative artists, does particularly well in Mexico, and adds painters' gossip and theory lavishly to his descriptions of landscapes and ruins. DEVIN-ADAIR, $6.00.

Flowering Lotus BY HAROLD FORSTER

Unhurried and affectionate, Mr. Forster makes life in Java sound like a perpetual garden party, while unobtrusively offering considerable information. LONGMANS, GREEN, $4.00.

AMERICANA

The Autobiography of Mark Twain

This version of Twain's wonderful and disorderly memories, edited by Charles Neider, has been arranged in chronological order and includes some material previously omitted. HARPER, $6.00.

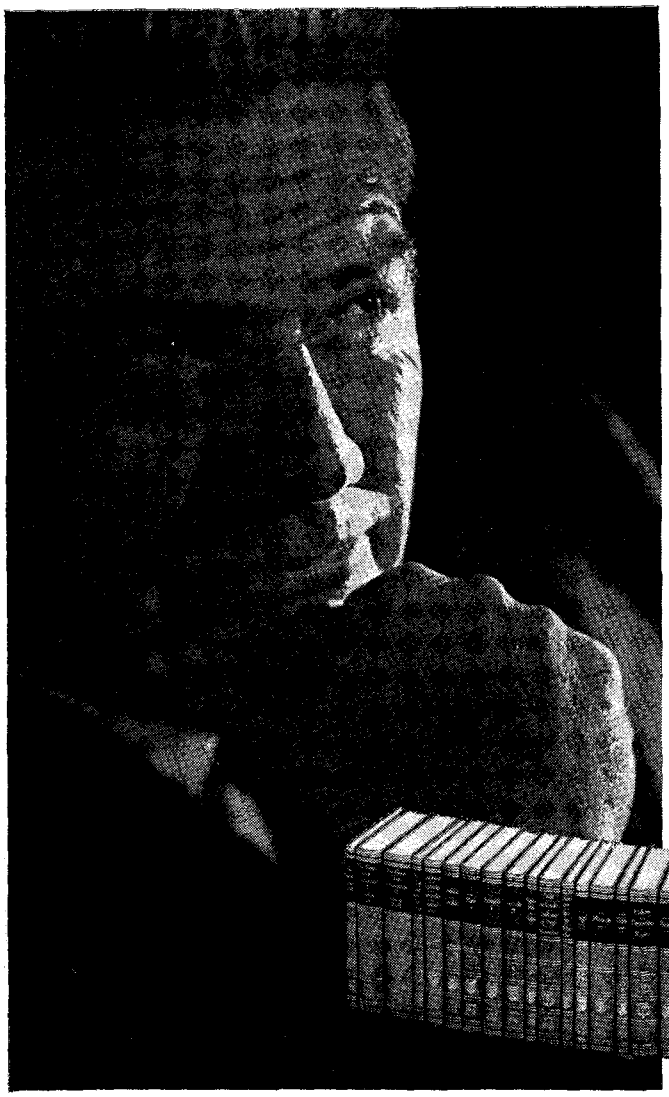
The Civil War BY SHELBY FOOTE

The first of three volumes in which Mr. Foote proposes to tell the story of the Civil War as though it were a novel, with particular emphasis on individual character. Since that war was thick with remarkable men, the method pays off splendidly in amusing anecdote and military confusion. RANDOM HOUSE, $10.00.

Mount Hope BY GEORGE HOWE

The early history of Rhode Island is rich in smugglers, slave traders, confidence men, and similar gaudy scalawags, and Mount Hope harbored more than most places. VIKING, $5.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

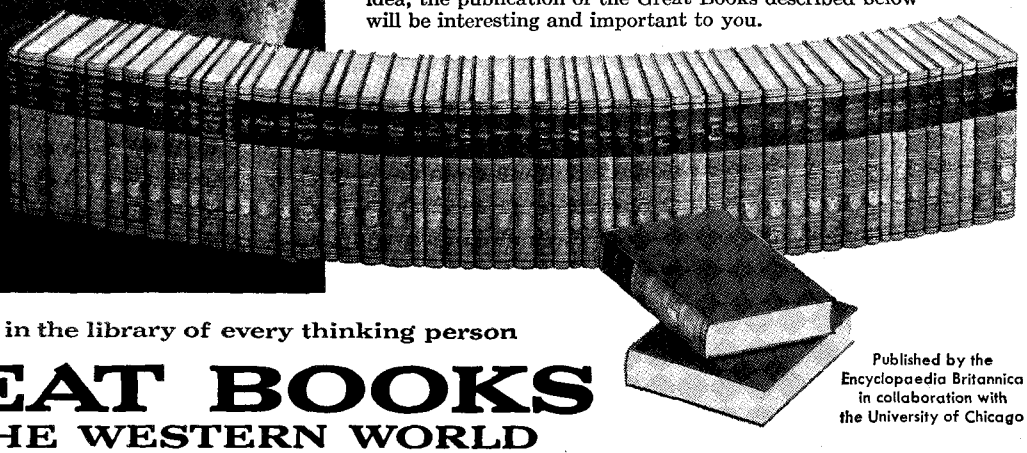


How long has it been since your mind was stretched by a new idea?

Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote: "A man's mind stretched by a new idea can never go back to its original dimensions." The truth of this statement cannot, of course, be denied. A child who suddenly realizes that the letters in the alphabet are not just isolated sounds and shapes, but meaningful symbols that form words, has grasped an idea that will lead to a continuing expansion of his mind. There comes a time, though, in the lives of too many of us when our minds become occupied only with knowledge we have already learned. When that happens our minds cease to grow.

Unhappily, the more successful a person is in his daily work, the more likelihood there is that this unfortunate condition will result. As we become more and more absorbed with our specialty —whether it is law, medicine, engineering, science, business or any one of the hundreds of other engrossing occupations—we cease to absorb the new knowledge that leads to new concepts. With the years, the mind narrows rather than broadens because we cease to stretch it by exploring the great subjects of philosophy, government, religion—the great humanities which have produced our great men and great thought.

If it has been some time since your mind was stretched by a new idea, the publication of the Great Books described below will be interesting and important to you.



Essential in the library of every thinking person

GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD

Published by the Encyclopaedia Britannica in collaboration with the University of Chicago

now available direct from the publisher with great new SYNTOPICON

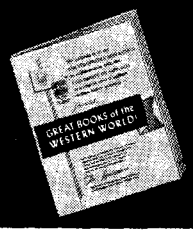
THE publication of this Private Library Edition of the GREAT BOOKS is regarded as an outstanding event in the fields of literature, philosophy and science. It is not just a reprint of books already in your library. The 54 volumes which comprise the GREAT BOOKS were published after 8 years of research by 75 scholars at a cost of over two million dollars. Many of the books have been especially translated into English. Many of them are out of print and unobtainable through normal channels. Together they include all the accumulated wisdom of 3,000 years of civilization.

The list of authors is impressive—Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, St. Augustine, Milton, Machiavelli, Faraday, Kepler and St. Thomas Aquinas—to name just a few of the 74 authors and scholars whose works are represented in this special edition of the GREAT BOOKS The area of thought is limitless. Every great idea that has shaped the lives of thinking men is explored—astronomy, ethics, philosophy, war, peace, religion, death, love, mathematics, medicine, science, theology—102 ideas that have occupied great minds since man could think.

But the magnitude of the GREAT BOOKS is not in its authors and subject matter alone. Published with them is the great new SYNTOPICON designed to make your reading more meaningful. The SYNTOPICON is quite literally a great teacher "living" in your home . . . always at your disposal to guide your reading . . . interpret the great ideas...make clear to you the most abstract thought. With the SYNTOPICON you will find new excitement in new ideas . . . new absorbing interests . . . new understanding of yourself and other people.

We urge you not to miss this opportunity to enrich your mind with this Private Library Edition of the GREAT BOOKS. Send now for the free booklet which describes this handsome edition in detail. Look it over . . . think it over. But don't wait to mail in the coupon below. The supply of these booklets is necessarily limited. Avoid the chance of disappointment by mailing your coupon now!

Mail This Coupon Today for FREE BOOKLET



GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD, DEPT. 58-C
425 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send me, *free and without obligation*, your handsome booklet which pictures and describes the revolutionary SYNTOPICON and the GREAT BOOKS in full detail. Also, include complete information on how I may obtain this magnificent set, *direct from the publisher*, on your special budget plan.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW AVAILABLE...

the fifth volume of Professor Edward H. Carr's **HISTORY OF SOVIET RUSSIA!**

SOCIALISM IN ONE COUNTRY 1924-1926

"*Socialism In One Country* . . . has all the merits which one has come to expect from Mr. Carr's work: acute analysis and interpretation, clarity of exposition, and a massive and severe structure of historical facts. It is a searching examination of the main circumstances and trends which found their epitome in Stalin's doctrine."
—*Isaac Deutscher, THE NATION.*
557 pages $7.50

Critical appraisal of the first *four volumes of Professor Carr's HISTORY OF SOVIET RUSSIA*

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION 1917 - 1923 VOLUME I
"There can be no doubt that this first volume of the history of the bolshevist revolution has no equal as a piece of scholarship or a work of literature."
—*Hans J. Morgenthau, The Chicago Sunday Tribune.* $6.00

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION 1917 - 1923 VOLUME II
"Mr. Carr fills in such a wealth of detail, hitherto unknown in English, that his work is one of true historical pioneering."
—*The Times (London).* $6.00

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION 1917 - 1923 VOLUME III
"Mr. Carr has produced a comprehensive, carefully documented and well-written analysis of the international impact and role of the Soviet revolution. It is a brilliant feat, one which sets a new mark in the study of Soviet affairs."
—*Philip E. Mosely, The New York Times Book Review.* $6.00

THE INTERREGNUM 1923-1924
"Professor Carr, an exceptionally knowledgeable guide through the labyrinths of the Kremlin mentality, writes with his usual clarity, authority, and detachment. His work is obviously going to be definitive."
—*The New Yorker.* $6.00

All volumes are available at your local bookstore, or write direct:

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC

Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

The narrator of SAUL BELLOW'S new novel, HENDERSON THE RAIN KING (Viking, $4.50), is a middle-aged American millionaire who, after a life of boisterous desperation, has made a trip to darkest Africa (as created by Mr. Bellow's imagination) in search of salvation. Introducing himself as a blustering roughneck and a bum, a disgrace to the famous name he bears, Henderson begins his story by rattling through the zany career of suffering which prompted his African quest. In a tone that manages to be simultaneously exuberant and dolorous, he tells us about his wives (two), his children (five), his income (after taxes and alimony, $110,000), his appearance (enormous head, huge nose, hulking body), his drunkenness, his dental troubles, his pursuits (the violin and pig raising), and his gnawing appetite for life. For years, he says, a voice in his heart kept clamoring, "I want, I want, I want" — but left his questions unanswered. He was drawn to medicine in his late forties, and his wife (the first) laughed him out of it. Then, at fifty-five, "dying of misery and boredom," he suddenly took off for the African interior.

First Henderson became the guest of the gentle Arnewi; confided his troubles to their wise old Queen; and tried, with his Western know-how, to rescue them from a plague of frogs — with disastrous results. Discredited, he pushed on into the realm of the dangerous Wariri, where, after performing a stupendous feat of strength at their rain-making ceremonies, he found himself unwillingly appointed Rain King. The rains did come, and Henderson won the friendship of King Dahfu, who recognized that everything about him was crying out for salvation and undertook to cure his distress by subjecting him to a close-range study of the ways of the lion. After further fantastic adventures, Henderson returned to America fortified by the wisdom of King Dahfu, which, among other things, taught him to put service before desire. He is determined, now, to be a loving husband and to study medicine so that he can devote his life to healing.

I have summarized the action at some length in the hope of suggesting why I find Mr. Bellow's book an odd and puzzling affair. At times, the story reads as though Bellow were parodying the earnest-minded middlebrow novel about the quest for self-realization, but I am reasonably certain that the author's intentions are not essentially parodic. I take it, rather, that Bellow is trying to rescue the theme of American discontent and search for self-realization from the rut of solemnity by treating it in altogether fresh and startling terms: picaresque adventure, extravagant comic tone, and fantasy of setting. Unfortunately, the atmosphere of unreality and ever-present hint of burlesque undercut the serious insights which the author wishes to register. There is a fine streak of drollery in the characterization of Henderson, presumably a symbol of American unrest; and there are passages of straight storytelling which are weird and gripping. But one is left with the impression of an attempted tour de force which has failed to come off — an impression of labored cleverness and stretches of pseudo-portentous mumbo jumbo.

THIS AMERICA

American discontent is also a major theme in a factual work, THE WAIST-HIGH CULTURE (Harper, $4.00), by THOMAS GRIFFITH. The title is somewhat misleading, since it suggests a withering indictment of our society, and Mr. Griffith is a sympathetic critic who does not carry condemnation further than the old frontier verdict, "Guilty, but not so dern awful guilty," and who frequently speaks as attorney for the defense. Indeed, one of the merits of his analysis is its awareness that "our bad is often a concomitant of what we consider good, and is intertwined with it." Mr. Griffith has turned out a thoughtful, interesting, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMUNIST WORLD AND OURS

Walter Lippmann recounts his extraordinary talk with Khrushchev and reveals the heart of the conflict between the Communist world and ours. "It is implicit in this brilliant book that the Communist challenge has changed profoundly since Stalin's death and our own reply must change equally profoundly if we are to meet that challenge in the years ahead."—*N.Y.Times*. $2.00

By WALTER LIPPMANN

SIGH FOR A STRANGE LAND

You read some of Monica Stirling's beautiful novel in the *Atlantic*. Now you can read the whole extraordinary book. SIGH FOR A STRANGE LAND is "very simple and full of music—and a kind of innocent but wise charm. It's really good."—MARTHA GELLHORN. "Both humorous and heartbreaking; it is fantastic and romantic like all that Monica Stirling writes, and there is a sharp quality of comment that shapes it. A spirited and touching novel."— JANET FLANNER. $3.50

By MONICA STIRLING

MOMENT OF IMPACT

In his novel of speed madness Joseph Baily has created a story that strikes the reader with stunning impact. "One of the new year's most interesting novels. This grotesque drama of autos, neons, and sudden death sets forth one aspect of American life with urgency and terror . . . an exciting, important book."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*. $3.95

By JOSEPH BAILY

THE ANGERS OF SPRING

"Joseph Whitehill is a special sort of prodigy among our new fiction writers: an engineer turned artist. His charmed pen, his analytic mind, his ironic spirit—these move from Euclidean heights to Freudian depths, and from the love of machines to the love of women. THE ANGERS OF SPRING is an original and entertaining novel about electronics, business, and people; it is an altogether fresh view of the contemporary world."
—MAXWELL GEISMAR. $4.50

By JOSEPH WHITEHILL

AGAINST THE WIND

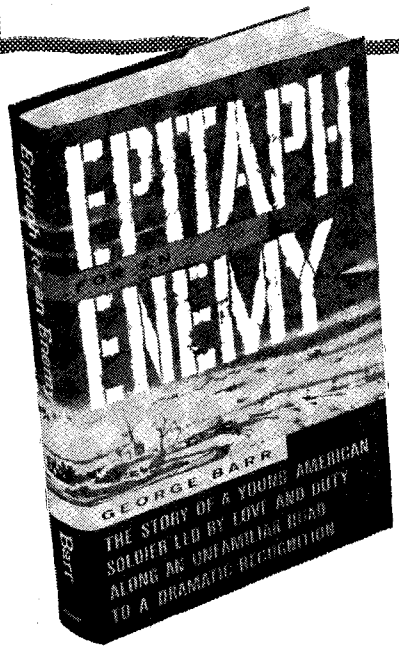
Geoffrey Household's own adventurous life has furnished the raw materials for adventure stories that have thrilled readers for two decades. Now, in his autobiography, he tells of his own experiences as a rolling stone in romantic corners of the world. Unconventional, amusing, exciting, the story he tells is one of his best—an autobiography as fascinating as a Household thriller. $4.00

By GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

Atlantic Monthly Press Books LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A remarkable war novel—matured—the kind, like **All Quiet on the Western Front,** that's written long after the fighting . . . not the bestiality but the testing, through terror and responsibility, that makes a man."—CARSON McCULLERS



EPITAPH FOR AN ENEMY

By GEORGE BARR

The story of Sergeant Baxter in the twenty-four hours after the Normandy landings . . . a young American soldier, living with danger, and led by love and duty along an unfamiliar road to a dramatic recognition.

"As piteous and ironic, as funny and as tragic as warfare itself. I think Baxter's mission is reported with as great control as Hemingway used in his account of Jordan's work on the bridge in *For Whom the Bell Tolls.*"
—NELSON ALGREN

At all bookstores • $3.50

HARPER

attractively written book. But for a social critic to be so temperate and sensible is a mixed blessing. Those who relish high firepower and bold originality may find *The Waist-High Culture* a bit on the tame side.

One third of the book is autobiography, and these chapters are a first-rate account, modest and mature, of American experience: childhood in a Seattle boardinghouse, one notch above the orphanage; depression years at a state university, which dispensed the kind of education where "the indulgent curse of mediocrity in American life begins"; a stint as police reporter on the Seattle *Times;* then transplantation to New York and Time Inc., where Griffith has been national affairs and (since 1951) foreign news editor.

The rest of the volume consists of essays on various aspects of contemporary American life. The hub of the discussion is that much of what Griffith finds distressing stems from the sentimental equating of democracy with equality — a confusion which stunts our intellectual growth, fosters cant and demagogy in public life, and generally encourages vapidity and mediocrity. Griffith calls our culture "waist-high" because it exalts the vast middle ground where the cash returns are largest. A mass-production economy, which must please most of the customers most of the time, is of necessity under the spell of a force which Griffith calls "the pull of the profitable middle." But we have allowed the profit motive to become our yardstick in spheres where it does not properly belong, and to an increasing degree we find ourselves bereft of goals and values other than those of the business world: money and success. Those who are discontented with the present situation — seeing everywhere the advertisers' image of a smug, conformist, consumption-happy America — glumly think themselves an impotent minority. But Griffith argues that we are better than the American Image, and he finds that what is "most encouraging about American life today is the amount of discontent with it." In America, he concludes, "sweeping changes of opinion begin with a rustle of discontent."

PERSPECTIVES OF RUSSIA

Not long ago, our self-appointed Machiavellis were glibly asserting

For better schoolwork—starting tonight . . .

Educational authorities stress the necessity of a good vocabulary in understanding what is being taught and in achieving better grades. Accordingly nearly every school and college requires or recommends Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary.

This handy-size Merriam-Webster guarantees correct facts, accurate spelling, and complete understanding of word meanings. Start the students in your family on the "look it up" habit with the most modern, easy-to-use dictionary in America.

- Some "Webster's" do not even include the Latin names for plants and animals that are essential for students. To be sure of obtaining the one dictionary with all the information a student must have, always ask for a Merriam-Webster.

You may purchase your copy at any department, book, or stationery store for only $5 plain, $6 indexed.

INSIST ON

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

AND DISCOVER THE DIFFERENCE

Advt. copyright by G. & C. Merriam Company, Springfield 2, Mass. — the only company specializing in dictionaries; publisher of the famous unabridged Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the Kremlin's power could be made to crumble by a so-called policy of liberation. Today, we fully recognize that coexistence is the only alternative to suicide. In this context, two new books about Russia are especially timely: THE COMMUNIST WORLD AND OURS (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $2.00) by WALTER LIPPMANN, and A ROOM IN MOSCOW (Reynal, $3.50) by SALLY BELFRAGE.

Mr. Lippmann's book is a slightly expanded version of four newspaper articles which he published last November after an interview with Khrushchev. Khrushchev's central conviction is that the Soviet economy will soon surpass ours in productivity and that this will cause the world's backward countries to turn to Russia as a model and for material aid. He therefore considers it self-evident that the Soviet Union stands to gain by avoiding war and that the United States is making alliances and arming itself in order to halt by aggression Russia's rise to world leadership. Khrushchev declared that tensions could be relaxed on the basis of acceptance of the status quo. But in his mind, the social revolution now in progress in many parts of the world *is* the status quo, and he wants us to recognize it as such. Thus he would regard an American effort to prevent, say, the Iraqi Communists from seizing power as a violation of the status quo, an aggravation of the Cold War.

Obviously the Cold War is going to continue throughout the foreseeable future. Lippmann's main contention is that we can no longer afford to rely on a policy of military pacts and aid to governments threatened with the rise of Communism among their people. This policy, he says, has antagonized the masses and has helped Soviet propaganda to portray us as imperialists and warmongers. It does nothing, moreover, to counter what Lippmann considers the real Soviet challenge: "We delude ourselves if we do not realize that the main power of the Communist states lies not in their clandestine activity but in the visible demonstration of what the Soviet Union has achieved in forty years, of what Red China has achieved in about ten years." Lippmann believes that the only convincing answer to the Soviet appeal to backward countries is to show that our system can do more effectively and in a more humane way what Communism has done;

The Peripatetic Advertiser

There is a demonstrably large number of persons — otherwise estimable persons perhaps — who believe that books are in season only in months ending in *r*. These persons are netted, even throughout the *r* months by suggestions that gift "problems" can be solved by the purchase of certain titles categorized carefully by recipient.

It would be chillier work than this chair can face to address the book donors in March. Much more inviting is the climate which envelopes subscribers to Atlantic. They are *ipso facto* year round readers. They are, one hopes, sufficiently acquisitive to buy books for themselves. The list below is addressed to them.

The Coming of the New Deal by **Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.** • "It promises to be one of the major works in American historical literature . . . history with appropriate ingredients of narrative, drama, biography, analysis, and interpretation." — *Henry Steele Commager, New York Times.* "Narrative history on a major scale . . . Mr. Schlesinger has evoked the very feeling of a time, its urgency, dread and exaltation, the sense of the future taking shape at the hands of the present . . . immediacy with a flair." — *John K. Hutchens, New York Herald Tribune* $6.75

The Width of Waters by **Alfred Kern** • A novel of a town in its hour of pageantry. "Some telling comments about advertising, public relations, and academic integrity. The best passages, however, are those that deal dramatically with Gaitz and Phyllis in New York and Buchanan; they have pulse as well as wit and insight." — *New York Times* $3.50

Short Stories of Russia Today edited by **Yvonne Kapp** • "Eighteen stories by Soviet authors written over the past twenty years present a great variety of settings and subjects . . . The literary merits of the stories are as varied as the subjects — at the best Turgenev, at the worst sturdy sentimentality akin to official Russian painting glorifying country, home and family. But literary merits aside, this collection is interesting reading by virtue of the broad picture it gives of life in the USSR." — *from a pre-publication review* $3.50

Suburbia: *Its People and Their Politics* by **Robert C. Wood** • "Remarkably probing new book . . . a serious yet exhilarating ride on our problem-driven merry-go-round . . . as full of facts as an unabridged almanac, as rich in opinion and assertion as a Senate debate . . . We've had God's plenty of books about Suburbia and its folklore in recent years — but none quite like this one." — *New York Times* $4.00. **An Anthropologist at Work** Writings of ***Ruth Benedict*** by **Margaret Mead** • A collaboration by two great anthropologists of our time. This book is both the history of a new approach to anthropology — an approach best described by Ruth Benedict as "personality writ large" — and is also the biography of a brilliant, sensitive, and elusive woman. "Will be sought out by all students of civilized life." — *from a pre-publication review* $6.00

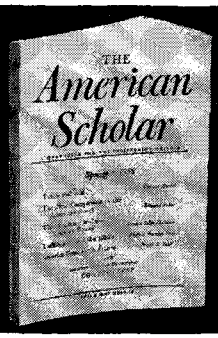
Island in the City: *The World of Spanish Harlem* by **Dan Wakefield** • An inside report by one of America's most brilliant young journalists. "Dan Wakefield's first book persuades me that he may well come to join the tradition of great reportage — the tradition of Edgar Snow and James Agee. He's got the sensibility and the brains and the curiosity, and above all he's got the heart." — *C. Wright Mills, Professor of Sociology, Columbia University* $4.00

Memoirs of the Second World War by **Winston S. Churchill** • An abridgement of the six volumes of *The Second World War* with an epilogue by the author on the postwar years written for this volume. "An extraordinary achievement . . . we hear once more Churchill's ringing phrases, fearless in criticism, outspoken in opinion, and statesmanlike in vision." — *from a pre-publication review* $8.75

Houghton Mifflin Company, *Publishers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
SPRING ISSUE
FREE
WITH A TRIAL
SUBSCRIPTION

special 

offer

take advantage of this special offer to enter your subscription to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, the leading general quarterly, which presents diversified, timely articles by distinguished thinkers and writers.

the Spring issue features:

- an analysis of the dangers of America's growing imperialism
- a discussion of the importance of science in the liberal arts
- a brief anthology of little-known Lincoln writings
- a plea for more effective testing in our schools and colleges
- a comment on the human privilege and responsibility
- a penetrating reappraisal of Thornton Wilder

also in this issue

is an article by Granville Hicks entitled "The Limits of Privacy," another in the SCHOLAR series on the invasion of privacy. This series, which has featured the writing of Richard Rovere and August Heckscher, will continue to present the ideas and convictions of men and women from varied professions and interests concerning the invasion of privacy in our time.

Don't miss these important articles. The Spring issue will be sent free with each subscription entered now. Order your copy today.

The American Scholar Dept. H5
1811 Q Street, N.W. Washington 9, D. C.

Please send me the Spring 1959 issue without charge and enter my subscription for the term checked.

☐ ½ year $2 ☐ 1 year $4 ☐ 2 years $7
☐ 3 years $9 ☐ payment enclosed ☐ please bill

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone....State.....

and he suggests that such a demonstration could best be made in India.

Mr. Lippmann's various prescriptions grow out of a rejection of the still fashionable view that the conflict with Russia is not another contest between great states but an ideological or religious war, from which one system will emerge as the universal order. I gather that he expects Communism to go on gaining in Asia and Africa. On the other hand, he finds that in Central and Eastern Europe (as the Soviet leaders probably recognize by now) Communism has no serious attraction and would not long survive a Soviet military withdrawal. This means, he says, that "we are missing the bus as long as we fail to identify ourselves with the idea of bringing to an end . . . the military occupation of the European continent."

The author of *A Room in Moscow* is a twenty-three-year-old American girl who went to the 1957 Moscow Youth Festival as a delegate (because it was a practically free ride); she then got herself invited to China, and returned to Moscow, where she lived for five months with a job in the Foreign Languages Publishing House. Sally Belfrage's early immersion in political prejudice and counterprejudice — her parents, militant leftists, were deported to their native England — left her with a keen appreciation for tolerance and a determination to steer clear of partisanship. This outlook — together with her youthful high spirits and curiosity, her zest for people, her brashness and insouciance and spontaneity — makes her book unique among the many accounts of a sojourn in Russia. It is probably the only one whose author succeeded in *not* being taken to a collective farm or a single factory.

Miss Belfrage lived in the shabby discomfort of a better-than-average Moscow rooming house. She traveled on streetcars, stood in shopping lines, and learned what a struggle it is for Russians to get tickets to the theater or the ballet. Many of her evenings were spent among the *stilyagi* or style-chasers — a young bohemian smart set, composed largely of the nonconforming sons and daughters of prominent citizens. But Miss Belfrage also had Russian friends of a more serious stripe. Some confided to her that they loathed the Communist regime and were haunted by the fear of bein spied upon. Others displayed a immense enthusiasm for the Sovie system and unquestioningly accepte its propaganda image of the Wes And there were those who freely de plored the evils that horrify us bu saw them as the temporary abuse of a revolution that is building a inspiring future. By seeking abov all to understand people, Mis Belfrage has given us sharp glimpse of the diversity of opinion in Russia and her straightforward account c her experiences conveys, more tell ingly than zealous strictures, hov wretched are the conditions of Sovic life and also what are its rewards the immense and highly prized op portunities for education, pride i the speed of recent progress, faitl in the future. But Miss Belfrage doc not seek to give undue weight to he impressions. Perhaps the operativ point about her book is that it is th lively story of a bright, friendl Western girl in modern Muscovy.

HOMER, RUINS, AND GOLD

One of the most singular figures i the history of archaeology is Heinrich Schliemann (1822–1890), discoverer of the ruins of Troy, a self-made merchant prince who startec excavating only when he was forty-six. A life of him by Emil Ludwig appeared in 1931, and his career wa sketched in *Gods, Graves & Scholars* Now he is the subject of anothe biography, THE GOLD OF TROY (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.95), a March Book-of-the-Month Club selection, by ROBERT PAYNE.

Mr. Payne is moderately cliché-prone, and he subscribes to the annoying practice of quoting without identifying the source, but all in all his book is a capable job of popularization — it could not be more readable.

Schliemann's life conforms with astonishing fidelity to the fairy tale plot of the poor boy who makes his childhood fantasy come true. As a child he was spellbound by stories out of Homer told to him by his father; and he claimed that when, at seven, he saw a picture of Troy in flames in a history book, he announced that someday he would rediscover the lost city and its treasure. Poverty cut short his schooling; he became a grocer's assistant, and at twenty decided that languages would be his passport to fortune. In two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years he taught himself seven, and earned himself a promising position in Russia as representative of an import-export firm. He grew rich rapidly, and by his forties had made two more fortunes: one in the California gold fields, another from profiteering in the Crimean War. Then he recalled his early enchantment with the Homeric world and set out for Greece. He had asked a friend there to find him a bride, specifying that she be poor, beautiful, loving, well educated, and an enthusiast for Homer — and he got exactly what he wanted.

Schliemann's discovery of Troy resulted from his careful reading of Homer (ancient Greek was one of the thirteen languages he mastered) and his faith in Homer's accuracy, which led to the conclusion that the site could not be Bunarbashi, as was generally supposed, but must be nearer the sea. Homeric Troy was only one of many buried cities which Schliemann's excavations unearthed, and it was subsequently established that he identified the wrong layer of ruins as the citadel of King Priam. Nor was the great treasure he found Priam's; it dated back to an even earlier era. Schliemann also drew false conclusions about his equally dramatic discoveries at Mycenae. Nevertheless, he occupies the first place among those who have brought to life the Homeric age, which he reverently regarded as the last magnificent flowering of heroism. Ironically, Schliemann himself had none of the qualities celebrated by Homer. He was devious, pompous, ill-tempered, and singularly devoid of natural nobility — a dingy man who had an extraordinary career.

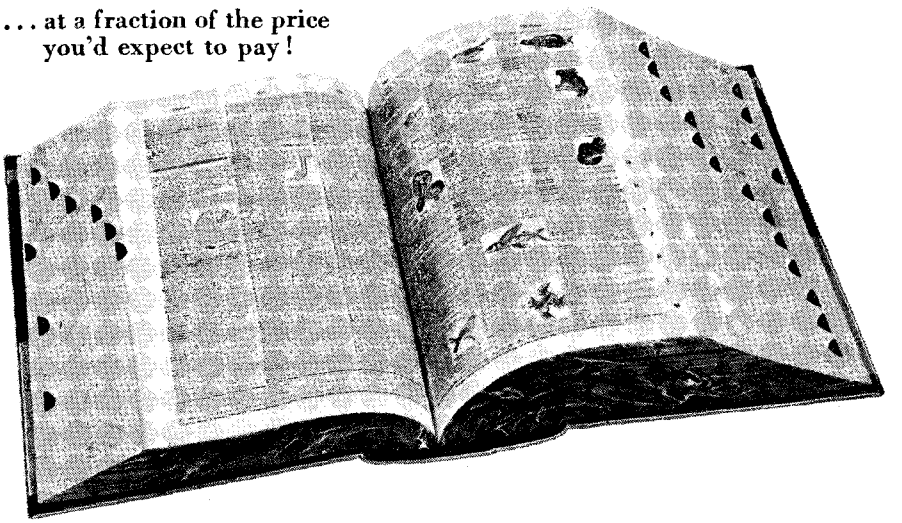
ILL-STARRED LOVERS

YASUNARI KAWABATA, one of Japan's foremost novelists and the author of *The Snow Country*, has written another strange and beautiful book, THOUSAND CRANES (Knopf, $3.00).

At the opening of the story, the hero, Kikuji, attends a tea ceremony given by Chikako, once the mistress of his father; and she introduces to him a pretty girl (with a handkerchief bearing the thousand-crane theme) whom she wishes him to marry. Also present is Mrs. Ota, the alluring woman for whom Chikako was cast aside by Kikuji's father, now dead. Mrs. Ota and

Answers more questions than any other reference work

. . . at a fraction of the price you'd expect to pay!



Brings into your home accurate information on every subject known to man . . . with thousands of illustrations . . . heartily recommended by leaders in every field of knowledge

Here is the most helpful basic reference work that you can have in your home!

It is the most complete dictionary ever published — containing thousands of words and definitions not included in any other dictionary.

It is the world's greatest "information center" — equivalent in printed material to an 18-volume encyclopedia . . . containing so much encyclopedic matter that it has become famous as the great "question answerer."

It covers the entire range of man's knowledge — vocabulary, geography, biography, the arts, the sciences, the professions — opening up for you all the cultural and practical knowledge of this eventful era.

Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, is one of the most inspiring purchases you will ever make for yourself and your family. It is an invaluable aid to students and to leaders in business and every profession . . . an unequaled "partner" in word games and puzzles . . . a "question answerer" so informative and intriguing that someone in your family will turn to it nearly every day.

As your family develops the "look it up" habit, their questions will be answered with complete accuracy, for this New International is the same unabridged *Merriam-Webster* relied on by schools and libraries as "the Supreme Authority" of the English-speaking world.

Don't let the years roll by without giving yourself and your family the benefit of this wonderful, low-cost reference work. See Webster's New International at department, book, or stationery stores.

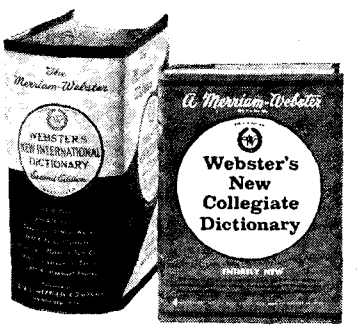
• • •

WARNING: Don't confuse this genuine Webster's New International Dictionary with "big" dictionaries offered as supermarket premiums or in "free" offers. Always look for the *Merriam-Webster* trademark to protect yourself from inferior substitutes.

INSIST ON

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary ($5 and up) is the only desk dictionary based on the New International. It is the dictionary required or recommended by nearly all schools and colleges. There should be an up-to-date copy in every home.



Advt. Copyright by G. & C. Merriam Co.

FREE—Illustrated Booklet of Word Origins

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 479, Springfield 2, Mass.

Please mail me your free illustrated booklet, "Interesting Origins of English Words." Also send me more information about Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

W. A. Swanberg

JIM FISK

The Career of an Improbable Rascal

An engaging biography of that brazen buccaneer of American finance — the flamboyant rogue whose career epitomized the gaudiest era in our history. $4.50

Oden Meeker

THE LITTLE WORLD OF LAOS

With a picture essay by Homer Page. A fascinating study of this tiny Asian country, Land of the Million Elephants and the White Parasol, "surely one of the most appealing nations in the world." $4.50

Elizabeth Burton

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

Illus. by Felix Kelly. One of the liveliest periods of English history is revealed through this entertaining account of the everyday life of our Elizabethan ancestors. "Witty . . . amusing . . . extremely interesting."
— *Katharine Cornell* $3.95

At all bookstores

SCRIBNERS

Kikuji become lovers, guilt drives her to suicide, and presently Kikuji finds himself in love with her beautiful daughter, Fumiko. But Fumiko is oppressed by the feeling that they are soiled by the past, and in the moving climax she takes it upon herself to shatter the circle of guilt in which their families have been caught.

The best Japanese novelists express symbolically much that Western writers would develop explicitly in terms of action or introspection. In Kawabata's story, Chikako's ugly birthmark powerfully suggests that something evil governs her life; the thousand-crane handkerchief becomes an image of the conventional, comfortable destiny which Kikuji has brushed aside in favor of ill-starred love; and the two fine old China bowls, out of which Kikuji and Fumiko drink tea as did their parents before them, are charged with a multiplicity of meanings. Kawabata's small, taut, tender novel has the qualities of the best Japanese writing: a stunning economy, delicacy of feeling, and a painter's sensitivity to the visible world.

ROMAIN GARY has followed his ambitious novel, *The Roots of Heaven*, with a light, urbane, ironic comedy capped with a startling touch of Gothic horror — LADY L. (Simon and Schuster, $3.50). Lady L. is one of England's last *grandes dames:* the mother of a duke, the grandmother of men in eminence in government, the church, the Bank of England. On her eightieth birthday, she decides it would be fun to shock her prissy old admirer, the poet laureate, by telling him the true story of her life. As they stroll toward the summer pavilion, she delightedly unfolds the incredible saga of a Paris streetwalker who fell in love with a dashing anarchist; was transformed by him into a great lady so that she could better help him to bring off robberies and assassinations; made the heartbreaking decision to escape from a lover who loved only humanity; and married an eccentric duke who obliterated her past — except for the secret which explains her daily visits for more than half a century to her beloved summer pavilion.

Lady L. is an extended anecdote in the tradition of Maupassant and Maugham. It is trivial, deliciously amusing, and written with impeccable polish.

NEW BOOKS ON WRITING

TECHNIQUES OF FICTION WRITING
by Eloise Jarvis McGraw

A NEW step-by-step guide to the writing of salable fiction. Chapters on plotting, characterization, background, research, dialogue, etc. A factual and stimulating account of how to write for publication. Just published. $4.00

WRITING LIGHT VERSE
by Richard Armour

HERE are the professional secrets of writing and marketing light verse, imparted by one of the leaders in the field. Covers all aspects of light verse writing — plus examples of the author's own verses. New, revised edition. $2.95

HOW TO WRITE A NOVEL
by Manuel Komroff

A SUCCESSFUL novelist gives practical advice and specific instruction to everyone interested in writing book-length fiction. Shows where to find material, how to work it into story form, how to develop characters, build suspense, etc. A new printing of a popular and authoritative book. $4.00

At your bookstore, or direct postpaid from
THE WRITER, Inc., PUBLISHERS
8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

"No one else in his literary generation has written such engaging reminiscences."
— W. G. ROGERS, *Associated Press*

The Autobiography of Mark Van Doren

Illustrated, $5.75

HARCOURT, BRACE

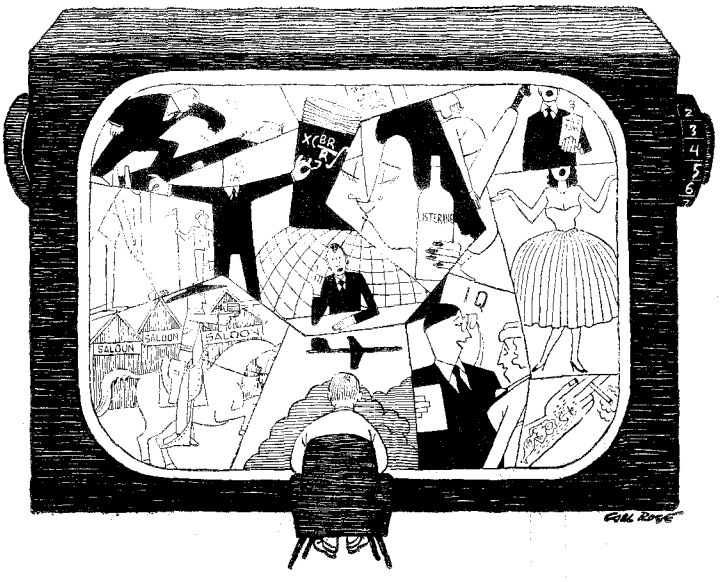
OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices. (*We also supply all current books at retail store prices* — postpaid, *as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of The Atlantic Monthly.*)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
353 West 48th Street, Dept. A, New York 36, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines. Please list.

You name it — we find it!

Out-of-print books at lowest prices! Fast service. Send your wants — no obligation. Satisfaction guaranteed.
INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS
Box 3003-A Beverly Hills, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Accent on

Reflections from a Television Screen

ITEM: In a series of half-hour programs, a teacher has been showing how to compute the rate of acceleration of a falling object. He writes on a blackboard neat symbols for such points of information as weight, distance, time, and so on, and these he proceeds to arrange in harmless-looking equations. Sometimes he lets the little ball that he uses fall straight down, or again he may let it swing at the end of a string. He is never hurried or confused, never at a loss for his next utterance. His air is kindly, his voice pleasant. Step by step, he brings his problem to what is obviously, to him, a successful conclusion. Although his diction is faultless, I have never been able to understand any stage of his explanation. It means nothing to me, but it all seems to make sense to him. *Query:* Can it be that this man is insane?

ITEM: The ardent, connubial kiss for which one party or the other has, only seconds earlier, been preparing by gargling full-strength Listerine.

ITEM: The plight of the advertising agency when the president of the client company insists on delivering, to a national network audience, the commercial. That was a sound piece of institutional copy that the president of Clinton Engines expounded during a time out in the Giants-Colts football game, but the involuntary expression of relief that swept over his countenance when he realized that he had finished it was a hilarious glimpse of amateurism unawares.

ITEM: The commentator who believes his words can take on added authority when he refers to Premier (pronounced preh-*meer*) Nikita S. Khrushchev instead of just Premier Khrushchev. Or is this designed to distinguish Nikita S. from Anthony M. Khrushchev or J. Howard Khrushchev? "What Preh-*meer* Ni-ki-ta S. Khrushchev's latest outburst probably means is . . ."

ITEM: The large number of announcers who insist on pronouncing it "stummick," as in (one word) "acidupsetstummick."

ITEM: The sports commentators to whom every college team is a "club," usually a "ball club." It is quite impossible for these men to speak of a "game" or the "ball." The reference must be "this football game" or "that football." Example: "And now, about to try for a field goal for Coach Wodnesjek's Berserk U football club, here comes Light Horse Harry Doozy. He'll be kicking that football from Wingding's thirty-yard line, and with only two minutes playing time left in the football game, it looks like the *dee*-fensive unit of Coach Roop's Wingding ball club will try to get in there and block it," and so on. A similar affectation has developed in the running account of a program called *Championship Golf*, in which the narrator alludes to any approach shot that reaches the putting surface and stays there as a "beautiful golf shot." This, presumably, is for those viewers who had thought they were witnessing a curling match or an egg-and-spoon race. Sports columnists and commentators are, of course, pioneers in the school of language which converts a banana into "the elongated yellow fruit," and the winter's best in this category so far was a Florida announcer's description of men in a fly-casting contest as "disciples of Izaic [rhymes with mosaic] Walton."

(I must digress briefly to acclaim once again the *Wall Street Journal* as the incomparable source of elongated yellow fruit examples. "Here's a passage," William Pinkerton writes me from the Harvard News Office, "from the *Wall Street Journal* [December 3] about transistors versus vacuum tubes: '. . . the tiny bits of coated metal have been losing a few rounds lately in the competitive battle with their older, more cumbersome, tubular counterparts.' ")

ITEM: The WBZ announcer who, plugging a self-education program called *Sunrise Semester*, referred to Gide and Colette as "Geed and Colay." Also, the announcer for *Boston*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Movietime who repeatedly assured his audience that the film they were watching was *The Adventures of Robinson Caruso*.

ITEM: Dr. I.Q. ("The Mental Banker"), who seems to have been around ever since the early days of KDKA and the neutrodyne sets and whose audience now muff the same questions on TV that floored them on radio. Example:

Dr. I.Q.: If a drink is drinkable, is it potable, edible, or not fit for man or beast?

Female Contestant (after a spine-chilling wait): Edible?

Dr. I.Q.: Oh, I'm sorry, but . . .

ITEM: The gay and altogether delightful interval when Francis X. Bushman was a guest on the *Jack Paar Show*. Handsome, gracious, and with a great manner of his own, he made an unforgettable response to his host's request for an example of pantomime from the silent films: he offered, smilingly, to show what he would have done when the subtitle had him saying, "They went that-a-way." The words would have been unnecessary, so complete was the Bushman mastery of the visual effect. For an instant he looked thoughtful, then portentous, as if a great decision had been taken. His right hand, forefinger extended, began a slow, fluid gesture, first to the left, where the actor seemed to be looking, then sweeping a full 180 degrees to the right, where it stopped in a triumphantly dramatic directional thrust. That, yes that, was indeed the way they'd gone, and Mr. Bushman's ability to make the viewer believe it was awesome. It would be pleasant to see more of him on the TV screen.

ITEM: The *Jack Paar Show*, which was subjected to a ruinous sojourn on the West Coast but managed to regain its quality once again in New York. In spite of the late hour, I find Jack Paar more often than not worth sitting up for.

CHARLES W. MORTON

Barbershops

BY FRANCIS W. DAHL

FRANCIS W. DAHL *is widely known for his books and cartoons and his daily drawing on the editorial page of the Boston* HERALD.

The contests in which you have to judge strangers on the basis of their appearance are always hard on the judge. Next to not judging beauty contests I prefer not to judge barber contests. Alas, a man can refuse the beauties, but he cannot give up getting his hair cut. Eventually he will find himself in a strange barbershop with barbers jumping about, smiling, bobbing, snapping their towels, and making little gestures toward their chairs. And he will feel that all but one of them are going to hate him for the rest of his life.

If he does what I do, he will avoid all their eyes and nod briskly to the nearest one as though in a great hurry, have to catch a train, no time to pick and choose. This causes all the other contestants to slump as though they had been shot. I will say the other contestants are always decent about it and resume their conversations or turn back to their bottle arranging. Perhaps they never give me another thought, but I am always glad when more customers come in and give them something to do.

My barber, Joseph, buys a Veteran's Poppy every year and twists its stem around the railing on his glass cabinet. During the next twelve months it wilts considerably but is replaced by a new one every year. On the mirror is a peeling decalcomania (by courtesy of Lucky Tiger) of three rigid feminine profiles depicting the bob, the shingle, and a tortured spit-curl effect. This is a reminder of that nervous period when the flappers threatened to take over the barbershops. Well, have they? There may be a former flapper sitting over there, but she has brought in her youngest for a whiffle. Nothing has changed but the prices.

This was brought home recently at a quick-shave place near my office which I patronize in emergencies. The porter had opened the door of a closet where the tonics are kept

in bulk, and on the back of the closet door was a red pennant which said, "To Hell with the Kaiser." The porter started to mix some tonic with water, then stopped to look to see what my reaction might be. Then he looked at the boss barber, who was stricken. I made no outcry, however, so the boss held first one finger down by his side (I was facing the mirror) then four fingers, and the porter mixed one part of tonic with four parts water.

I made no outcry, because it would have meant having to choose another barber. As a matter of fact, I felt honored to be perhaps the only client ever actually allowed to witness this ancient rite. It was something I shall remember gratefully.

My Maine barbershop, which I patronize in the summer, is also suitably decorated. It displays that famous chromo of the little child looking up at the big dog with the title, "Can You Talk." It has a massive gold frame and no question mark after the "Talk." I often wonder how a picture that hung in thousands of Victorian parlors managed to get by without a question mark after the "Talk." Perhaps it was not meant to be a question, I say rather sleepily to myself. Perhaps the artist meant it to have an exclamation mark: "Can You Talk!" This would indicate that the animal was a talking dog and a very good one, at least for those times.

My Cape Cod shop is furnished in similar fashion. A tin ceiling painted white (one coat), a row of kitchen chairs (two coats plus black rings on the turnings), flowered linoleum on the floor, and an oil heater. The atmosphere is not drowsy, however, because the barber, a member of the volunteer company, keeps his fireman's hat on a table right close to the chair. I have always expected to hear the alarm sound, see the barber go dashing off in his fireman's hat, and find myself in the doorway, peering up the street, with lather on my face like a character on a *Saturday Evening Post* cover. I believe I've seen something like this on a *Saturday Evening Post* cover.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Misc.

BY PEG BRACKEN

Peg Bracken is the pseudonym of Mrs. Roderick Lull of Portland, Oregon. Her verse, articles, and stories have appeared in many magazines.

The other day, during an agonizing reappraisal of my personal files, I pulled out of the Misc. folder, for perhaps the dozenth time, the bill of sale for the car I traded in two years ago.

I keep this, not as a proud reminder that I once owned the car I was driving, but because of an uncertain feeling that I might need it again someday (the same reason I keep the receipt for a set of encyclopedias I bought in 1948). It would be easy, I suppose, to ask the bank or the encyclopedia company frankly if such a day is ever likely to come. But I don't do that. I just keep the papers in the Misc. folder, fingering them thoughtfully every so often, then leaving them where they are. Psychologists have a name for this. I believe they call it "stupidity."

But I'm not sure this is the only reason why the Misc. folders of most of us grow so futilely fat. Besides the prevailing superstition that if you throw something away you're sure to need it, there is a feeling of guilt. We can't help believing a little in the adage we've heard so many times: "A place for everything and everything in its place"; and so we do our best, not understanding that the place referred to is, in most instances, the wastebasket. Thus, most things that don't belong anywhere else make their eventual way to that dreary limbo of unfinished business and uneasy compromise labeled Misc. (And even though you possess neither filing cabinet nor folder, the average billfold or pocketbook is a perfect Misc. file.)

I don't believe we can honestly place the blame on the Paper Age we live in. It is true that we float on, or sink into, a vast sea of papers these days, between the Bank, the Insurance company, and the Tax office, not to mention the Manufacturers, whose every product is accompanied by a sheaf of instructions — which we feel duty bound to save — on how to run it, wash it, dry-clean it, or repair it.

But all these things can be easily quarantined in the B, I, T, or M folders. They are the blacks and whites, while it is the grays that make the trouble: the letter and bulletin from your college alumni office, which you must certainly read someday and answer; the clipping about Syrian cooking which you're going to send to a friend when you get around to it; the three-years-ago Christmas card list; some personalized bookplates you can't stand; a road map of southern Utah (who can tell when he's going to need a road map of southern Utah?); and seventy or eighty similarly fascinating and inconclusive oddments.

I have noticed a curious thing about the Misc. file, too. Like a cumbersome Saint Bernard who whelps a large litter yet stays as cumbersome as ever, the Misc. file eventually births a lot of facsimiles without becoming noticeably smaller.

What happens is this: the file owner, in one of those moods of resolute character-overhaul which can happen to anyone, will root through his Misc. file one day and notice that two of its occupants bear a family resemblance. Both are concerned, let us say, with Vacations — one, a clipping about budget trips to Mexico; the other, a snapshot of last summer's beach cottage. So the file owner shrewdly decides to file all Vacation material, henceforth, under V.

This is a fine plan, except that the baby presently acquires a Vaccination and Inoculation record to be filed (if filed under B for Baby it would collide with Bank). Then an important letter arrives from a tree surgeon named Voorhees. It isn't long before the V file is about as misc. as you can get; and meanwhile, the original Misc. file is gaining every day.

Thus, the evolutionary process of any normal filing cabinet is a backward one, a reversion of each of its component folders to original whirling chaos; and when this has continued for a number of years, you might as well stuff all your papers into an apple box in the back yard and strike a match.

I doubt whether much can be done about it, either. Man is just naturally a miscellaneous kind of animal, a creature of loose threads, not neatly tied bows. And, indeed, if we were anything else, we should be more uncomfortable than we already are in the disorderly world we live in. Wherever you look, things are pretty mussy — crab grass in the bluegrass, and dead oak leaves dangling in the autumn willow, not to mention that astonishing collection which clogs our gutters every spring. It seems to me we fit right in.

Letter to My Bank

BY GURNEY WILLIAMS

Dear Bank:

Frankly, I don't like your jazzy new glass building and your bare counters with not a greenback visible to show what line of business you are in. What was wrong with the money-packed tellers' cages watched over by a grim guard who always made me feel like a bandit when I crept in to pay the interest on my note? You just don't look and act like a bank any more, and I am confused.

My thrifty grandfather did not have to be bribed to open a savings account with a satellite piggy bank that beeps when a dime is dropped into it, and he would have shot that radio announcer of yours who keeps needling me to borrow what he laughingly calls "yenom" (money spelled backwards). I'm glad Granddaddy was not around last December to see those scantily-clad babes and the fat Santa Claus skating on that artificial ice rink in your lobby. I half expect this Easter that your cashier will be dressed in a bunny rabbit costume and will hand me a bag of licorice jelly beans when I come in nervously to discuss my mortgage problem.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We climb stairs Sitting Down"

In these days lots of smart people don't wait for their doctors to tell them to "take it easy". They save themselves (and their hearts) the tiresome strain of climbing stairs dozens of times a day by installing one of our home lifts. Safe and attractive, they are inexpensive to install. Anyone in the family can use them and they operate on house lighting circuit.

INCLIN-ATOR—Runs up and down the stairs on an inconspicuous track. Folds back against the wall when not in use.

ELEVETTE—A vertical elevator installed in stairwell, closet, corner or shaft. Completely safe for all ages.

Send for FREE BOOK
"Stop Climbing Stairs"

INCLINATOR COMPANY OF AMERICA

2205 Paxton Blvd., Harrisburg, Pa.
Originator of the Home Passenger Lift

MUTUAL FUND INFORMATION

The different features of

Incorporated Investors*

are explained in free prospectus

*A mutual fund investing in a list of securities selected for possible long-term growth of capital and income.

THE PARKER CORPORATION 33-A
200 Berkeley St.,
Boston, Mass.

Please send Prospectus on Incorporated Investors

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

I have always been awed by banky-looking banks; that is why I trusted them. When I wanted to negotiate a loan, I faced a steely-eyed miser who made me squirm while he pursed his lips and mentally calculated his chances of ever getting a nickel back. It was a harrowing experience, but it strengthened my character and taught me the value of a dollar. Now, to judge from your jovial advertising (which suggests I could do with two new cars and a 39-foot cabin cruiser), I have a feeling that if I phoned you from a drugstore for some cash, you would rush me a hatbox full of it via Conover model, who would jokingly ask me if I were gainfully employed before handing over the bundle.

My wife takes a dim view of this. She has also warned me against patronizing your drive-in department. She says that if I get so slovenly about money matters that I can't march into your fish bowl and stand quietly and respectfully in line, she is going back to stuffing our moola in the mattress.

I'VE HAD A SUPERFLUITY OF YANKEE INGENUITY

BY C. S. JENNISON

Something there is that doesn't like at all
The city folk who turn to country labors;
Something there is that I'd be apt to call
The Neighbors.

I'd met Old Sam. Life gave him scanty measure,
Yet he was generous, as well as proud.
He called one dusk — to my surprise and pleasure —
And asked me if I'd like my garden plowed.
At first, Old Sam was shy and ill at ease,
But, when he left at twelve, his tongue more limber . . .
I found I'd promised him the maple trees,
A barn of hay, and all the idle timber.

As for Matilda, granite-eyed and stern,
Her attitude was wary at the start;
But — driving her to town — I came to learn
Like all her kind, she had a lonely heart.
Later, when I had made her problems mine
And watched her manner grow relaxed and lenient,
I overheard her on the party line
Describing me as queerish — but convenient.

And there was Hi, whose fences joined my clover;
A cheerful neighbor, though his lot was hard.
It vexed him how his cows kept taking over
My pasture, then my meadow, then my yard.
Checking the boundaries where I'd seen him putter,
I saw that Hi — to cut his grain expenses —
Had neatly snipped the fence wires with a cutter;
Which taught me this: Good neighbors make bad fences.

Something in rural districts doesn't care
For foreigners, however kind or steady,
Something I'd call the People Living There
Already.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Insipidology

BY SCOTT CORBETT

SCOTT CORBETT *is a frequent contributor to these pages, and our readers will recall "Where the Centaurs Graze" in the* ATLANTIC'S *100th Anniversary issue.*

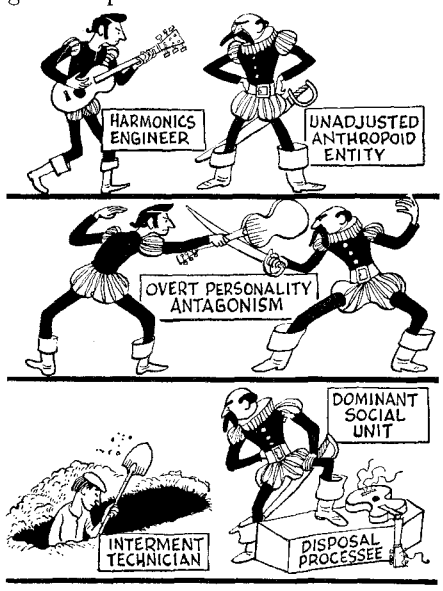
Insipidology (the science of modern terminology) interests me more and more. I was thrilled on a recent trip to flush a real collector's item. Not far from the highway stood a tent, and outside it sat a gypsy. Beside the road a sign displayed the palm of a huge hand, with the words "Reader Adviser."

Now, it may be that an avoidance of the term "Fortune Teller" makes for better relations with the police department, but at the same time, "Reader Adviser" is right in step with modern trends in terminology. Let me point out what has been accomplished in a few other fields.

A quarter of a century ago, New York City's last janitor died. Since then there have been only Building Superintendents. Now the homely garbageman has joined the janitor, leaving his work to be accomplished by Disposal Contractors or Sanitation Engineers.

You can still find the word "gravestone" in some of the older dictionaries, but not in the average metropolitan classified telephone directory. Monumental Works now produce Memorials. For that matter, caskets are practically a thing of the past; their place is being taken by a very similar product manufactured by Burial Case Companies.

Certainly these new terms are a great improvement on their outworn



Do BLESSED MEDALS Really Protect Us?

You see a Catholic with a religious medal hanging from a chain around his neck.

And if you don't understand what it means... and why he wears it... you may imagine, as some do, that he is merely ignorant or superstitious.

Catholics, of course, don't believe any more than you do that a mere piece of metal has supernatural value, even with a sacred image engraved upon it. Nor do they believe that the blessings derived from medals and other devotional objects come from the objects themselves.

It is the official prayer, the blessing of Christ's Church, that gives special value to a medal. The prayer is the appeal of the world-wide church for God's blessing upon those who... with piety and reverence . . . associate themselves with a particular devotion. The medal is merely a sign or symbol of something that *does* possess spiritual power—the blessing and prayer of the church.

Blessed medals, of which there are many, are called "sacramentals." Holy water, candles, scapulars and other devotional objects are also sacramentals, or devotional objects blessed and authorized by the church as aids to piety and worship. Their use by Catholics is a matter of choice, not obligation. And they are not to be confused with the Sacraments, instituted by Christ Himself, which do constitute an obligation upon all Catholics.

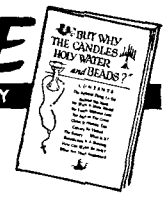
Catholics believe . . . and the Bible confirms . . . that Jesus did establish His Church. He gave it the authority to teach, to baptize, to forgive or remit sins, to minister to His "flock." When His disciples said: "Lord, teach us to pray," he taught them; and he assured them their prayers would be heard in heaven.

For nearly 2,000 years, Catholics the world over have been wondrously blessed by the prayers of the whole Church... and their own... through a wide variety of practices and devotions. Therefore, when you see a Catholic with a blessed medal hanging from a chain around his neck, you can be sure he is *not* praying to the medal itself... nor to the image upon it... but that he and millions like him are uniting their prayer to God Himself for a special purpose.

The sacramentals of the Catholic Church are a powerful aid to piety and devotion. And whether you're a Catholic or not, it will be interesting and helpful to you to read our free pamphlet explaining the Rosary, holy water, the Sign of the Cross, Scapulars, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, etc. Write today... ask for Pamphlet No. B-38. It will be sent free in a plain wrapper; nobody will call on you.

FREE

MAIL COUPON TODAY



SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo.

Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled "But Why The Candles, Holy Water and Beads?" B-38

NAME_____

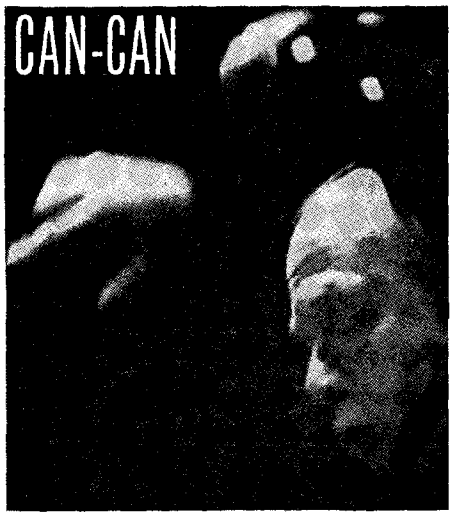
ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHILADELPHIANS CAN CAN-CAN



Toulouse-Lautrec's table at the Moulin Rouge is reserved for you. But you'd better hurry, as there's bound to be a crowd when Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra reach new hi-fi heights of entertainment with the most sparkling, head-over-heels performance of "Gaîté Parisienne" ever recorded.

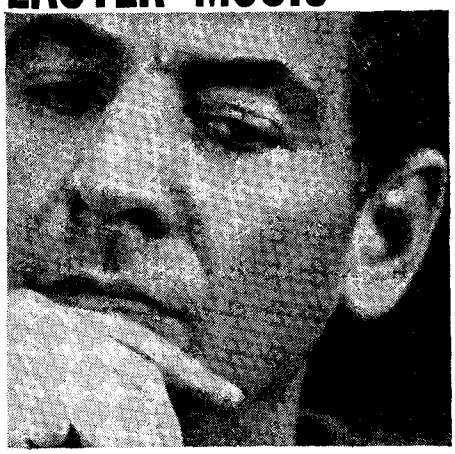
Offenbach: Gaîté Parisienne (Complete)—The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor ML 5348

GUARANTEED HIGH-FIDELITY AND STEREO-FIDELITY RECORDS BY

COLUMBIA

® "Columbia" "Masterworks" ℗ Marcas Reg.
A division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.

MESSIAH: EASTER MUSIC



According to Leonard Bernstein, the 53 separate pieces of music which make up Handel's *Messiah* fit neatly into two sections, each a dramatic, emotional entity. Part 1, released this past December, tells the Christmas story. Here now is the second or Easter portion for your enjoyment at this time.

Handel: Messiah (Easter Music)—Adele Addison, Russell Oberlin, David Lloyd, William Warfield, the Westminster Choir, the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, Conductor. ML 5346 MS 6041 (stereo)

GUARANTEED HIGH-FIDELITY AND STEREO-FIDELITY RECORDS BY

COLUMBIA

® "Columbia" "Masterworks" ℗ Marcas Reg.
A division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.

predecessors, but I feel that they drain the color out of life.

Are they not ultimately going to give the writer of swashbuckling novels and the opera librettist a hard row to hoe? Perhaps a quick comparison of possibilities will convince us that such fears are groundless.

First, let's take the old-fashioned version of a swashbuckler plot. Our hero, Ethelred, disguised as a wandering minstrel, penetrates the grim castle of Monstro, the wicked duke. Monstro is a cruel villain who has our heroine Rowena's father, Sir Humphrey, imprisoned in a foul dungeon, shackled with heavy chains.

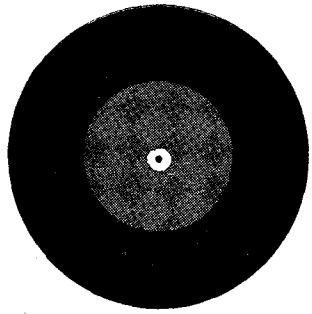
Ethelred is recognized and dragged to the torture chamber, where the duke's torturer puts him on the rack. In the meantime, disguised as a fortune teller, Rowena enters the castle. She frees Ethelred in the nick of time. He kills the torturer and then engages the wicked duke in a duel to the death — the duke's death, that is — after which Ethelred and Rowena take over the castle and live happily ever after. Eventually somebody even remembers to run down and release poor old Sir Humphrey.

So there we have it: a good, exciting story full of passion and color, but hopelessly old-fashioned. The question is, can its terminology be revised to make it acceptable today without sacrificing too much of the color? Well, let's see:

Our success symbol, Ethelred, disguised as an Aberrant Harmonics Engineer, penetrates the grim Intrusion Prevention Structure of Monstro, an antisocial duke. Monstro is an unadjusted personality who has Rowena's father, Sir Humphrey, under supervision in the Subterranean Detention Section. Sir Humphrey's aged limbs are loaded down with Activity Deterrents.

Ethelred is recognized and channeled to the Cooperation Procurement Division, where the Personnel Processor prepares him for Applied Antitherapy. In the meantime, disguised as a Reader Adviser, Rowena enters the Intrusion Prevention Structure. She frees Ethelred with a minimum of expenditure of the time-loss factor, but then the duke's henchmen grab them and Monstro watches gloatingly while his Personnel Processor broils both of them to a crisp over a nice fire and . . .

I'm sorry, but there is something about this new language that simply makes me side with Monstro.



Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: Concerto No. 5, "Emperor"
Eugene Istomin, piano; Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML-5318
The majesty of the Philadelphian sound here is almost, if not quite, offset by a hurry that sometimes shoves Beethoven's intent aside. Worth a hearing.

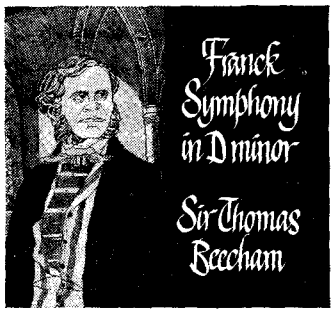
Haydn: Symphonies No. 99 and No. 100, "Military"
Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML-5316
Trumpet, triangle, and drums are splendidly clamorous in the "Military," prime attraction in this disc. Missing is the ironic hint of grimness Haydn wrote into his tribute to Austria's veterans of war with Napoleon. No. 99 is given courtly treatment. The sound is lush.

Kay: Suites from Stars and Stripes, Cakewalk
Arthur Fiedler conducting Boston Pops Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2240 (stereo) and LM-2240
Some of the most engaging modern American music is being written by Hershy Kay. Of these two ballet suites, the more successful is *Cakewalk*, based on pre-ragtime tunes of Louis Moreau Gottschalk. Sousa's marches, used in the other, sometimes seem ill-confined in dance tempos. Still, the overall effect is much fun. This kind of thing is Fiedler's meat. And, as with all BPO recordings, the sound is brilliant.

Vaughan Williams: Symphony No. 9
Sir Adrian Boult conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra; Everest SDBR-3006 (stereo) and 6006
A new record company makes an auspicious beginning. Here in easy,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The best of both worlds



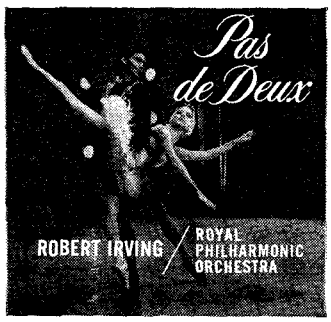
With penetrating artistry and masterful baton, Sir Thomas Beecham illuminates the mysticism of the famous Cesar Franck symphony. G7157

...and audiences cheer. This newest Pennario recital ranges from Chopin's furious "Revolutionary" Etude to Liszt's delicate "Campanella." P8469

Outspoken Russian satire and flashing American wit, in two contemporary composers' delightful ballet suites heard all too seldom. G7146

The flaring spirit of the Spanish dance is revealed by the gifted Brazilian guitarist in nine works by Latin American and Spanish composers. P8467

new Capitol classics



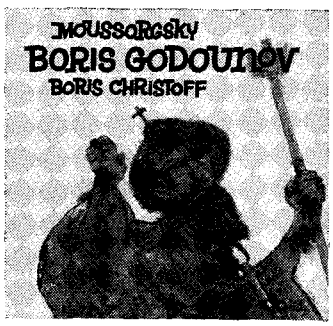
"Dances for two"—love duets of the ballet, from eight favorite scores including *Romeo and Juliet, Don Quixote, Sleeping Beauty, Nutcracker.* G7160

Splendor, grace and variety in bright cameos of nine dance forms, chosen by America's foremost arranger-conductor of light classics. P8466

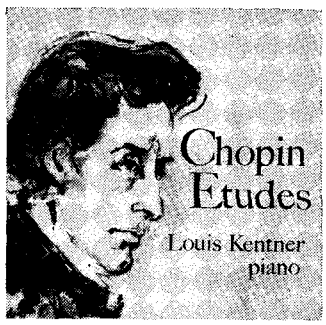
A perceptive performance of Beethoven's most poetic piano concerto by "a major pianist, one of the best in the profession" *(N. Y. Times).* P8468

Boris Christoff as Philip II in Verdi's most famous basso role, with Tito Gobbi as Rodrigo. Gabriele Santini conducts. Three records. GCR7165

from Europe & America



"One of the greatest of operatic recordings" *(Saturday Review).* "A great actor-singer in the tradition of Chaliapin" *(The Gramophone).* Complete on four records. GDR7164



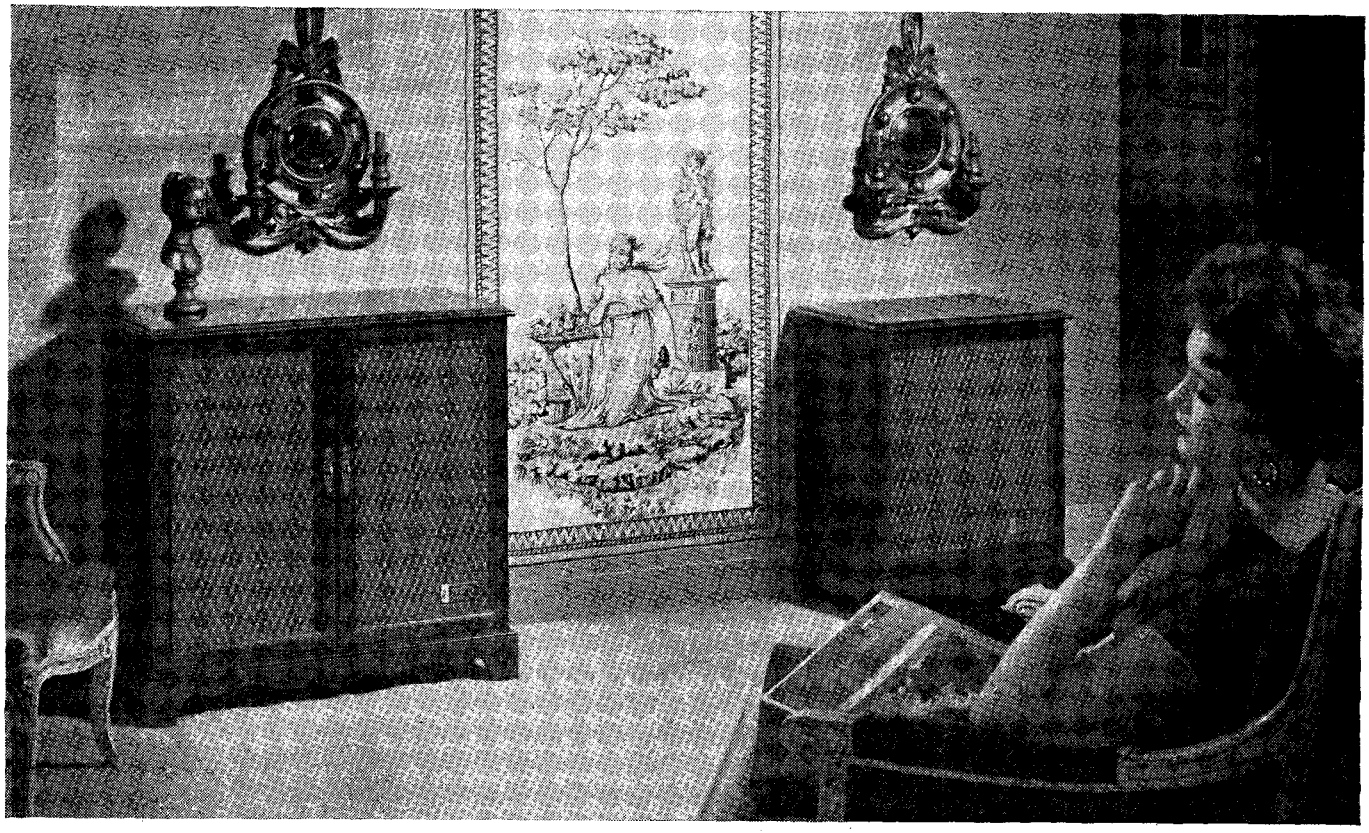
On the talents which first won him Warsaw's *Chopin Prize,* Louis Kentner has built a brilliant career. The complete etudes, Op. 10 and Op. 25, on two records. GBR7162

Capitol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RECORDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New dimension in sound you've never heard before!

Hear the wonder of stereophonic sound on Zenith—world's finest high fidelity



Plays your present records, too—with a depth of sound you never realized was there

For the new Stereophonic Age—a new principle of high fidelity from Zenith.

Unlike phonographs that are merely "converted" for stereophonic records, the new Zenith captures the full depth and range of living stereophonic sound.

You experience sound *moving* around you, close up—as live as the minute it was recorded. You seem to hear performers in the room with you—not through the speakers.

And you may choose from Zenith full stereophonic instruments, self-contained in magnificent fine-furniture cabinets, or from stereophonic equipped instruments with companion remote speaker systems.

Above is the Zenith *Liszt*, a full stereophonic high fidelity ensemble, complete with FM/AM radio. Matching Georgian styled cabinets of mahogany or cherry veneers and hardwood solids. Model SF190, with remote speaker system, $550.00*. Self-contained Full Stereophonic High Fidelity consoles from $299.95*. Stereophonic equipped models from $159.95*.

ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION OF STEREOPHONIC SOUND AT YOUR ZENITH DEALER'S

ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on

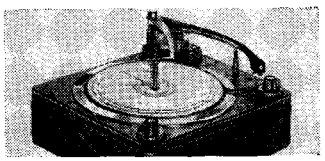
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS. The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 40 years of leadership in radionics exclusively.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher in the Southwest and West Coast. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*

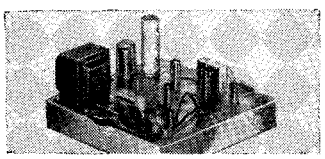
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Specially designed Zenith quality components—for world's finest sound

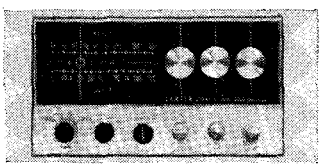
Exclusive Zenith features, to please even the most discriminating high fidelity enthusiast, are incorporated in these remarkable new Zenith instruments.



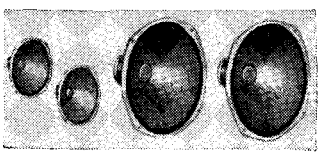
Exclusive Cobra-Matic® Record Changer has four speeds. Zenith's all-new Cobra® Tone Arm with its dual-needle cartridge preserves records with its feather-light touch, yet picks up every recorded sound with incredible fidelity.



40 watts of undistorted power output—up to 80 watts peak—from dual channel amplifiers designed by Zenith for the finest stereophonic sound reproduction.



Stereo Studio Control Panel, another Zenith exclusive, gives you precision control of tonal response—virtually the same control as that of a recording studio sound engineer. Has Zenith's exclusive Presence Control; Stereo Balance Control.



Powerful speaker systems employ at least four high-rated Zenith quality speakers—two woofers with heavy Alnico 5 magnets, two cone-type tweeters. Crossover networks separate and channel frequencies into their proper speaker systems.

ZENITH

spacious sound is an easy, spacious first recording. Vaughan Williams had intended to supervise the work himself; he died seven hours too soon. However, Sir Adrian had the music by heart. It is good music, excellently wrought. It does not drive or seize, despite massive instrumentation; but it does engross and endear, by virtue of a lighthearted serenity and sanity that were the marks of its maker. Asked for one word to describe it, I would pick jovial. Everest's engineering is exemplary.

Wagner: Die Walküre, Act I
Hans Knappertsbusch conducting Kirsten Flagstad, Set Svanholm, Arnold van Mill; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London OSA-1204 (stereo): two records
Here is confusion compounded, although the components are delightful. For one thing, there has been no monophonic equivalent of this Act I set offered, though probably there will be. More vital: London now has put forth a *Walküre* Act III in which Flagstad sings Brünnhilde (stereo OSA-1203 and monophonic A-4225, each two records) and a *Walküre* Act I in which she sings Sieglinde. She has different conductors and orchestras, but the same Siegmund: Mr. Svanholm. The question is, what is she going to do in Act II, where both ladies figure? Such puzzlements aside, if you care for Wagner at all, I advise buying these albums, especially if you are equipped for stereo. There will not soon again be anything like them. Flagstad still is unique, and so seem London's stereo opera recording team, Arthur Haddy and John Culshaw.

Maureen Forrester: A Brahms-Schumann Recital
Maureen Forrester, contralto; John Newmark, piano; Otto Joachim, viola; RCA Victor LSC-2275 (stereo) and LM-2275
The Art of Song
Cesare Valletti, tenor; Leo Taubman, piano; RCA Victor LSC-2280 (stereo) and LM-2280
These two discs are reviewed together because they are kindred and, I hope, part of a series. They are Town Hall recitals made in Town Hall, New York, of such repertoire as fortunate New Yorkers treat themselves to. Whose idea — at RCA Victor — it was to make these recordings I do not know, but it has been realized with triumphant success. They are works of art in all ways, including the sonic. Especially in the stereo versions, the acoustics of Town Hall are recognizable by ear, and at once.

Not yet thirty, Canadian Maureen Forrester is ever more frequently spoken of as the world's leading contralto, and this record will do nothing to stem such remarks. In pure vocal versatility it seems to me that she already excels the late Kathleen Ferrier and probably even Marian Anderson. Indeed, she strongly recalls Schumann-Heinck — although her discipline is strictly twentieth century — in her power and flexibility. And she has brains: *Frauenliebe und Leben* is not child's play, but if I have ever heard it sung better than here, it was by Lotte Lehmann.

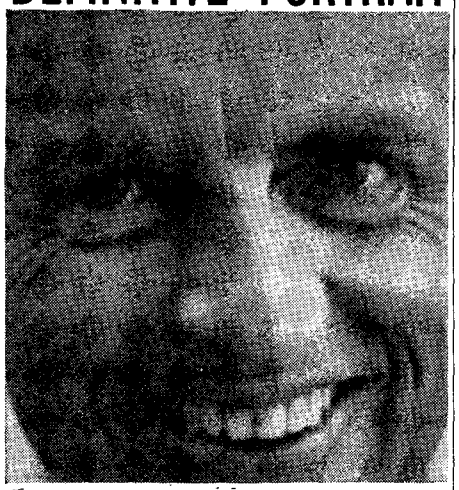
Cesare Valletti has brains, too, and a fine elegance. It is the latter, I think, that allows him to sing Schubert and Schumann with an Italian accent (musical as well as verbal) without hint of offense; the tunes ride so high and sunnily. On the overside he offers seventeenth- and eighteenth-century songs, including one by Handel and four by Alessandro Scarlatti, and in no mincing way: they come out man-sized — and still beautiful.

Thirty Russian Art Songs
Maxim Karolik, tenor; Robert Pettitt, piano; Unicorn UNS-2: three records
This appears to be a labor of love by Maxim Karolik and musicologist Nicholas Slonimsky. It is listenable enough in its own right; Karolik is a well-schooled tenor. However, his main aim is clearly to *instruct* in proper styles of Russian song, from Rimsky to Rachmaninoff. He certainly sounds authoritative, and his field is too little known hereabouts.

Carroll: Alice in Wonderland; Alice Through the Looking Glass
Joan Greenwood, Stanley Holloway, other actors; Caedmon TC-1097 and TC-1098: two separate records
Add to the casting above the direction of Caedmon's Howard Sackler, a faultless job of editing, and some inspired sound effects, and you need be told little more. Except that if you go to buy one of these records, spare yourself a second trip. Buy both. Throaty Joan is an irresistible Alice; Holloway a marvelous narrator. Indeed, everybody is good, but especially C. L. Dodgson. (A couple of other late and worthy Caedmon discs feature Sir Ralph

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEFINITIVE PORTRAIT



Copland's "A Lincoln Portrait" ranks among the noblest of American compositions. In this newest recording of it, Lincoln biographer Carl Sandburg serves as narrator. And the conductor is Andre Kostelanetz, who originally commissioned the work, and who has long been a fervid champion and sympathetic interpreter of American music.

Copland: A Lincoln Portrait; Schuman: New England Triptych; Barber: Intermezzo (Act IV) "Vanessa"—Andre Kostelanetz conducting the New York Philharmonic

ML 5347 MS 6040 (stereo)

GUARANTEED HIGH-FIDELITY AND STEREO-FIDELITY RECORDS BY

COLUMBIA

® "Columbia" "Masterworks" ® Marcas Reg.
A division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.

Precision and Brilliance

GEORGE SZELL AND THE CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA

EXCLUSIVELY ON EPIC RECORDS

DVORAK: Symphony No. 4 in G Major, Op. 88
LC 3532 BC 1015*

TCHAIKOVSKY: Capriccio Italien • BORODIN: Polovtsian Dances • RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Capriccio Espagnol • MOUSSORGSKY: Dawn on the Moskva River
LC 3483 BC 1002*

RICHARD STRAUSS: Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks; Don Juan; Death and Transfiguration
Stereorama LC 3439 BC 1011

HIGH FIDELITY EPIC RADIAL SOUND

A PRODUCT OF CBS © "Epic" Marca Reg. "CBS" T.M.

Richardson reading poems of William Blake, and Claire Bloom reciting the Belloc version of *Tristan and Iseult.*)

These are stereo disc versions of recordings issued earlier in monophonic editions.

Brahms: Haydn Variations; Academic Festival Overture; Tragic Overture
Hans Knappertsbusch conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London CS-6030
Germanic deliberation marks these Brahms performances, but the effortlessly graceful adoption of the pace by the incomparable Viennese orchestra is something to marvel at, as is the loveliness of their sound. The monophonic original was LL-1752.

Cherubini: Medea
Maria Callas, Mirto Picchi, Renata Scotto, other singers; Tullio Serafin conducting chorus and orchestra of Teatro alla Scala; Mercury SR3-9000: three records
The dramatic virtue of sonic 3-D isn't evident until the middle of the second act, but it is thereafter. Callas is quite an actress; listen and hear. Monophonic version, OL3-104.

Liszt: Concertos No. 1 and No. 2
Julius Katchen, piano; Ataulfa Argenta conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra; London CS-6033
Something of a stereo spectacular, especially when the triangle and piano converse in No. 1, this is also musically tasteful. Monophonic precursor: LL-1683.

Stravinsky: Apollon Musgète; Renard
Ernest Ansermet conducting singers and Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London CS-6034
The stereo recording is unflawed and most lifelike. *Apollon* is probably Stravinsky's prettiest music — no slight implied. *Renard* is gruesomely funny if your French is good (no translation), piquant if not. This duplicates monophonic LL-1401.

Verdi: La Forza del Destino
Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducting Renata Tebaldi, Mario del Monaco, other singers; Roman ensemble; London OSA-1405: four records
This is probably the best venture by Tebaldi and del Monaco into Verdi, since the wild plot compels no special characterization and does permit ad libitum vocal virtuosity. The monophonic counterpart is A-4408.

HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING

Photograph by Harold Halma

If you're a father, you don't have to look into your briefcase for the facts on how much peace is worth to you.

The answer is right in your heart.

But keeping the peace isn't just a matter of wanting it. *Peace costs money.* Money for strength to keep the peace. Money for science and education to help make peace lasting. And money saved by individuals to keep our economy healthy.

Every U.S. Savings Bond you buy is a direct investment in America's Peace Power. It not only earns money for you—it earns *peace.* And it helps us keep the things worth keeping.

Are you buying as many Bonds as you might?

HELP STRENGTHEN AMERICA'S PEACE POWER

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

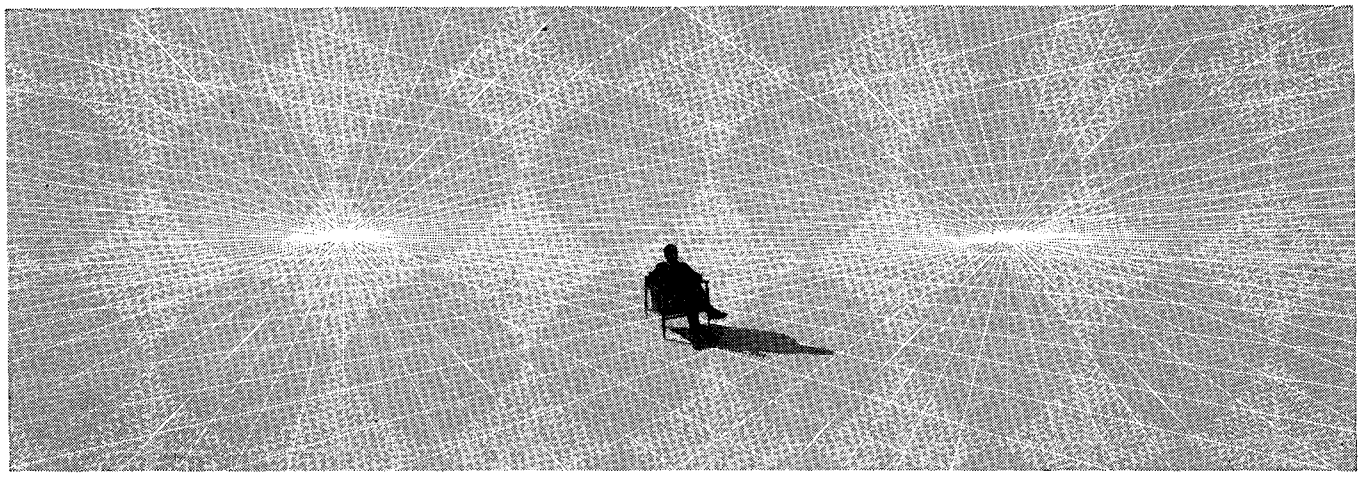
ADVERTISING COUNCIL PUBLIC SERVICE

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertising. The Treasury Department thanks The Advertising Council and this magazine for their patriotic donation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW! IN CAPITOL

STEREO



Front-row center performances by the nation's leading artists...
skillfully recorded by the musical industry's leading sound engineers.

New Popular Releases

Les Baxter
Selections from South Pacific ST 1012

Les Brown
Composer's Holiday ST 886

Lou Busch
Lazy Rhapsody ST 1072

Joe Bushkin
Blue Angels ST 1094
I Get A Kick Out Of Porter ST 1030

June Christy
The Song Is June! ST 1114

Nat "King" Cole
The Very Thought Of You SW 1084
Love Is The Thing SW 824

Webley Edwards
Fire Goddess ST 1033

The Four Freshmen
Voices In Love ST 1074

Judy Garland
Judy Garland At The Grove ST 1118
Judy In Love ST 1036

Jackie Gleason
The Torch With The Blue Flame SW 961

Andy Griffith
Andy Griffith Shouts The Blues
And Old Timey Songs ST 1105

Guatemalan Marimbas ST 10170

Bobby Hackett and Jack Teagarden
Jazz Ultimate ST 933

Harry James
Wild About Harry! ST 874

Gordon Jenkins
Stolen Hours ST 884

Stan Kenton
Kenton In Hi-Fi SW 724

Guy Lombardo
Berlin By Lombardo ST 1019
Dancing Room Only ST 1121

Gordon MacRae
Gordon MacRae In Concert ST 980

Billy May
Jimmie Lunceford In Hi-Fi STAO 924

Norrie Paramor
Zodiac Suite ST 10073

John Raitt
Under Open Skies ST 1058

Frank Sinatra
Come Dance With Me! SW 1069
Where Are You? SW 855

Keely Smith
I Wish You Love ST 914
Politely! ST 1073

Fred Waring
All Through The Night ST 936

Meredith Willson
Meredith Willson's Marching Band!
ST 1110

New Classical Releases

Fiesta!
Hollywood Bowl Orchestra
Carmen Dragon cond. SP 8335

Nocturne
Hollywood Bowl Orchestra
Carmen Dragon cond. SP 8363

Gliere: Symphony No. 3 in B Minor
Leopold Stokowski conducts the
Houston Symphony Orchestra SP 8402

Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor, Op. 23
Leonard Pennario, pianist with
L. A. Philharmonic Orchestra,
Erich Leinsdorf cond. SP 8417

Strauss Waltzes
Hollywood Bowl Orchestra SP 8421

Concert Russe
Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra,
William Steinberg cond. SP 8450

Dvorak: Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (New World)
Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra,
Erich Leinsdorf cond. SP 8454

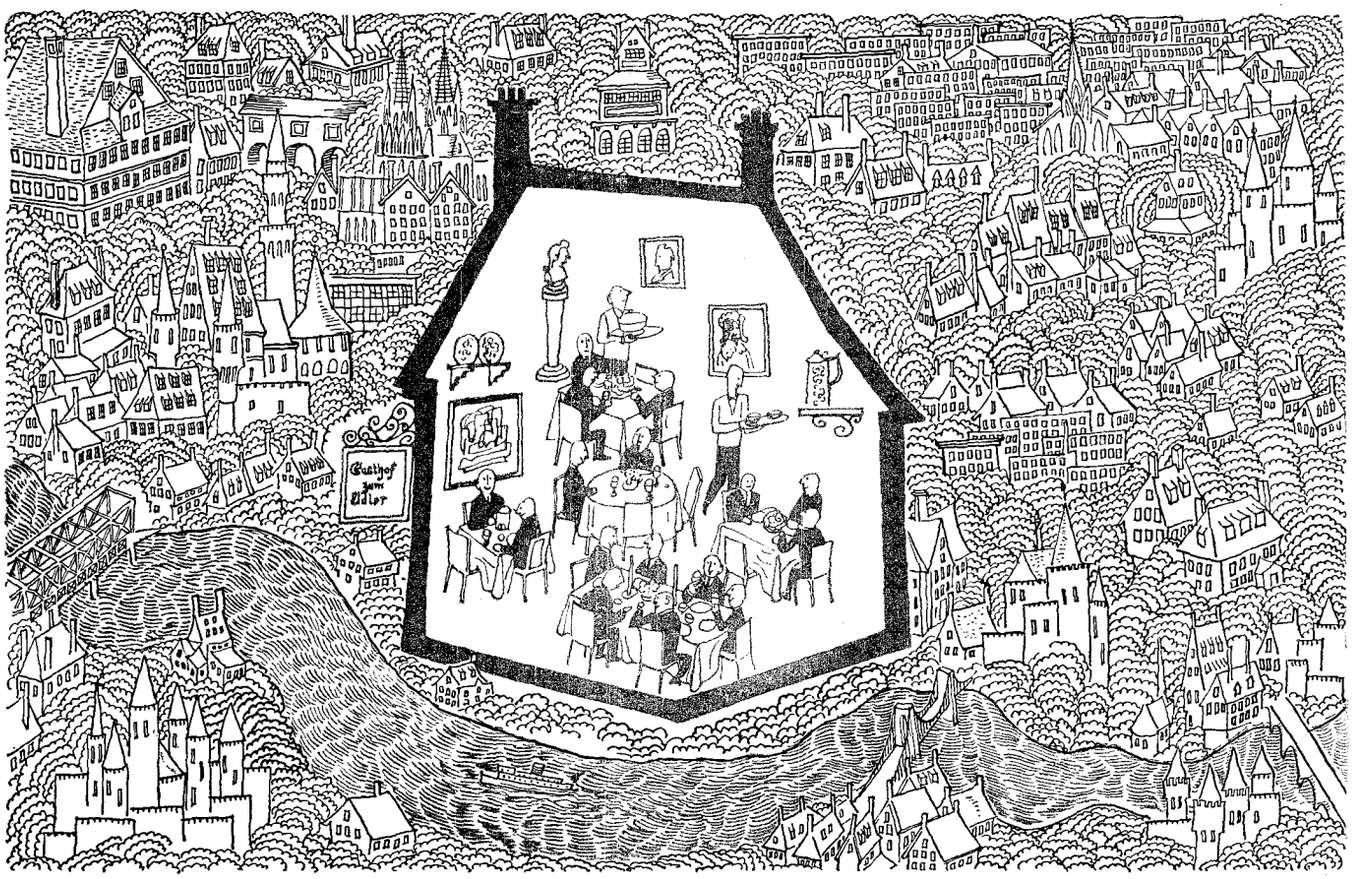
Sea Chanties
Roger Wagner Chorale SP 8462

You haven't heard stereo until you've heard Capitol's Full Spectrum of Sound

Capitol
STEREO
THE FULL SPECTRUM OF SOUND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleasures *and* places



INN ON THE RHINE

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

GASTRONOMIC temples are rarely surrounded by beautiful scenery. The greatest restaurants in France, and thus on earth, Madame Point's Pyramide in Vienne and Alexandre Dumaine's Hotel de la Côte-d'Or in Saulieu, are located respectively in a drab side street of an old, industrial town and between gas stations on the noisy Route Nationale No. 6. And one of the finest eating places in Germany lies on a traffic-jammed intersection of Koblentzer Strasse in Bad Godesberg, an overcrowded town in the vicinity of Bonn.

A chronicle of the restaurant, published on its seventy-fifth anniversary in 1935 and translated into very basic English, begins, "In Bad Godesberg, which is well known like paradise, romance is up to this day alive in steadily new blossom." Alas, the romance has dried up a long time ago. Today the air is filled with exhaust fumes and the racket of heavy trucks rumbling down along the right bank of the Rhine. And in this cheerless neighborhood, facing an establishment called Corner Bar and flanked by a flower store and the Old Apothecary, there stands, slightly off the street, an inconspicuous, cream-colored, three-story house. The sign below the roof, "Gasthof zum Adler," brings back memories of long-gone days when many good inns in Germany were called Black Eagle or Golden Ox.

The modest façade of the Adler is as deceiving as the shabby suit of a Boston millionaire. The Adler surpasses in refined luxury many a fashionable restaurant with fancy marquee and liveried doorman. The moment you enter, you are in the refined, civilized atmosphere of a wealthy, nineteenth-century home. There is a small hall with lovely Renaissance furniture, Persian rugs, old paintings, lace curtains, a crystal chandelier, fresh flowers in the vases, a French clock on the mantel. Everything is wonderfully quiet. If you are early, the air is permeated by the scent of melted butter and sauce cardinal; if you are late, the scent may be of fine wines and cigars. It is a pleasant surprise that such a place has survived in an era of automation and neon light. It gives you a sense of relaxation and sliding back in time.

You are surrounded by the pleasant mood of old-fashioned hospitality. No arrogant headwaiter with upturned palm keeps you waiting behind a silk rope. Turning left toward the subdued sound of voices, you find yourself in another small hall, with old paintings and candlesticks, baroque furniture and Persian rugs, which opens on three intimate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

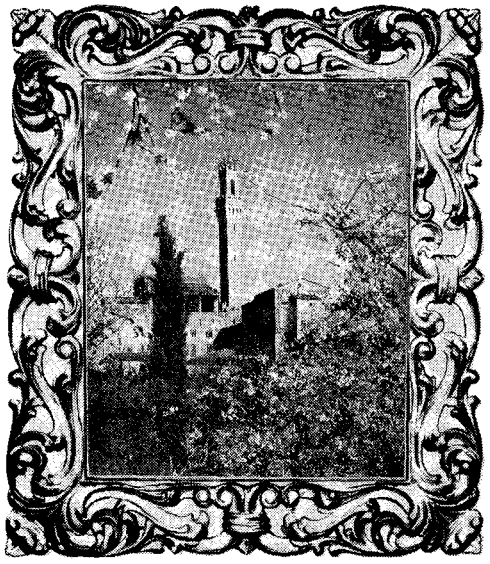
dining rooms. My favorite room is the smallest, to the left, whose walls are covered with many framed letters and old autographs. There are only four tables in this room, and each is of a different size. No two tables are alike at the Adler, and all tablecloths have to be woven to specifications.

I usually sit by the window under the autograph of Heinrich Heine, across from the framed signature of Johann Wolfgang Goethe. I am surrounded by letters of Alexander and Wilhelm von Humboldt, Rückert, Scheffel, Rossini, Wagner, Liszt, the martial signatures of Bismarck, Blücher, and Hindenburg, a playbill of the first performance of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* in Vienna's Theater an der Wien on September 30, 1791, letters of August the Strong, Kaiser Wilhelm I, and Wilhelm II, an army order signed with a flourish by Napoleon, another by Frederick the Great, and a valuable deed with the signature of the Empress Maria Theresa.

The adjoining room, which has a flower-filled bay window, is a small picture gallery with many old paintings in gilded frames, mostly by German masters of the past two centuries, while a third intimate dining room in the rear is filled with old Meissen, fine ceramics, Venetian glass. But the Adler is no museum. The *objets d'art* are carefully spaced, with beautifully set tables standing in between. You are made to feel that you are in a home, the home of a civilized man with perfect taste.

The Gasthof zum Adler will be a hundred years old next year. Its founder was Konstantin Hölscher, a gregarious, opulent geometrician who liked good wines and good company. His friends were the learned *Professoren* of nearby Bonn University and the painters belonging to the Düsseldorf "Malkasten" circle. The Princess zu Wied, who later became Queen Elizabeth of Romania and wrote poetry under the name of Carmen Sylva, often joined them. Another guest at the house was Giuseppe Verdi, whom Hölscher admired and invited to Godesberg.

For years Hölscher, an easygoing, hospitable Rhinelander, served his friends good food and fine wines in his home, but at long last the friends suggested he turn his house into a tavern so they could pay for the food and wines. Hölscher first refused, but his friends insisted (and his wife,



To enjoy Spring at her radiant best...

See Italy first

Spring comes early to this colorful land . . . bringing with it a sparkling new season of pageants and other spectacular events . . . welcoming you to sunny seaside resorts, and to cities and towns where fabulous art and architecture bring history vividly alive. A Spring holiday in Italy will fit any budget, too. Air travel and de luxe motor coach tours are surprisingly inexpensive . . . 15 and 30-day rail tickets allow unlimited mileage at a low fixed fare. And if you take your own car, special coupons provide gasoline at a reduced price. Wherever you go you'll find excellent accommodations, wonderful food, irresistible shopping bargains. See your Travel Agent now!

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE—E.N.I.T.
Palazzo d'Italia, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.
CHICAGO: 333 N. Michigan Ave. — NEW ORLEANS: International Trade Mart — SAN FRANCISCO: St. Francis Hotel

BRITISH RAILWAYS
Thrift Coupons

SAVE . . . See Britain and Ireland at less cost, in comfort, by train! Distances are short . . . service frequent and convenient. Buy Thrift Coupons before leaving U. S. *(not sold overseas).* Good for up to 1000 miles . . . use also traveling on Irish cross-channel and MacBrayne's steamers.

Obtain them from your Travel Agent

1st CLASS **$31.50** — 2nd CLASS **$21**

Wish "planning" literature? Write British Railways, Dept. G9-3, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Prefer a Pass?

Buy British Railways "Guest Ticket"... good on any train in England, Scotland, and Wales (except for a few Continental boat trains) at any time for 9 consecutive days. Just show your "Guest Ticket" and go where you will. First Class $36, Second Class $24.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gretchen, was a practical woman), and so in 1860 Hölscher got himself a license and called the place Gasthof zum Adler. Nothing was changed, and the old slogans remained on the walls — "*carpe diem,*" "*vinum est 2/3 divinum,*" and "*Der Herr behüt uns vor Regen und Wind, und vor Gesellen, die langweilig sind*" (Lord preserve us

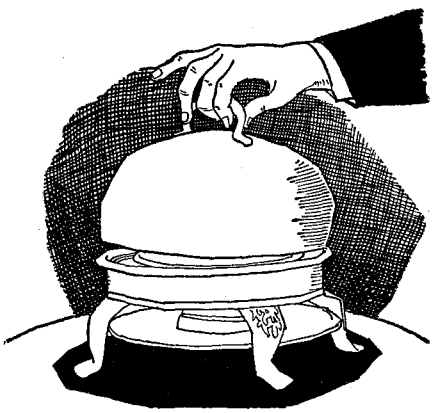
from rain and wind, and from boring company).

The Adler was a hit from the beginning. Town councilors, bankers, politicians, and wealthy merchants joined Hölscher's *Stammtisch;* soon he had to add another floor. After the death of the Hölschers, their children kept the place for a while, but the sons, a painter and a musician, were not interested in a tavern, and the daughter married the owner of the Godesberger Hof. The Adler was taken over by a professional innkeeper named Köp who later sold it to Paul Küster; and Küster's widow in 1929 made it over to her sister, whose husband, Franz Josef Schmitz, is the present proprietor.

Schmitz is a tall, elegant, gray-haired man with military bearing who considers the Adler good business and a pleasant hobby at the same time. Like the founder of the restaurant, Schmitz has a fondness for good wines and good people and is always ready to drink up the first in the company of the second. A Rhinelander from Cologne, he was an infantry officer and was taken prisoner in both wars. Although he modestly considers himself a well-meaning amateur, he learned a lot from his family, who at various times owned a farm, a brewery, and a wine firm.

When Schmitz took over the Adler he wanted to remain the custodian of a proud, honored tradition. A lifelong collector of good paintings, glassware, china, and good things generally, he now had a legitimate reason to collect them in his inn.

The Adler survived World War II but almost got lost in its aftermath, when it was used as a billet by friend and foe and was badly ransacked in the process. When Schmitz



came back from an American prisoner-of-war camp, the rugs and tapestries and china were gone, and the paintings had been removed from the frames that now hung empty on the walls. Fortunately, Frau Schmitz had managed to hide much of the valuable inventory, and her husband had whiled away the long hours in camp by drawing up detailed plans for a complete restoration of the house, including the color schemes for walls and rugs. He wrote down his ideas on sheets of brown wrapping paper, made exact drawings of how every room in the house would look, planned improvements in kitchen, pantry, and cellar, and even wrote up a program of serving eggs for breakfast in various forms.

"It was a good way of keeping up one's morale," he says now. "And I needed a cool head when I came back and saw the destruction. My wife had saved our most valuable paintings, a small Rubens and two Breughels. They now hang in our apartment, on the second floor. But much was gone and it wasn't easy to find Watteau tapestries, good furniture, china, and glassware in those days."

On September 1, 1948, Franz Josef and Frau Mathilde Schmitz let it be known in the local paper that they had reopened as "heirs to Küster" the Adler after three years of occupation. The hotel rooms upstairs were promptly requisitioned by the Ministerpräsidenten of the German Länder, who installed their offices there for lack of suitable space

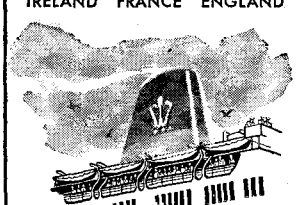
MORE PORTS . . . MORE PLEASURE

MORE EUROPE

NORTH ATLANTIC
"NEW YORK" and newly-refurbished "ARKADIA" from New York, Boston and Canada to Bremerhaven via popular Channel ports.

MEDITERRANEAN
Luxurious 23,000-ton "OLYMPIA," fastest in regular service to Greece, from New York and Boston to Southern ports and Israel. Many 2-berth cabins with private shower and toilet.

GO ONE ROUTE . . . RETURN THE OTHER!
AZORES PORTUGAL ITALY SICILY
GREECE ISRAEL
IRELAND FRANCE ENGLAND GERMANY



See Your TRAVEL AGENT
GREEK LINE
10 Bridge Street, New York 4, N. Y.

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO • MONTREAL • EDMONTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and often had their meals at the restaurant. Then a few things happened that brought recovery and prosperity to the Germans generally and to the Schmitz family in particular: currency reform, the Marshall Plan, the split of Berlin, the emergence of Bonn as Germany's provisional capital.

There was no other first-rate restaurant in the bewildered *Bundesdorf*. Members of the government and diplomats had to go to the Adler for a good meal. Chancellor Adenauer became a frequent guest; his signature can be seen on the colored window partition between the small hall and the pantry. Then the Americans built the enormous High Commissioner's office (now the U. S. Embassy) in nearby Mehlem, and many people working there became fond of the Adler. Gradually, the old customers from the Ruhr and Rheingebiet came back, riding in their brand-new Mercedes 300s.

Bad Godesberg is located in a region of good living and good eating. The climate is mild; France and Belgium, food-conscious countries, are not far away; and the people who make the great Moselle and Rheingau wines love to eat well. Schmitz is surrounded by an assortment of fine supplies. From the nearby *Vorgebirge* come the youngest, freshest vegetables, the first asparagus and string beans; from Hamburg comes fresh fish; from Holland delicate herring fillets and fine Gouda cheese; from Eastern Friesland fine red meat; from a good butcher in Cologne selected saddles of hare and venison; from the Rhine genuine *Rheinsalm*. (Much of the so-called *Rheinsalm* offered in German restaurants nowadays is neither salmon nor from the Rhine.) Fresh caviar arrives directly from the East. The countryside offers fresh cream, fine butter, excellent *Weinbergschnecken* (snail) and crayfish. These first-rate supplies are available; the trick is to make fine dishes of them week after week, year after year. Perhaps because Schmitz was never a professional restaurateur, he learned that in a fine restaurant you must not keep your ear cocked to the sound of the cash register or you are licked from the start.

The Adler is a family enterprise. Schmitz looks after the restaurant and the cellar; his wife runs the small hotel — thirteen comfortable rooms on the two top floors where

Brand Names make wise buying easier!

You don't have to be an expert shopper to be assured of satisfaction when you buy by Brand Name.

Brand Names are built on your confidence. You and your neighbors dictate the standards a Brand Name product must meet to consistently deliver the value and service you want.

A respected Brand Name is a manufacturer's most valuable asset and he spares no effort to protect it by constantly bettering his product.

A Brand Name is the maker's guarantee of satisfaction which is *doubly endorsed* by the dealer who sells it.

For dependable quality and consistent satisfaction you do better with brands you know; get to know those you see advertised in this magazine.

To get the most for your money *buy by Brand Name and be sure!*

A Brand Name is a maker's reputation

CONFIDENCE
BRAND NAMES
SATISFACTION

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC., 437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serious eaters and drinkers can sleep it off — and the Schmitzes' daughter, Karin, works in a small, wood-paneled office where she takes care of paper work and bills. The feminine touch is everywhere apparent; there are rough towels, good linen, fresh flowers in the window boxes. The Adler is one of the few places in Germany where the aromatic breakfast coffee is always freshly made, the butter always fine, the rolls always crisp. For Anglo-Saxons there are cereals, for Germans sausages and cheese, which they love for breakfast. The restaurant is open every day of the year for lunch and dinner. It is expensive by German standards. A good meal costs ten dollars, and it is neither difficult nor unusual to spend twenty-five dollars per person, with wines.

The kitchen is in the courtyard, in the shade of a large old tree. It is compact and well organized, with just enough space for the *Küchenchef*, five cooks, and the hors d'oeuvre cook. The Adler is not a big place. Besides the members of the Schmitz family there are rarely more than thirty people working in the house, though the Adler does a lot of catering for diplomatic and government receptions and large parties at nearby castles and estates, where caviar, *foie gras naturel*, and lobsters are delivered in large quantities. The lean days of ten years ago are forgotten; this is the opulent era of the German *Wirtschaftswunder*, the production miracle.

Schmitz attributes the success of the Adler to honesty and affectionate attention to detail. "We buy only the best and pay top prices," he says with pardonable pride. "The Germans are thorough in gastronomical matters. Our *beurre maître d'hôtel* is made with the finest butter. Our lobster dishes are made with fresh lobster. I was in a well-known restaurant recently where they had mixed pieces of cheaper, canned lobster into creamed lobster. Many people won't notice the difference, but I would rather close the place than make money that way. In the past years I've often thought of selling the Adler and retiring, but I became afraid of what might happen to its good name, and so we have decided to hold on for a while. Our costs have gone up 300 per cent, our prices only 200 per cent. You can't get rich any more in this business, so you might at least remain honest."

The cooking at the Adler is "not German, not French, but international fine cuisine," Schmitz says. It is not as refined as the best French cooking but far more delicate than the robust fare of other leading German restaurants. It reflects the geographic location of the restaurant and is a synthesis between French and German, East and West. Among the specialties of the house are a French onion soup, larded saddle of venison with *Reibekuchen* (potato cake), apples, and cranberries, and baked Camembert with parsley.

I asked Schmitz what *he* likes to eat.

"Simple, inexpensive things," he said. "Rhenish bean soup, made of big white beans. *Sauerbraten*. And young potatoes cooked in their skins, cut through in the middle and thickly spread with fresh caviar. Of course, that's not an inexpensive dish — especially in late spring when the first young potatoes arrive."

Attention to decorative detail is a house rule at the Adler. The Irish-style linen is woven in Switzerland, and there is fine china and old silver. The tastefully printed menu is changed every month to include *primeurs* and specialties of the season, and the main dishes are sensibly explained for the sake of the uninitiated. Supreme of *Rheinsalm* Gourmet means poached in Chablis and garnished with champignons and scampi. Veal steak Parisienne is fried in egg, garnished with salmon and capers, *pommes frites* and beans; and there is ice cream *à la façon du patron*, with biscuit, fruit salad, cream, *Halbgefrorenes*, and *flambé* with Schwärzwalder Kirschwasser.

There is also a permanent card featuring smoked salmon, *foie gras*, Helgoland lobster, Dutch oysters, Ostende sole, Danish lobster soup, Indian curry soup, Westphalian *Kateschinken*, three kinds of *Schnitzel* (Wiener, Swiss, and rolled), and half a dozen other dishes. It is one of those cards that makes you wish you could stay for ten days and eat your way through.

Germans drink their best wines after meals; many drink water with their food and wine afterwards, a disconcerting habit to one who believes in a happy marriage of food and wine. Herr Schmitz buys the wines for the Adler all by himself. This pleasant duty takes him several times a year to Moselle, Saar, and Ruver estates, to the Rheingau and the Pfalz, where he sits down with the growers and tastes the wines. The supply of the best German wines is limited and often controlled by various monopolies and cartels, and you have got to be an insider to get a few bottles. Schmitz is an insider. German wines are drunk early and rarely last longer than eight years, except the very great vintages, such as 1949 and 1953. Moselle wines are the most popular at the Adler because they are light and *spritzig;* the heavier, headier Rhine wines are appreciated farther south in Koblentz. There are eighteen kinds of German Sekt (sparkling white wine) and half a dozen French Champagnes on the card, many of them, it seems, for the proprietor.

A few months ago Schmitz went to Cologne one morning to drink a bottle of Sekt with a friend and talk about old times. "I thought we might get hungry around noon, so I took along a fine pâté of hare," Schmitz said. "The pâté was all gone by dinnertime, and so were fifteen bottles of Sekt. Never felt better in my life."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED